Nov 1st 1873 to June 27th 1874

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1, No. 1. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Rothwell Times.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1873.

OUR OPENING ADDRESS.

THE starting of a weekly newspaper in Rothwell serves to indicate the great advance the town has made, and its onward progressive spirit. Only a few years ago the demand for literature was so small, that neither printing-office nor bookseller's shop could be found. Within the last six years a marked change has taken place, and, as a consequence, we abound in resources for supplying the new literary spirit.

The time seems to have arrived when the general thirst for knowledge, and the laudable desire of acquaintance with what is doing in the busy world around, should be met by a local newspaper, and the facilities at hand for supplying such paper, at a cheap rate, has induced the proprietor of the *Rothwell Times* to supply this want. From the arrangements he has made, he trusts that he shall be able to compete with journals of a larger size and more expensive character, in supplying articles of latest intelligence, news of general interest in both town and country, and the state of the markets and the funds. He has also made special provision for recording in his columns everything of local interest, including Public and Local Board Meetings, &c., Railway Time Table, Police News, Mining Intelligence, and all other items likely to please and inform the various classes of readers.

In addition to these many attractions, arrangements have been made for the supply of a thrilling copyright tale, entitled

"THE SECRET MARRIAGE."

The columns of the *Rothwell Times* will be open to communications of private correspondents on any subject bearing on the interests of the neighbourhood. Secretaries of friendly and other societies are assured that reports respecting the societies they represent will be carefully attended to and as fully as possible inserted. Those who wish to express their opinions on passing events will have full liberty to do so, so long as they write in a spirit of fairness and honesty; and contributions of a literary character will be thankfully received; and it is hoped by all these varied means to make the journal not only popular, but essentially useful.

That a paper at so cheap a rate, in a small district, should be made to pay even its expenses, will require a large circulation; the proprietor, therefore, respectfully and earnestly solicits the co-operation of all parties to gain for it a standing which shall insure its continuance; and when circumstances justify it, he pledges himself to enlarge its size, and increase its columns.

To the tradesmen of the towns in which it may circulate, who may make use of its pages as a medium of advertising, the *Rothwell Times* cannot but be of great service, since it is a generally-admitted fact, that no means of increasing a business, or the sale of any specific article, can be employed so efficient at the columns of a newspaper.

It may be asked, whether the *Rothwell Times* will advocate any specific party, political, or ecclesiastical sentiments; the answer is, none whatever; all parties will be fairly represented, whatever their political views or their ecclesiastical convictions. In a journal circulating through a locality of so limited a character, where parties are so equally balanced, it is obvious that no peculiar sentiments can be prominently and exclusively upheld with any hope of success. The proprietor pledges himself to give no offence to any, but remain neutral on these points on which his readers may differ, and by a candid, impartial, liberal spirit, to gain the favour of all. With these preliminary statements, and specification of objects, he sends forth his first number, and trusts he may, from time to time, be enabledto re port progress, and ere long to tell his readers that the *Rothwell Times* has a prosperous career among the journals of the day.

GEORGE W. NETTLETON,
(Opposite the Black Bull,)
ROTHWELL,
Has a carefully Selected Stock of
KITCHEN, GARDEN, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

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...ON, respectfully announces to the Ladies and its vicinity, that he is now showing ...dies in French and English MILLI... Straw Hats, in all the New Sh... pes, ...sses, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, ...new colors, Mottoing Bonnets, Inspection Invited at ...ET STREET, ...EEDS.

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WANTED, Three or Four LADS, from 12 to 16 years of age.—Apply, Armitage Brothers, Robin Hood.

WANTED, to take in Plain SEWING, has a Machine.—Address, "J." P.O., Rothwell.

WEST YORKSHIRE ASSOCIATION OF MINERS.

ON Wednesday, November 5th, a Grand PROCESSION will be formed at Ten o'clock, headed by the Rothwell Brass Band.

At One o'clock, a SERMON will be preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, by the Rev. J. F. Parrish, after which, Collection will be made for the New Primitive Methodist Sunday School.

At Three o'clock, a Knife and Fork TEA will be provided in the Mechanics' Hall, Tickets 1s. each.

A Public MEETING in the Mechanics' Hall, to be Addressed by Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Pickard; chair to be taken at Five o'clock, by Mr. Wm. Lunn.

A LECTURE will be delivered at Carlton, on Tuesday, Nov. 4th, by Rev. J. H. Whitamore. SUBJECT:—INDIVIDUALITY.

FOR SALE, Beecroft's No. 3 SEWING MACHINE, in good condition.—Apply 27, Hillary Street, Leeds.

HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT HOUR! VISIT the comfortable and well lighted Reading-Room of the Rothwell Mechanics' Institute, which is well supplied with News, including the "Graphic," the "Illustrated London News," London Daily Papers, the "Yorkshire Post," "Leeds Mercury," & "Rothwell Times," and many Periodicals, besides a well-stocked Library. N.B.—Important subjects debated every Thursday. JOHN BATTY, Hon. Sec.

Misers be wise, and put by for a rainy day!

THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society, offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.

A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information, apply to JOHN BATTY, Agent.

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THE MARKET HALL CLOTHING
ARE NOW SHOWING
A CHOICE SELECTION OF
OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN,
OVERCOATS FOR YOUTHS,
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OVERCOATS FOR ALL CLASSES.
THEIR WINTER STOCK is now COMPLETE, and cannot be surpassed in value.
Every Article Warranted Well Made and Durable.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF WOOLLENS, comprising:
CHEVIOTS, NAPS, PILOTS, &c.,
BEAVERS OF EVERY SHADE.
Special Bargains in
HOSIERY, WOOL SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, &c.
A Choice Selection of
RAILWAY AND CARRIAGE RUGS,
BELOW ORDINARY PRICES.
CHEAP RUGS FOR INCLEMENT WEATHER,
A Great Boon to the Artisan.
HATS & CAPS of every description. SEALSKIN CAPS, At exceedingly low prices.
LEGGINGS, MACKINTOSHES, AND OVERALLS.
FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.
DON'T MISTAKE THE ADDRESS!
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPANY
NEW MARKET STREET,
ADJOINING CENTRAL MARKET, & OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE, LEEDS.

WHEN YOU GO TO LEEDS,
GO TO
THE PEOPLE'S TEA MART,
GEORGE WALKER,
WHOLESALE AND FAMILY TEA DEALER,
TEA 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
COFFEE 9d., 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 4d.
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WALKER BOSHELL,
AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,
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IN EVERY STYLE,
QUALITY,
AT ROTHWELL.

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FAMILY & GENERAL DRAPERS,
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Hold a Large stock of Goods, suitable for the WINTER SEASON, consisting of Blankets, Sheets, Rugs, Counterpanes, Flannels, Shirts, &c., Dress Goods in Winceys Satin Cloths, Cords, &c. In all the leading styles and shades, Skirts and Skittings, Mantle Cloths, Shawls; Fashionable Jackets, Woollen Cloths in Plaid, Beavers, Elysians, &c., Overcoats, Splendid Mufflers, Wool Scarfs, Gloves, and Gentlemen's Mercery, &c., Seal and other Winter Caps.—Grain and Levant double-Soled and Waterlight Boots, Leather Leggings, &c.
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Has a choice selection of
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PIANO-FORTES AND HARMONIUMS,
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Purchasers can depend upon meeting with sound and well-made Instruments, by the best London Makers, at very reasonable Prices.

CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure for Tic. In 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
CROSBYS DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE QUININE NINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN OILS & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c., 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
AGENT FOR WOODLESFORD:—MR. COOMBES, Grocer and Patent Medicine Dealer, or the Church.

WINTER! WINTER!! WINTER !!
1873, 1873, 1873.
AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WINTER CLOTHING has been prepared by
J. PARKIN,
Manufacturer of first-class Clothing,
10, BOAR LANE, LEEDS.
Three minutes' walk from the principal Station.
Illustrated Catalogues gratis & post free to any address

PARKIN'S OVERCOATS.
THE CHESTERFIELD.
This Favourite Overcoat, made in a variety of New Materials. The New Meltons look well, and wear well. In the newest shades in Beavers, Elysians, &c. Price 17s 6d., 21s., 25s.
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A very comfortable and Fashionable Garment for walking and general purposes, made in Pilots, Naps, &c. Wool lined, and quilted Silk Velvet Collar. Price 21s. to 30s.
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THE GROSVENOR.
A most gentlemanly Over coat, made in all the New Materials, New Mixture Worsted, New Shades in Beavers, Elysians, Meltons, &c., unsurpassed for style and fit. A splendid range to choose from. Price from 21s. to 70s.
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No efforts have been spared in the production of Parkin's Stock for '73, which is one of the largest and best yet submitted to the public. An immense stock of Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Winter Suits, Frock and Morning Coats, Fashionable Trousers, Vests in real and imitation Seal, &c. Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post free.

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NO. 16,
BOAR LANE, LEEDS.

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PRINTER,
Stationer, Bookbinder,
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PICTURE FRAMER,
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PAPERS:—Plain, Fancy & Mourning Note, Bill, Foolscap, and Blotting Paper.
ENVELOPES:—Private, Commercial, Fancy, Extra Sizes.
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SEANOR & SONS',
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DEALS, BOARDS, BATTENS, SPARS, &c., in Stock, or Sawn to order at a short Notice.
Circular Sawing for Hire, per Hour or Measurement.
WEST-RIDING MATCH WORKS,
Rothwell, near Leeds.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER AND PROVISION DEALER.
N.B.—A Large Stock of New Fruit for the Season.

DYSON'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
DYSON'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, from £2 10s.
DYSON'S LADIES' SILVER WATCHES from £2 10s.
DYSON'S Gentlemen's GOLD WATCHES from £4. Levers, from £5.
DYSON'S Gentlemen's SILVER LEVER WATCHES, £2 and £2 10s.
DYSON'S WORKMAN'S WATCH, £2 5s., Stout Silver Cases guaranteed.
DYSON'S Gentlemen's Silver Watches, £1 7s. and £1 10s. Every Watch Warranted.
DYSON'S SPLENDID STOCK OF WATCHES.
DYSON'S VALUABLE STOCK OF JEWELLERY.
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DYSON, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.
Every Description of English and Foreign Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired.
An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises. 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane,) LEEDS.
PUBLIC NOTICE—Half-day Holiday. JOHN DYSON, Watchmaker and Jeweller Closes his Establishment every Wednesday at One o'clock.

AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1868.
GEORGE HEUTHWAITE,
Silk and Woollen Dyer, and French Cleaner,
80, Hunslet Road, & 4, Wade Lane, bottom of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
HUNSLET STEAM DYE WORKS, JACK LANE.
Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & Window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner.
Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

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IRON BEDSTEADS, full size from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, convolete from - - 21/-

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
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NEWS AGENT,
No. 62, Briggate, Leeds.
S trade with all the WEEKLY
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PERIODI... NEWSPAPERS, &c.
NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, INKS,
GUMS, &c., &c.
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.
SACHETS, &c., &c.
SILK BOOK MARKS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

CHOICE of 500 OVERCOATS & REEFERS from 7/6, to 27/6, and Winter Clothing in endless variety, suitable for all ages, all climates, and a seasons, at the GUIDING STAR CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.
GEORGE LAWS, PROPRIETOR.
A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Winter Suit was bare,
He to friend Law's did repair;
And there he saw his Summer Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.
The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain.
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try Law's Goods for Fit and Price.
STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.
STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.
BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/6; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-
First-class Material; Trousers, Short Jackets and Vests, from 2/-, and every other description of CLOTHING at Prices unprecedented.
Observe the Address:—
GEORGE LAWS,
40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.

SCENTS, POMADES, COSMETIQUES, GLYCERINE, &c.
FEEDING BOTTLES, TUBING, SHIELDS, &c., at
A. MARSHALL'S, ROTHWELL.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY AT WOODLESFORD.

ON Sunday, October 26th, the Rev. I. B. Page, preached two Sermons in the Wesleyan Chapel, Woodlesford. Collections were made during the service in aid of the Chapel fund. On the Wednesday following, a public Tea was provided in the school-room, after which, a public Meeting took place in the Chapel, Mr. Batty, of Rothwell, presiding. After singing and prayer, a vote of thanks was passed to the ladies for their kindness in providing at the tea. The Chairman then spoke of the necessity of improving the comfort and appearance of the Chapel, and urging the Woodlesford people to make an effort in that direction.

The Rev. J. Rhodes, eulogized the tea, and only wished the Chapel was beautiful accordingly. If they were not going to have a new Chapel, he would turn the old one inside out, and make a beautiful little place of it. He only wished some one would give us a new site, then how soon we should have a chapel suitable for a village like Woodlesford. He deprecated the idea of some christians who were wishing and asking for uniformity. Unity was the thing needed.

The Rev. I. E. Page, likened the christian life to a fruitful vine bringing forth grapes without the slightest exertion; and so the man who brought forth the fruits of good living, naturally and without effort, was the highest type of christian. He spoke strongly but friendly on the duty of speaking for Jesus, showing how a word fitly spoken has been the means of much good.

A collection was then made in aid of the chapel fund, and after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the benediction was pronounced.

CONCERT AT METHLEY.

ON Monday night, a concert was given at the Methley Library and Reading room, to a very large audience, by a party of vocalists from Leeds. The Hon. and Rev. P. Y. Savile presided, and amongst the speakers were the Rev. J. Armitage (Whitwood,) Messrs. Thos. Embleton, T. W. Embleton, and Enoch Kaye, secretary. The part singing went off in admirable style. Mr. Thos. Lawton gave "The happy Muleteer" in a very effective manner, and was encored. Master Willie Waring sang the difficult song by Smart, "The birds are telling one another," and was well received. He also sang the Sol-Fa Duet with Mr. Lawton, which was loudly applauded. Mr. Hartley Thompson (who was in good voice) gave "My...," in excellent style, and in response to a hearty encore gave "Barbara Allen." Mr. Walter Woodcock presided with ability at the pianoforte, and also played Mendelssohn's Leider Op. 19 with great taste. A vote of thanks to the chairman brought a very pleasant evening's entertainment to a close.

"THE ROTHWELL TIMES."

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.)

DEAR SIR,—I was exceedingly glad when I had your hand-bill placed in my hand last week, informing us that we were to have a Weekly Paper printed in our midst, containing our local news, for I am sure our district is neglected by our Leeds contemporary, for if we have a social, political, or any kind of meeting and we are absent by business or sickness we hear no more of it, whereas, if we subscribe to our own paper, we shall have an opportunity of seeing a truthful record of what takes place in the locality. I was struck by the comprehensiveness of your subjects, and I feel sure if you deal with the matters in a truthful, friendly, and independent spirit, you will fill a long felt want, and I have every reason to believe you will. We shall expect to see our Sanitary and Highway movements inspected, for I feel sure they stand in need of it.

I hope to hear of the *Rothwell Times* having a very extensive circulation, for I am sure the progress of this district deserves special attention, and the responsibility you take upon yourself deserves commendation and every success that can be wished.

I must now congratulate you on your speculation, for it is a great one when one takes into consideration the enormous cost of printing machinery, and the high price of every material you will require.

I once more wish the *Rothwell Times* every success, and remain Yours, &c.,
Oct. 27th, 1873. AN OBSERVER.

MINERS' ANNIVERSARY

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.)

SIR,—I desire, with your permission, to speak to the Miners of the Rothwell Lodge through your issue of November 1st.

The Miners of the locality received great praise for their sobriety and general good conduct at their recent demonstration, and I hope that the coming anniversary will be characterized by those essential elements of success, thereby giving the public to understand that we are not the "drunken, dissolute, uncivilized class" that we are so commonly represented to be. It hath also been hinted that we shall not be content with one day's play, but before us have on pits standing idle on Thursday next, but one and all, be at our post, and thus by sobriety and attention to duty, show to the libellers of our class that we respect ourselves and our employers. W. D.

A HINT TO THE MINERS.

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.)

SIR,—Will you permit me through your paper to say a word to the Miners of Rothwell Haigh, in regard to the Meeting that is to take place on November 5th.

I suppose they are to go to the Primitive Methodist Chapel. Well, there will be some go, and some will not. I think they ought to select some place in the route to make the collection towards the new school, and then it would give those a chance to pay who never went near a place of worship.

Yours truly, M. W.

Our London Correspondent.

(We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.)

Another "Long Vacation"—a professional term for the legal holiday which extends from the first week in August until the 2nd November—is nearly at an end, and on Monday the 3rd inst., all our courts of common law and equity will once more commence their sittings. The legal year, as many of your readers are aware, is divided into four terms—Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity; and the Lord Chancellor of the day, according to immemorial usage, invites the Judges and Queen's Counsel to breakfast with him at the opening of the terms of Michaelmas and Easter. On each of those occasions a procession is formed to Westminster Hall, where the judges take their seats in their respective courts. In addition to the breakfast, however, the first day of Michaelmas Term is always marked by the presentation of the Lord-Mayor-elect to the Lord Chancellor, who then formally signifies the assent of Her Majesty to the choice which the citizens of London have made for their chief magistrate during the ensuing twelve months. This, whilst a mere matter of form, is invariably a stately ceremony, and although the reigning monarch never refuses to ratify the selection which is made, the formalities are gone through with all the precision which characterised them centuries ago. While speaking of the approaching opening of Term, I may add that it is the last in which the courts will assemble under the circumstances which have so long been familiar to those who take an interest in legal affairs. The Judicature Act of last session comes into operation in November, 1874, and according to this statute the House of Lords, as far as England is concerned, will cease to be the ultimate appellate tribunal. It creates a new court of appeal, and abolishes two intermediate courts—those known as the Court of Error in common-law cases, and Chancery Appeal Court in cases of equity. This will be an enormous saving of time and money to suitors. Hitherto, if a man has been unsuccessful in a court of common law, he was enabled to appeal first to the Court of Error (or as it is otherwise called the Court of Exchequer Chamber), and again to the House of Lords. An unsuccessful equity suitor could appeal first to the Lords' Justices in Chancery, and also to the House of Lords. Now, by the sweeping away of these intermediate appellate tribunals, and by the transfer of the jurisdiction hitherto exercised by the peers to the High Court of Justice, one appeal only will be necessary and that will be decisive. The distinction between common law and equity will also be obliterated, and altogether our system of legal procedure will be cheapened and simplified. Considering the revolution which the Judicature Act will effect in the constitution of our Courts of Justice, it is remarkable that such an important statute should have created comparatively little public attention. Perhaps, however, twelve months hence, the matter will be viewed in a very different aspect.

I suppose that few country visitors come to London without going in to St. Paul's Churchyard, and looking at the handsome shops which are ranged along on the north side of the vast Cathedral. Stretching across the roadway they will have noticed a wooden bar, a fac-simile of some of those which may be seen in many an agricultural district. All around, you can hear the roaring of the city traffic, but along the thoroughfare north of St. Paul's no vehicles are permitted to travel, and every one of them proceeding from east to west, or *vice versa*, is compelled to roll round three sides of the immense building. The roadway belongs to the Dean and Chapter, and many have been the efforts made to throw it open, and so relieve the block which now so frequently occurs in crowded Cheapside and Ludgate Hill. The whole question is now under the consideration of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is willing to enlarge the area of the churchyard by setting back the houses on each side if the Dean and Chapter will consent to relieve the traffic by practically giving the City one more roadway, and throwing down this bar. It is generally felt that, sooner or later, such a desirable relief is bound to be granted.

A deserved tribute to the memory of Sir Edwin Landseer is to be paid by the Royal Academy. At the approaching winter exhibition of old masters, space will be set apart for the works of the great animal painter, and those who possess examples of his art are invited to contribute to the collection. This will serve to exhibit the change and progress of artistic taste since the time when Sir Edwin Landseer first won his fame, and it will be interesting to observe how far his best works will secure the approval of the latest phase of critical taste. The public will thank the Royal Academy for bringing a comprehensive number of Landseer's works before the public. Sometimes the best of pictures pass out of sight, and become buried in private collections, not easily accessible even to the student.

The London Ladies' Educational Association, working in accord with the College of the Faculties of Arts and Sciences, has within the past few days opened its sixth session at University College for evening lectures, as well as for morning courses of instruction. Last autumn the number in attendance was 278. The presence of ladies in and about the college is now taken as such a matter of course that it excites no particular observation, and has never given occasion for an act of discourtesy. In the Fine Art department ladies are enrolled as regular students, and to one or two of the ordinary college classes they have on special grounds been admitted; and now and then they have earned distinction at the annual distribution of prizes. In 1869, University College obtained from Parliament a modification of its charter, which, amongst other things, removed that definition of its work by which it was originally restricted to the teaching of male students; consequently, ladies who wish to advance beyond school knowledge have at their call the service of its staff and its great educational appliances.

Captain Shaw, the chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has written a pamphlet in which he illustrates the difficulties experienced in dealing with conflagrations under the present system of water supply in London. There are three kinds of water pipes—the mains, which run under the principal thoroughfares, and are always under pressure; service pipes, which are laid in side streets, and where the water is turned on only an hour or two in the day, and supply pipes, running into the cisterns of the houses. Now, when the water is turned on from the mains into the side streets, it not only fills the service pipes, but every cistern in the neighbourhood at the same time; consequently, with such a distribution of force, it is generally some time before a full pressure can be obtained. A system that allows the water which is urgently required for the extinction of a fire to pour in all directions into hundreds of cisterns must be a defective one. Let us suppose a fire to break out in a district containing 200 houses, each with a 250 gallon cistern. If it should happen just at the time when the cisterns are replenished from the mains, and when, therefore, most of them are empty, the firemen would fail to get a full and proper supply of water until 50,000 gallons had escaped into the cisterns. Captain Shaw is of opinion that better arrangements ought to be made, and most people will be inclined to agree with him.

In addition to the church of St. Antholine, in Watling-street, in which a farewell service was held a short time ago, preparatory to its removal, two more of these sacred edifices in the City are marked for destruction at no distant day. One is the church of Allhallows, Bread-street, with its beautifully-carved altar-piece. It is of ancient foundation, for we are told in its chronicles that a priest was instituted to the living as far back as 1284. The structure was burnt down in the great fire, and was subsequently rebuilt. There are now but few residents in the parish, which is chiefly filled with warehouses, all of which are, of course, locked on Sunday. The congregation usually does not exceed nine or ten. The other doomed church is that of St. Martin's, Outwich. This is situated at the east end of Threadneedle-street, a district which contains very few residents on Sunday, for then the merchants who congregate in the busy thoroughfare during the week are scattered far and wide over the suburbs. Many will regret on antiquarian and other grounds, the necessity for removing venerable edifices which have rung out their chimes for centuries over the City of London, and the fact that this should be so only shows that if institutions are now to exist, they must prove their right to live by being of some use in the world.

The want of a Municipal Government for the whole of London has often been deplored, for while it is divided, as at present, amongst a large number of local bodies, each acting separately, and none knowing of the requirements of the other, any general agitation for the removal of purely local grievances is out of the question. Within the City boundaries we have, of course, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council; but north, south, east, and west of the City, the entire control of local affairs is in the hands of the vestries. The contrast between the civic institutions and those outside the walls is at times very great, and it was especially striking when the Princess of Wales first entered London some years ago. Her Royal Highness had to traverse a part of the borough of Southwark, which having no representative body, was obliged to be content with its high bailiff. But when the Princess came to London Bridge, there was the Lord Mayor at the head of the Corporation, and a more imposing procession than that formed by the equipages of the civic rulers has rarely been witnessed. It was of such a character as to attract into the narrow streets and ways of the City a multitude estimated at a million people. But this splendid display could not pass beyond the precincts of city territory. It could go no further than Temple Bar, outside of which lies the city of Westminster, and this, like Southwark, having no representative municipal body, was also compelled to be satisfied with its high bailiff. Now, I venture to say, that in Southwark and Westminster comparatively few persons knew the name of this officer, what functions he discharged, what salary he received, or by whom he was appointed. Compare this indifference with the local interest displayed in any provincial town, however large it may be, respecting the name of its chief magistrate. Ask a resident in Birmingham, Manchester, or Liverpool the name of the Mayor of the borough, and in all probability he will be able to tell you. The ratepayers of the Metropolis often complain of the way in which their local burdens are increasing; and no one can doubt that our means of possessing an efficient control over the expenditure would be the establishment of a comprehensive system of municipal government.

The transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disc, which will take place a few months hence, is an occurrence of great rarity, and is eagerly looked forward to by astronomers of different countries. The phenomenon is of importance as furnishing the best means of ascertaining the sun's distance and volume, and of supplying data for determining the distances and magnitude of the planets. It is, in fact, an universal standard of astronomical measurement. It was with a view of solving great problems that many European Governments fitted out expensive expeditions at the last transit of Venus, in 1769, and amongst these may be included the celebrated voyage of Captain Cook to Otaheite. The next transit, after that of 1874, will be in 1882. Both will be observed with far better instruments than could be procured a century ago, and will be watched with an interest more widespread than has been excited by any other natural phenomenon, except, perhaps, a total solar eclipse. The first transit ever known to have been recorded took place on the 4th December, 1639. The place of observation was an obscure village in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and the curious astronomer of that day was a young man named Horrocks, who died at the early age of twenty-two, and left memorials behind him which efficiently indicated that had his life been prolonged, he would have become one of the most eminent men of his [illegible]. Without much assistance from books or ins[illegible] ments, he found that a transit might be [illegible] time mentioned; and confident of [illegible] himself to watch it with all the [illegible] ness of a scholar. His expect[illegible] the planet appeared upon th[illegible] the time calculated. But it ha[illegible] and Horrocks, true to his relig[illegible] portion of the day to highe[illegible] marked, "may not be neglec[illegible] [illegible] stimes." After the close of the present ce[illegible] will be no transit of Venus until the 8th of June, 2004; there will be another on the 6th of June, 2012; again on December 11th, 2117; on the 8th of December, 2125; June 11, 2247; and June 9, 2255. How strangely these far-off dates look to us now!

Any one who has happened to look in at Palace-yard and Westminster Hall for several months past will have noticed a crowd of greater or less dimensions waiting there with the utmost apparent patience. The constituent parts of this assembly seemed to vary but little, if at all, with the changing seasons. Whether you passed there amid the east winds of April, the scorching heats of July, or under the chill gray skies of October, there was the crowd, composed mostly of respectably-dressed persons, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Tichborne Claimant. The monotony of their existence has, as a rule, been broken only by the cheering which has greeted the Claimant on his emerging from the Court of Queen's Bench, but about half-past one o'clock on Monday afternoon, an expression partaking of surprise, and bordering upon relief, ran through the throng when it was announced that the case for the defendant had been brought to a close. "It will soon be at an end now," thought a good many, but the termination will not arrive quite so speedily as some may have imagined. Mr. Hawkins at once intimated that he must call rebutting testimony; then Mr. Kenealy will be entitled to reply on the part of the defendant; next we shall have Mr. Hawkins's review of the whole case, after which the Lord Chief Justice will sum up. The two other judges have also the right to do so, but it is possible that they may not exercise their right to any length.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

At the Central Criminal Court, in London, Charles May, 19, a respectable-looking young man, pleaded guilty to a charge of forging an order for payment of £1,900. He had pleaded guilty at the last session to an indictment which charged him with stealing valuable securities to a large amount, the property of his employers.

Mr. Straight was instructed to prosecute; and Mr. Montague Williams appeared on behalf of the prisoner.

The prisoner was in the employment of Messrs. Phillips and Co., foreign merchants, in Tower-street, London, and he was called a junior clerk, but his real position was that of an errand boy, and his wages were eighteen shillings a week. He had a good character, and considerable confidence was placed in him. He was frequently employed to take large sums of money to the bankers of the prosecutors. About the 12th of July he had in his possession securities of different descriptions belonging to his employers to the amount of over £3,000. Instead of paying in this amount, the prisoner changed a great many of the securities into gold, and he then absconded. At this time he was paying his addresses to a respectable young woman, and he induced her to go with him upon the representation that he was about to take her to his mother's house, and as they were going along in the train he informed her that he had committed a forgery, and threatened that he would destroy himself if she did not consent to marry him, and at the same time pulled a bottle containing some liquid from his pocket and washed his face and hands with it, which had the effect of turning his flesh to a copper colour. The marriage took place, and immediately afterwards the prisoner disguised himself in a most extraordinary manner. He enveloped his neck with an Indian shawl, put on coloured spectacles, patent leather boots, and spurs, and gave out that he was Captain Macgregor, of the Indian army; and thus equipped he went with his bride to the shops of different jewellers in London, and also at Richmond, Kensington, and other places, and expended nearly the whole of the money he had misappropriated in the purchase of costly articles of jewellery, and when the matter was discovered, and the prisoner was taken into custody at the lodgings he occupied with his wife at Richmond, the latter had jewellery actually on her person for which the prisoner had paid £1,500. The whole of this jewellery was, of course, taken possession of by the police, but it appeared from a statement made by Mr. Straight that a sum of between £600 and £700 was still unaccounted for.

Mr. Montagu Williams, upon these facts, said that he could urge on behalf of the prisoner was that he was very young, that his wages were very small, and that he was placed in a position of great temptation. He could also inform the Court that the young woman to whom the prisoner was married did not desire to press any complaint against him.

The Recorder said he thought that under the circumstances it would be better for him to postpone the sentence, in order to afford the prisoner an opportunity of giving information with regard to the money that was still unaccounted for.

An application was then made on behalf of the prosecution that the various jewellers should refund the money they had received from the prisoner upon the articles purchased being handed back to them.

Mr. Toms, a jeweller at Knightsbridge, from whom the greater portion of the jewellery had been obtained, objected to this course being taken, and said that the articles he sold were worth the price charged. It was a regular business transaction, and he did not see why he should return the money.

The Recorder remarked that if the goods were so valuable he could not see what objection there was to taking them back.

After further discussion Mr. Toms consented to restore the money upon the understanding that if any of the jewellery was deteriorated some compensation should be given to him for the loss he might sustain.

On Tuesday the Recorder passed sentence, but before doing so—exercising a power conferred by Act of Parliament made an order—subject to an affidavit by Mr. Wontner, the solicitor to the prosecution—on the Bank of England to deliver up two bank-notes for £500 each, a bank-note for £300, and one for £200 to the prosecutors. He also directed the police to hand over all the jewellery found in the possession of the prisoner, with the exception of that purchased from Mr. Toms, of Kensington, which was to be restored to Mr. Toms, stating at the same time £5 was to go towards the costs of the prosecution.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said it was a very bad case, and was still further aggravated by the prisoner not having made all the atonement in his power. It was, moreover, quite clear that a large sum was being kept back by some one, with a view to his eventual profit, from the frauds he had committed. The sentence was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

LORD MALMESBURY ON LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

Speaking at an agricultural dinner at Christchurch on Tuesday evening, the Earl of Malmesbury said there was a marked change in farming matters generally during the past forty years. He recollected small turnips of the size of pigeons' eggs, and fields of only three or four acres in extent, with thin grain. Meetings like the present had increased in respect of the numbers attending them, from ten or twelve to upwards of one hundred. He advised the society to offer an additional prize for the best horses and cattle. He spoke at considerable length upon the relations existing between landlords and tenant-farmers, a subject which was being freely opened up in Parliament with a view, he had no doubt, to the improvement of the interests of both. He was glad many of his own tenants were present to hear his views, which were only human, and might be wrong. As to the relations existing between landlord and tenant in Ireland and Scotland he knew little, but English landlords and tenants were on the most fraternal terms. He contended that the rights of the tenant farmer were not sufficiently defined, as in case of death or other accident his representatives might be deprived of his capital invested in the land, and this he characterised as unfair treatment. He would gladly see it stated in black and white, or rather in an act of parliament, that the tenant farmer, or his representatives should be fairly remunerated for his lasting improvements on a farm (loud cheers). (A Voice: That's all we want). But this should be a covenant between landlord and tenant clearly written and clearly understood by both. Great fault must be attached to those who, in the heat of competition for farms, rushed at once and took a lease or agreement from a landlord without first seeing what the clauses in it were. This was at the bottom of all disputes. The tenant should first ascertain what the farm was worth, and whether it would pay to take it. The landlord generally knew the less about that, and if either of the two got the worse it would be the landlord. The result of forty years experience to him was that tenants had been very careless about this, and had confided too much to the honour of landowners. This he considered as a most pleasant feeling, but the tenant should act like a man of business. (A Voice: "How about the game laws?) Being asked the question, he would endeavour to answer it. Mr. Bright had recently said that all on a farm belonged to the tenant. He did not suppose that Mr. Bright meant the trees, but probably he meant game. By the laws of England he contended that the game did belong to the tenant where there was no written stipulation to the contrary. It must be recollected that if the landlord did not take the game rent would be higher. It was a monetary consideration, and the farmers must consider whether the farm had better be taken with or without the game. The result of the abolition of the game laws in France at the time of the Revolution of 1830 was that, in less than six months, parliament was petitioned by the farmers, their grievance being that they could not keep trespassers off their lands.

RHYME FOR THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November
Reveals the monarchical plot:
France sees no reason
(As geese are in season)
For keeping the freedom she's got.—*Punch.*

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

On Friday the steamer *Irwell*, Captain Lowery, arrived at Hull from Dantzig, after one of the most perilous voyages ever experienced in crossing the North Sea. The *Irwell* left Dantzig on the 14th inst. with a cargo of wheat, rapeseed, and rubbers. In the Cattegat she encountered a very strong breeze from the west, and was brought to anchor under the Skaw. On Saturday morning she was again got under steam, and proceeded on her voyage in the teeth of a strong westerly wind, which continued during the whole of Saturday and Sunday. Early on Monday the wind blew a complete gale, and by eight o'clock it had increased to a hurricane. Captain Lowery has crossed the North Sea about 300 times, but never experienced anything like the weather he fell in with on Monday morning. From Monday morning until the arrival of the steamer off the Humber on Thursday the crew were prevented getting to their berths in the forecastle, and were compelled to take shelter as best they could beneath the poop, so constantly was the vessel's bows under water. The hands were sent to the pumps, which soon, however, became choked, and all on board were then sent to bail out the water with buckets. On Tuesday the weather somewhat moderated. Captain Lowery speaks very highly of the gallant conduct of his crew. On Wednesday morning the wind again freshened, and by ten o'clock the *Irwell* was once more in the midst of a fierce gale from the west, with a heavy and confused sea. The coals began to run short, steam could scarcely be raised to keep the ship's head to the sea and the crew were set to saw and chop whatever loose wood could be found. Old warps and ropes were next chopped up and thrown upon the boiler fires; then the deck-houses and deck coal bunkers were torn up and converted into fuel, also the booms and cargo derricks, but still the ship could hardly hold her ground. As a last resource the captain gave orders to feed the boiler fires with the rapeseed forming her cargo. This was very costly fuel, but it answered better than the other substitutes for coal, and by this means the vessel was brought on Thursday into the Humber, and eventually towed up to Hull by a Grimsby tug steamer.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Winchester, preached his first sermon in his new diocese last Sunday morning, at St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In the course of his sermon, which had for its text John, 9th chap., v. 2, his Lordship said:—

"There are hundreds of thousands of our kinsmen, our fellow-creatures, our countrymen, and hundreds of millions of heathens, many of them our fellow-subjects, who have no light—blind from their very birth. Mission work is the great work of the Church, and while the Church works at it it grows in stature and in wisdom, and in favour with God and man; when the Church fails to work at it it dwindles, dwarfs, and all but dies. Now the Church of Christ in this land, some 170 years ago, was all but dying when the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was born, and it slowly, painfully awakened up to life. But how long it was before this society began its blessed work! For more than a century it was the only missionary society, yet its funds scarcely ever reached £6,000 a year. What a sum for the richest of Christian nations to give for God! Thank God, the work is recognized now, and last year its revenues were greater than ever before, save in one year—that of the great Indian Mutiny, when a special fund was raised. This society is doing its Lord's bidding by carrying light to lands where all is darkness, blindness, and eternal night. The wealth of this society, and all the praise it merits and receives from the thankful hearts of the National Church, scarcely exceeds a quarter of the revenues of single rich members of that Church. It is not receiving from Englishmen more than one-third of what a penny in the pound income-tax would bring into the Exchequer. Thus we follow Him 'who when He was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through Him might become rich.' So long as all the work and two-thirds of the money are contributed by the hands and purses of the clergymen and clergymen's families—for that is really the case now—so long is it impossible that missions can truly prosper and advance, and the harvest fold in the world be made ripe for His reaping; but if all—clergymen and laity, rich and poor, for the poor can give as well as the rich—would unite and pray together and give for Him, our missions would no longer be counted by [illegible] but by missionaries by hundreds, but the company of those who preach the Gospel would be as in the days of the Apostles; their sound would go forth to all lands, and their voices to the ends of the earth."

A DOG LICENCE CASE.

An appeal, "Harris v. Fitzroy and the trustees of the Spelthorne Division," has been heard at the Middlesex Sessions. Mr. Poland and Mr. Besley were for the appellant; Mr. C. Mathews, jun., for the respondent.

The appeal was important in demonstrating the liability of persons to be fined who keep dogs and do not renew their licences on the 1st day of January in each year, although their omission to take out the license may arise from oversight or mistake. Mr. Henry J. Fitzroy is a gentleman living at Teddington. He took out licences for keeping three dogs in the year 1872 in the November of that year, and was under the impression that he should not have to pay again until November, 1873. The licence delivered to him, however, had printed on it that it expired on the 31st of December, 1872, and a notice at the foot stated that the penalty for keeping a dog without a licence was £5. Mr. Gaze, an officer of the Inland Revenue, called at the house several times, and did not see Mr. Fitzroy until the 22nd of July. In conversation, Mr. Fitzroy said he had not renewed his licences for his three dogs, as he thought the one he received in November was good for a year. Mr. Gaze explained that that was not so. He called again on the first of August, but did not see Mr. Fitzroy; but on the 5th of August he saw Mr. Fitzroy a second time, and Mr. Fitzroy said it should be attended to. The matter was reported in due course, and Mr. Harris, the appellant, an officer of Excise, took out a summons on the 21st of August for keeping a dog without a licence from January to the 22nd of July. After the interview of the 5th of August the licences were taken out, and at the hearing before the Spelthorne Bench, the justices were satisfied that no duty was then due, and dismissed the summons. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue exercised their power of appeal, and, as Mr. Poland pointed out, there would be great difficulty in collecting the revenue if people waited for the call of an officer before they took out their dog licences.

Mr. Matthews said that Mr. Fitzroy admitted all he was liable for, and believed that his explanation to the Justices was satisfactory.

Sir W. Bodkin said the Court did not doubt Mr. Fitzroy's *bona fides*, but the law required that he should be convicted. They would mitigate the penalty as much as they could, to one-fourth—viz., 25s.

Mr. Poland said the Commissioners of Inland Revenue only took out one summons, and they would not ask for any costs.

Order made, convicting Mr. Fitzroy and fining him 25s.

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

WHAT wine does Jack love best?—Why, Port, of course.

A BOARDING Establishment—A carpenter's shop.

A WORD TO FRAIL LOVERS.—It is not only those women who wear earrings whose ears are bored.

WHEN the spider left the ark, did he walk or take a fly?

SOME of the railways lately have signally distinguished themselves.

WHEN JUDY'S milkman heard of the noise they're making about the adulteration of milk, he said, "Water rus!"

A FACT.—A London milkman feels as helpless as a dancing-master without his pumps.

AWFUL THOUGHT (if it goes on much longer)—There is a TICHBOURNE from which no traveller returns.

UNNATURAL HISTORY.—A black dog cannot be a black dog if it's a greyhound.

THE smallest women look hopefully to Hymen.

—*Judy.*

THE POPE AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

(From Wednesday's *Times*.)

Archbishop Manning presents his compliments to the Editor of *The Times*, and would be glad if he would publish the enclosed extract from a German paper.

Archbishop's-house, Westminster, S.W., Oct. 23.

"A letter has appeared in the *Mainzer Journal* from Bishop von Ketteler, of Mainz, addressed to the German Emperor, in which the latter is challenged to prove the assertions against the loyalty of German Catholics contained in his reply to the Pope's letter. It runs as follows:—

"'Your Majesty has charged us in the face of Europe with disloyal intrigues.

"'Now, our agitation has either been conducted within the limits of the laws, and in that case you were not [illegible] in bringing this charge against us, or our conduct has transgressed the laws, and accordingly we have committed the crime of treason.

"'Will your Majesty, then, order your Government, on the ground of the facts which must be at your disposal, in presence of such a charge, to indict our leaders as traitors.

"'After your Majesty has uttered so frightful an accusation against our honour, integrity, and loyalty, at least allow us to prove to you how ill-informed you have been.'

"It appears that there is a second letter from the Pope to the Emperor, which the latter has not published, and which the Catholics say he is afraid to publish."

THE AGRICULTURAL CHILDREN'S ACT.

The Rev. G. J. Blomfield, of Norton Rectory, writes to *The Times*:—

"Allow me through your columns to call attention to some defects in the Agricultural Children's Act, an abridged form of which is now being circulated in country parishes by the National Society, and causing some stir therein. In the first place, there is nothing in the Act which prohibits a farmer from employing a child for 12 months continuously, between the ages of 11 and 12. Consequently a child (defined in the Act as a 'child under 12 years of age') who has attended school 150 times in the previous year, may begin to be employed at 11 years of age—may be employed continuously for the next 12 months—and having then reached 12 years of age, will have passed out of the operation of the Act. In such matters what may be done will be done. Therefore we may say that children will be employed regularly from 11 years of age. I believe I am right in saying that the intention of Parliament was to keep the child under instruction till it was 12 years of age, and the question chiefly turned as to whether 12 or 13 should be the limit. Secondly, a farmer may employ a child at ten years of age (provided it has attended school 250 times in the previous year), and may continue to employ it for twelve months. It is true that it will be shut out of employment the following year, but poor folks are very shortsighted in such matters, and will send the child to work as soon as possible, without thinking of the coming time. For twelve months, therefore, the child will be out of instruction altogether, and when it returns will evidently not be able to take its place in a higher standard than it was in when it left school, so that no grant will be obtainable from Government for such children. These defects, unless remedied, will mar the efficiency of what would otherwise be a valuable Act."

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

Vermont talks of increasing its Governor's wages above the present rate of 2 dols. 75 cents a day, so as to raise him nearer an equality with journeymen mechanics!

A chicken in Taberg came from the shell recently with two bills. We are happy to know it is dead. There are too many bills in the world now.

In Oregon "bibulation" is said to be a preventive against cholera, and the modern style of drinking invitation is, "Let's disinfect."

A geologist says that he never heard of secondary formations without pleasure, the ladies being the secondary formations, for they were formed after the men.

An American paper quite in a tiff says—"There seems to be no end to the number of planets in the solar system. Five new ones were discovered last year."

Instead of dying, as was anticipated, the King of the Sandwich Islands is recovering. Mark Twain sent his Sovereign a box of petroleum and dynamite pills, which have worked this marvel.

A farmer lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron-wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found—not a gimlet, but a full-size chisel! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a crowbar was just what he wants.

A far-west preacher took up a collection one Sunday, and found, when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a penny in it. "I thank my God," said he, turning the hat upside down and tapping the crown of it with his hand, "that I have got my hat back from this congregation."

The writer of the following version of "Mary's Little Lamb" should be given into the hands of the ladies, to be punished as he deserves:—

"Mary had a little lamb with which she used to tussel,
She snatched the wool clean off its back and stuffed it in her bustle."

An energetic young Indian, who had been reported as among the "fatally injured" by a railroad accident, and afterwards reported as not among that unfortunate company, writes to the editor, saying:—"I tell you I was among the fatally injured, but the reason I didn't die was because I'm always temperate in my living, and have a splendid constitution naturally."

The Springfield *Union* thinks that one of the most amusing sights is that of a pretty and elegantly dressed young lady standing in a mud puddle in the rear of a street car, from which she has just alighted, and calling frantically to her pet poodle to "come back, you awful thing, and let that horrid yellow dog alone," and in the next breath beseeching the driver to wait till she can get her "darling dog."

A justice of the peace in Illinois, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from the parlour the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows:—"It pears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's house, and that plaintiff intruded, and [illegible] put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and it's held that a parent has no legal right to intrude [illegible] from rotting against a [illegible] is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs."

A SEA-LION AT LARGE!

A sea-lion running a-muck in a crowded city is, happily, an unusual incident, yet it nearly occurred the other day in San Francisco, and seems, not unnaturally, to have caused much excitement. One day last month, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a large sea-lion belonging to a menagerie connected with a circus broke out of his cage and dashed across the arena. In a moment all was confusion and alarm. The horses, which had not been unhitched from the waggons, took to rearing, kicking, and snorting, and added to the general disturbance. The elephant became frantic, and danced round a post to which he was chained, making mad efforts to break loose. The monkeys, the lions, and the Bengal tiger made the most horrible noises and showed alarming symptoms of disorganization. In the meantime the sea-lion was chased by several men with ropes, who at last managed to throw a noose over him, and then commenced a fearful struggle. The captured beast became perfectly furious, springing savagely at his keepers "with distended jaws and flashing eyes." Several times they had narrow escapes of being mangled and mauled. He was tied to a post driven in the ground, but pulled it up in his violent struggles. He was then tied to one of the cages, but such was his strength and fury that he dragged the cage and waggon over on their side. After a protracted struggle he was secured just as the order had been given by the proprietor of the menagerie to shoot him. The rest of the beasts were, however, so upset by the conduct of the sea-lion that it was some time before they could be restored to order and quiet.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A journal in Bordeaux "listens" with an attentive "eye" to all M. Thiers says.

The Excise duty on horse dealers in the year ended the 31st of March was £19,925.

The anniversary dinner of the battle of Balaclava was held in London last Saturday night at Willis's Rooms.

By the new law just promulgated, the Italian army on a peace footing is to number 214,000 men.

The gross receipts from the Crown Lands in the year ended the 31st March last were £458,903 8s. 4d.

The value as declared of gunpowder exported in the last nine months was £329,321; in 1872, £375,136.

Scarcity of food is apprehended in Bengal, and the Supreme Government has been formally warned of the danger and urged to take precautionary measures.

The German war treasury, which must always be composed of forty million thalers in coin, will be deposited in the Julius tower of the citadel of Spandau. Nothing can be added to, or taken from it, without the consent of the Imperial Chancellor.

A crowded meeting was held in London on Monday evening, of railway servants employed at the Nine Elms goods station of the South Western Railway to discuss their grievances, and a memorial to the directors for a general amelioration of their condition was adopted by the men.

A respectable dressed man entered the shop of Mr. Edwin Smith, jeweller, Birmingham, on Monday night, and asked to be shown some watches. While the watches were lying on the counter he threw a handful of snuff in Mr. Smith's face, completely blinding him for some minutes, and got clean away with the spoil.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges as "Conscience Money" the receipt of the second halves of bank-notes amounting to £500 from "A. B.," of the second half of a £5 note from "H. E.," and of £15 in notes sent anonymously for Income Tax.

The *Chamber of Agriculture Journal* announces that the malt tax, or rather the action to be taken with reference to its repeal, reduction, or transference to beer, will be the chief matter for consideration at the meeting of the central council on Tuesday next.

The Australian papers announce the death of Mr. Richard Tattersall, who has for some years past acted as judge at the race meetings on the Melbourne course. Mr. Tattersall (the *Argus* says) was a nephew of the well-known horse salesman of the same name in London.

A serious accident took place on Saturday at the Folies-Bergere, Paris. An acrobat named Wilson was engaged in rehearsing the feats which he was to perform in the evening in public. Confiding in his own strength he had refused to allow the safety net to be drawn across the theatre. Making a false movement he fell from no great height, but still broke his leg in two places.

It is said that the Count de Chambord's friends have, in anticipation of his triumphal entry into Paris as king, purchased the horse Adonis from Herr Renz's circus, that horse having been trained for the important part it is to perform by the famous equestrian!

A matter-of-fact blacksmith, disputing the other day with a friend respecting some points of orthography, and referred by him to Walker's Dictionary. "Walker!" exclaimed he: "Walker must have been a great fool! Why, he actually spells 'Filip' with Ph, and for 'ruf' he says r-o-u-g-h!"

Hospital Sunday in London next year will be the 14th of June. It has been decided that no institution will be admitted to participate in the distribution of the Fund if the committee of the distribution find the cost of its management exceed a reasonable per centage of the whole current expenditure.

The dispute in the clothdressers' industry at Leeds has been settled "for the present" by the award of the Mayor of the borough, who has acted as arbitrator. The men demanded an advance of 15 per cent., and the decision of the arbitrator gives them 5 per cent.

The death is announced of Mr. Richard Tanner, late inspector of Metropolitan Police, who will be remembered by his connection with many celebrated cases, and notably for the capture of Müller in New York for the murder of Mr. Briggs. Mr. Tanner has kept the "White Swan" Hotel, Winchester, for some years.

River Plate meat is the newest addition proposed to our food supply. At a meeting held in London, at the "London Tavern," Mr. Gouldstone, who holds a patent from the Argentine Republic, described the new process of preserving, which he alleged would enable tinned mutton to be sold in this country from 3d. to 4d. per lb.

Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, in a sermon preached on Sunday at St. Chad's Church, Manchester, gave a lengthy exposition of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. He said that all she claimed was the liberty of the right to live and the right to teach. Yet in the present day it was found that nearly the whole world was trying to suppress the liberties she claimed to enjoy.

A telegram from St. Petersburg announces that after the departure of the Russian troops from Khiva a rising took place among one of the tribes. They plundered and destroyed the town of Usbeks, killed 1,600 emancipated Persian slaves, and refused to pay the tribute levied upon them. The Khan of Khiva had applied to General Kaufmann for assistance, but it was not known with what result.

Some notion of public amusements in the Far West is conveyed by the following from the *Pioche (New) Record*:—"To-morrow afternoon some rare sport is offered at Michell's Saloon, Meadow Valley-street, being a butting match between two American citizens of African descent. The stakes are two hundred dollars a side, and price of admission one dollar."

The authorities of Jasz-bereny, a Hungarian town, have just had the following notice published to the sound of the drum:—"Seeing that oaths and blasphemies are the real causes of earthquakes, every one, no matter who, is forbidden to swear or to use bad language, under a penalty of receiving twenty-five stripes with a rod, and paying a fine of twenty-five florins."

A company was formed in Paris some time back for the manufacture of lucifer matches, and the French Government promised it the monopoly. The society in question now finds itself in a very serious embarrassment. Its treaty of five years, at the rate of sixteen millions per annum, would give the Government eighty millions in that time; but a calculation has been made that the buying up of private establishments having a right to make the article would cost fifty millions; consequently the Government would only levy thirty millions in five years, which is less than the produce of the present impost.

Mr. Bradlaugh delivered his third lecture in New York on the 11th inst. The *New York Tribune* of the 13th, speaking of Mr. Bradlaugh, says:—"He makes an earnest but by no means violent plea in favour of land reform, and gives a definite plan for restoring to cultivation the waste lands of the aristocracy. The present lecture was not less remarkable than those which have preceded it in its skilful and compact statements, its evident sincerity of purpose, and its unfailing tact and discretion. Mr. Bradlaugh left New York last night to lecture in New England."

"A statement has recently been circulated to the effect that one of the largest collieries in the neighbourhood of Sheffield had announced a reduction 'which would certainly be followed by a general move in the same direction.' Inquiries have been made, but no one seems able to learn the name of the colliery referred to. On the other hand, advices this morning mention an advance of 2s. per ton at the principal Durham collieries, making the price for the best Wallsend 26s. per ton of 21 cwt. at the pit's mouth."—*The Times'* City article, Wednesday.

Professor Bailey recently ascended from the fair grounds at Wapello, Iowa, with a hot-air balloon, hanging by his hands to a crossbar beneath. Just as the balloon started it took fire near the mouth, and Bailey apparently did not notice the fire until he was too high to let go with safety, but hung on until he had reached an altitude of 1,200 or 1,500 feet, when the canvas that held the hoop from which he was suspended burned off and he fell, reaching the earth a quarter of a mile from the point of starting. His body was frightfully mangled, and his legs were driven into the hard ground up to his knees.

The death of Vice-Chancellor Wickens is announced, at the age of fifty-eight. In noticing his death, a biographer says:—"From the domestic circle Sir John Wickens derived the greatest amount of happiness, and the breaking of family ties was to him a source of the deepest grief. A few years ago he lost one of his children, and it produced in him a sorrow which never afterwards seemed to be eradicated. He had other resources than the law for passing his leisure time, and, in addition to being an eminent classical scholar, engaged in amateur handicraft. In this last branch he turned his attention to bookbinding, and possessed an expensive set of tools with which to follow the calling.

Mr. White and Mr. Fawcett, the members for Brighton addressed their constituents on Monday night in the Corn Exchange. Mr. White said he had no doubt Mr. Bright would devise some mean[illegible] of the 25th clause, which was disgraceful to [illegible] the nation. The hon gentlemen advocat[illegible] of the sugar duty. Mr. Fawcett [illegible] upon the Education Act, [illegible] of taxation, [illegible] the counties, [illegible] and land laws. [illegible] members was agreed to.

"What does that look like?" asked a proud athlete, holding out his brawny hand. "That," replied the other, "looks as though you were out of soap."

An American paper speaks of "a hollow sycamore near Rising Sun, Indiana, more than 25 feet in diameter at the base, and correspondingly tall."

The American mint is making large quantities of coin, owing to the expected resumption of specie payments.

The Crown Princess of Germany will represent Queen Victoria at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie.

In addition to the stamp duty on patent medicine the Excise duty on medicine vendors was last year £7,233 15s.

Brighton has established a new club as a seaside home for members of other clubs when they visit the South Coast.

The Emperor of Austria has opened, with great ceremony, the new conduit which is to supply the city of Vienna with water from the Alps.

Mark Twain says his countrymen, the Sandwich Islanders, are generally as unlettered as the back side of a tombstone.

The *Law Times* thinks that in view of the approaching elections, solicitors, as a body, should endeavour to secure more direct representation.

At the meeting of the Liverpool School Board it has been decided to introduce the Froebel Kindergarten system into all the Board's infant schools.

Californian theatrical managers carry realism to such an extent that recently at a San Francisco theatre, during the performance of a piece, *The Sea of Ice*, a current of cold air was let into the auditorium to enable the spectators to realise the sensation of the actors.

"Wanted, a good general servant, who can neither read nor write, nor be able to do tatting, crochet, or embroidery," is a form of advertisement which appeared the other day in one of our London contemporaries.

The worsted mill of Mr. H. Clarkson, at Wakefield, which contained a large quantity of valuable machinery, has been destroyed by fire.

The Liverpool papers state that all hope of the safety of the missing Anchor steamer *Ismailia* has now been abandoned.

At a meeting of the Council of the Northern Reform League, held at Newcastle on Saturday, it was resolved to hold a series of political gatherings in various parts of Northumberland and Durham during the winter months.

The Duke of Augustenburg, formerly a pretender to the sovereignty of the duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, is selling all his properties in the north of Germany previous to his taking service in the Austrian army.

From April 1st to the 25th inst. the Treasury receipts amounted to £39,116,451, as compared with £38,573,623 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £46,539,491. On Saturday last the balance in the Bank of England was £1,343,165.

An exhibition of art treasures, which has been held in the Bradford Mechanics' Institute during the last four months, was closed on Saturday night. The number of visitors has been 157,900, and the amount realized towards paying off the debt on the building, £3,000.

At Brighton, a fascinating young lady on being asked recently, as she returned from the circulating library, with the last new novel, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered, "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

There has been a great deal of talk about the large fortune, which, as is well known, the late Sir Edwin Landseer accumulated. Notwithstanding that he lived well, unostentatiously, it is fully expected that the personalty of the deceased artist will amount to at least £150,000.

A Scotch minister was recently explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word "cuticle." "What is that all over my face and hands?" said he. "It's freckles, sir," answered the cherub.

A Paris paper, the *Avenir National*, published an article on Saturday headed "Down with Chambord." The number was seized by the Government, but not until it had had an immense sale.

A Frenchman professes to have discovered, by experiment upon himself, that coffee taken upon an empty stomach renders the mind abnormally clear and the temper unnaturally bad.

A well-known Parisian *littérateur*, very short-sighted, read recently for two hours one of his works to a tree on the Boulevards, mistaking it for one of his friends that he encountered in the fog, but who bolted after the opening chapter.

Father Hyacinthe and two other curés who have joined him in the Old Catholic movement, were installed on Sunday at Geneva, in the presence of an immense crowd. In his sermon he spoke of the relations between Church and State.

As a grand funeral procession was passing through Dean-street, Dublin, an English gentleman asked a native who was dead. "I can't exactly say, sir," was the reply, "but I presume it's the jintleman in the coffin."

Now that the diamond fields of South Africa are becoming worked out, a new source of wealth has unexpectedly developed. Black diamonds have been found: or, in other words, coal has been discovered in large quantities.

Postal cards are shortly to be issued in the Dutch Indies on rather curious conditions. If the contents appear to the post-office official to be of a insulting nature, the card will be sent under cover to its address.

The following are a few names of post-offices in the United States:—Ti Ti, To To, Why Not, Pipe Stem, Big Man, Sal Soda, Chickshinny, Snow-shoes, Overalls, Lost, Last Chance, Back-bone, Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Tally Ho, and Tired Creek.

"A sensation is promised the Londoners in January next—namely, Mrs. Brigham Young No. 17. She will lecture on the moral and social aspects of Mormonism. Brigham will have a felicity that is denied some husbands—namely, that his wife's lecture is being delivered at him a few thousand miles off."—*Court Journal.*

General Grant, who has been watched attentively for many years for the birth of his first joke, has at length produced one to the great joy of the jocular. When he heard that Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, had been levying the tax upon his clerks, he turned to General Babcock and said, "Only think, Bab, that I should have appointed a filley-buster to office."

The first prosecutions under the Scotch Education Act were disposed of at Dundee on Saturday, by Mr. Sheriff Cheyne. Two labourers were charged with not sending their children to school. They pleaded poverty, and the sheriff, crediting them both, did not impose any penalty, being of opinion that the conviction would sufficiently deter others from infringing the Act.

The population of the colony of Victoria, according to a return published in the *Gazette*, numbered on the 30th of June last 780,105. The addition to the population during the quarter by excess of births over deaths amounted to 4,057, and the addition by the excess of arrivals over departures amounted to 1,264. The total increase was therefore 5,321.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Independance* of Brussels says, that in the Russian capital they are busy preparing for the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Maria. In the workshops of Cronstadt they are making standards bearing the Duke's arms. These consist of the Royal arms of England bearing the Duke's special cognisance on a scutcheon of pretence; the scutcheon bears the silver bend charged with cross gules and two anchors of the same.

The list of mourners at the funeral of Sir Robert McClure on Saturday, at Kensal-green, shows that the same history of Arctic enterprise has many living representatives. Sir Alexander Armstrong, Medical Director-General of the Navy, who served under Sir Robert when he commanded the *Investigator*, was among those who gathered round the grave. So, too, was Mr. Nelson, the "boy" of the expedition; and the names of McClintock, Sherard Osborn, and Bedford Pim, were accompanied by many others of such association. Following the procession to the cemetery was the carriage of Lady Franklin.

The French steamer *Ville de Bayonne* has been totally destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay. She left the port from which she derives her name at noon with a cargo of 209 barrels of turpentine and 150 of resin, when in the evening flames suddenly burst forth from below and soon obtained a complete mastery. The crew, finding that all hope of saving the vessel was at an end, took to the two boats, one of which reached the shore at Mimizan (Landes), and the other was picked up by a fishing smack. The disaster is believed to have been caused by the leakage of one of the barrels of essence, the contents of which flowed to the fires in the engine-room and became ignited.

An amnesty meeting, to protest against the continued imprisonment of more than forty "political prisoners," was held on Blackheath on Sunday afternoon, when resolutions were passed, calling upon Mr. Gladstone to advise the extension of the Royal clemency to these men, and pledging those present to oppose any candidate for Parliamentary representation of Greenwich who will not unequivocally promise to support an immediate and complete amnesty.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says that a movement is on foot to promote the erection of a monument to Oliver Goldsmith, whose memory, it is truly argued, is not sufficiently honoured by the simple medallion bearing his profile which is placed in Westminster Abbey, nor by laying a gravestone on the spot in the Temple which is supposed to be his grave. Should not public feeling be sufficiently aroused in the meantime, it is proposed to hold a commemoration at the Crystal Palace on the centenary of Goldsmith's death, April 4 of the coming year, and to devote the profits to a fund out of which the cost of the same would be provided.

The obituary of *The Times* of Saturday, Oct. 25th, contained a record of the deaths of three ladies and two gentlemen whose united ages amounted to 436 years, or an average of 87 years and more than two months each; their respective ages were 92, 91, 89, 83, and 81. The same obituary recorded the deaths of eight gentlemen, all septuagenarians, whose united ages amounted to 591 years, giving an average of 73 years and more than 10 months each; the oldest was 78 and the youngest 70 years of age.

The Liverpool Working Men's Association lately sent a letter to Mr. Gladstone, indicating several points with a view to the direct representation of the working classes in Parliament, and calling attention to the large number of frivolous objections made to voters upon the municipal list. In reply, Mr. Gladstone, through his secretary, points out that he, with several of his colleagues, has heretofore voted for relieving candidates from electoral charges; and that the Government introduced last session, and carried through the House of Commons a Bill for preventing frivolous objections, which was, unfortunately, thrown out by the House of Lords.

During the week ending last Saturday, 2,176 births and 1,404 deaths were registered in London, the former having been 178 and the latter 93 below the average number in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The annual death-rate was at the rate of 22 deaths to every 1,000 persons estimated to be living. Seventy six persons died from measles, [illegible] from diphtheria, 27 from whooping cough, [illegible]

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

The trial was resumed on Monday, when their lordships took their seats at a few minutes past twelve o'clock.

JOHN TAYLOR, examined by Mr. Kenealy: I am proprietor of the "Royal" Hotel, Derby. I lived at Finchley a good many years ago. I was then intimate with a good many noblemen and gentlemen connected with the turf. I remember making a bet with Johnny Broome. I think it was in 1849. In consequence of a letter I received from Broome, I went to his place, the "Rising Sun," in Air-street, Piccadilly. I saw him there, and he introduced me into his back parlour. I saw there three or four gentlemen. He said he had got some swells in the back parlour. I was not introduced to any of the gentlemen.

Did Johnny Broome point out any one of the gentlemen to you?—Yes, he did.

Who did he say he was?

Mr. Hawkins: I don't see, my lord, how that can arise.

Mr. Kenealy: The witness was present, and it is said that the defendant is the gentleman (Roger Tichborne.)

The Lord Chief Justice: That has not been said at present.

Mr. Kenealy: It will come.

The Lord Chief Justice: Unless the party of whom this was said heard what was said we cannot have it.

Mr. Kenealy: Was the gentleman near enough to hear him point him out to you?

Witness: He was near enough.

The Lord Chief Justice: Did he hear what was said—was he near enough?

Witness: He was, my lord.

Mr. Kenealy: What did Johnny Broome say?

Mr. Hawkins: I object to that.

Mr. Justice Mellor: If a man introduces one gentleman to another that is a circumstance, but what one man may say to another with reference to a third party is another thing.

Mr. Hawkins: This was not an introduction.

The Lord Chief Justice (to the witness): Were you introduced to the gentleman?

Witness: I was not.

Mr. Kenealy: Can you give any description of the young man?

Witness: He was a young man, tall, not stout, a fair-sized man. I have forgotten all other appearance of him but that.

How long were you there?—Perhaps twenty minutes. Might be half an hour, not longer I should say. I don't remember. I cannot say that I heard him talk. They were standing drinking champagne.

By Mr. Justice Mellor: I think this occurred in May, 1849.

By Mr. Kenealy: I should say that they held a race meeting at that time at Brighton in the summer. This was prior to the Epsom Spring Meeting—the Metropolitan.

Mr. Kenealy: Does your lordship hold that I can give any evidence of what took place?

The Lord Chief Justice ruled that it was inadmissible.

Mr. Kenealy: Did you ever see him again at Broome's?

Witness: Yes. Once again I was told it was him.

The Lord Chief Justice: Did you recognise him again as the same person? Should you have known him again without being told that it was him?

Witness: I think so, my lord. I saw him there again two or three days after the first occasion. It might be the second or it might be the third day. It was in the same parlour. The young men were drinking champagne.

Dr. Kenealy: Did you notice this person's eyebrows?

Witness: I did not.

Mr. Hawkins: My lord, I don't propose to cross-examine this witness except in reference to the date he fixed. You will remember he said it was prior to a particular spring meeting. (To the witness.) That is in April, is'nt it? (No reply.)

By the Lord Chief Justice: The Epsom Spring Meeting has been established over 30 years. It was prior to the race meeting at Epsom—three or four days before the meeting, perhaps.

WILLIAM FORWARD, examined by Mr. Cooper Wyld: I live now at 22, Brick-street, Piccadilly. I lived with the Dowager Lady Tichborne before her death. I went into her service about six months before her death. It was my duty to wait on her, and I consequently had to attend on her. I have heard her speak of the defendant. Her ladyship said he was her son, and she could not think how anybody could be so cruel as to say he was not.

Mr. Justice Lush: This has been already proved, and there was no cross-examination at all.

Mr. Justice Mellor: It was proved by the lady from the hotel.

The Lord Chief Justice: It is unnecessary to prove that—there is no doubt about it.

Examination continued: I noticed nothing peculiar in her ladyship's habits, except that she was very particular about money matters. There was nothing peculiar or anything in her conduct and behaviour to make one think she was weak in intellect. I saw her the morning before she died, and except a slight cold she appeared in her usual health. She was usually dressed in black.

Mr. Justice Lush: That has been proved, and there was no cross-examination against it.

Mr. Cooper Wyld: I bow to your lordship's suggestion, and pursue the examination in that point no further.

STEPHEN MUNDAY (examined by Mr. Kenealy): I am a farmer at Friar's Dene, and was there in 1859. I know Mr. Summers, of Petersfield, and remember him coming back from Australia. The first time I saw him afterwards I saw him at Petersfield, and had a conversation with him.

Mr. Hawkins: I object to this conversation.

Mr. Kenealy: Your lordships got out the whole conversation from Summers.

The Lord Chief Justice: All you can ask is if the conversation took place, and if it was accompanied by any act; or did he exhibit a writing.

Mr. Kenealy: But your lordships know that he not pretend that he had exhibited the writing.

Mr. Justice Lush: I thought he showed the receipt to this witness.

Mr. Hawkins: He withdrew that, and said he did not.

Mr. Kenealy: It all arises upon the examination of your lordships.

Mr. Justice Mellor: The judges may ask questions which counsel are not entitled to ask, either in examination or cross-examination.

The Lord Chief Justice: The evidence so far confirms the witness Summers that he had a conversation.

Examination resumed: He did not show me any receipt, though he told me he would. Nobody particular was by at the time. I know Harriet Rivers. She was not there at my house. Mrs. Rivers is a widow. Her husband was a farmer at Friar's Dean.

Mr. Justice Lush: Where do you say the conversation took place?

Witness: At Petersfield.

The witness was not subjected to cross-examination.

HARRIET RIVERS said: I am the widow of John Rivers, of Friar's Dene. I know Mr. Summer's, of Petersfield. He told me he had been to Australia. I had a little conversation with him when I met him.

The witness was not cross-examined.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS BENNETT, of Maston Hall, a privat lunatic asylum kept by him, near Burnley, examined by Mr. Wyld, said he knew a Mr. Pinder, whose daughter be married. He lived at Worley, four miles from Stonyhurst, but died in 1864. Became a pupil of Pinder's who was a surgeon at Worley in 1850, and succeeded to the management of the asylum on his death. Pinder was medical attendant at Stonyhurst. Knew his handwriting. After his death his books passed to his care. He produced his day book and ledger. In the day-book there was an entry in his handwriting under the date of April 4, 1846.

The Lord Chief Justice having examined the book, said the entry came to nothing. It was only a blue pill with a saline mixture. (Laughter.)

Some other entries having been referred to, the Lord Chief Justice said they showed nothing, except that Roger Tichborne was ill at the time.

In the ledger there were corresponding entries showing that the money had been paid. Mr. Pinder, it appeared, attended Roger thrice, and on one occasion bled him.

The witness, in reply to Mr. Hawkins, who alluded to a portion of the defendant's evidence, said his father-in-law was not a priest at Stonyhurst.

LADY ISABELLA BURROWS, of Somerset-street, Portman-square, said in 1849 she went to a race ball at Southampton, and there met and danced with Roger Tichborne. He had straight features, a high forehead, and heavy eyebrows. His face reminded her of a cross upon an oval. (Laughter.) Thought he was in his uniform. It was about August or September. Knew standard rose trees were in bloom at the time. Never saw him before. He told her he had been gazetted, but had not joined. Her impression was that his manner was French, but she recollected no broken English nor any French accent when he spoke. Had seen and talked to the defendant.

Who do you believe him to be?

Witness (laughing): I believe him to be Roger Tichborne.

Mr. Hawkins: You only saw him once?—Yes.

What makes you fix upon August?—Because I am sure the standard roses were in bloom.

Mr. Hawkins: You were there. (Laughter).

The learned counsel then resumed his seat.

Mr. Kenealy: My lord, that is the defendant's case.

Mr. Hawkins said it was now quarter past one. He should have witnesses in reply but as he had not received any intimation that the defendant's case would be closed to day, he was not prepared with them.

The Lord Chief Justice observed that under these circumstances, and as there had been so many conflicting rumours as to the number of witnesses yet to be called for the defence, they could not expect the learned counsel to have his witnesses in attendance.

Mr. Kenealy suggested that it would perhaps be convenient to know the points as to which the additional witnesses would be called, observing he was only aware of two slight things which needed rebutting evidence.

The Lord Chief Justice said that if the evidence offered did not turn out to be true rebutting evidence, it would be excluded. He never heard of counsel being called upon to open his rebutting evidence by a statement.

Mr. Hawkins said as he had to send to the country for witnesses, he would ask for an adjournment until Wednesday.

The Lord Chief Justice thought it would be a waste of time going on to-morrow unless he had enough witnesses to occupy the whole day.

Mr. Hawkins said he might have to make a special application to their lordships.

The Lord Chief Justice said they would like to know when the application would be made.

Their lordships then retired for luncheon, intimating that in the interval they would consider whether they would adjourn until Wednesday or Thursday.

Upon the re-assembling of the Court,

Mr. Hawkins said: Since the Court adjourned, I have considered with my learned friends the evidence which we have to call, and it occurs to me that if we were to meet on Wednesday, I think without doubt we shall be able to conclude the rebutting evidence early on Friday before the ordinary time of adjourning. I may then have to make a special application to your lordships, but all the evidence under my immediate control I think we shall be able to conclude on Friday.

The Lord Chief Justice: Then we meet on Wednesday Thursday, and Friday; and if you then make a special application for a further adjournment, we shall be ready to make a further arrangement.

Mr. Hawkins: What I mean is this—that if on Friday I may not have quite finished the evidence at hand, I will make my special application, and the whole (including any witnesses who may stand over), will then be taken on the day to which we adjourn.

After some further conversation, the court adjourned until Wednesday at twelve o'clock.

[Our limited space precludes us from giving more than the foregoing condensed account.]

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON TEMPERANCE.

In London, on Monday evening, Archbishop Manning addressed several thousand people, chiefly Irish, from the base of Nelson's Column, Trafalgar-square, the occasion being that of the last open-air temperance meeting for the season. Contingents from Southwark, Hoxton, Hatton-garden, and other places, arrived with bands and banners, and the demonstration was an imposing one. A dozen of naphtha lamps were hung up behind the speakers.

The Archbishop, who was supported by Father D'Alton, of Tower-hill; Father Kenelm Vaughan, and other clergymen, said that having had their "autumn manœuvres," they would now go into huts for the winter, and so from this time forward they would have meetings in the great halls and schoolrooms all through the winter. They had been most successful in making teetotalers in the past summer and autumn, and he should shortly ascertain the number added to their ranks. He asked those who heard him to each fix upon some friend who loved drinking and pray for him, but not approach him with a long face or with preaching—for he (Dr. Manning) knew what it was to preach, and he could get but few to listen. But let them tell their drinking friend that he was robbing his wife, taking the bread out of the mouths of his children, pulling the clothes off their backs and the shoes off their feet; and let them ask him how he could be such a fool. Let them bring such a man to him, and he should be happy to see him. The desire and prayer of his heart was, that there should not be in all London any Catholic man or women who did not live as practical Catholics. Next he wanted to have every Catholic child in a Catholic school. How could that be brought about? By every father and mother being an example of sobriety. If every man and woman in his flock gave up drink, every one of their homes would be a peaceful and a happy home—fathers and mothers would live in peace, and their children would be obedient and in schools. He did not wish to be an enemy to publicans or the like, and he hoped they did not think he had any ill-will towards them. He only wished they had a better trade. Let them set up in a better trade, and he hoped they might grow rich. If they could not get any other way of stopping drinking he proposed a great strike, and the strike should be this:—Let them make up their minds to be "locked out" of the public houses, and get all their friends to join them in the strike. He honoured and loved the working man who gave up drink. He did not think much of fine people giving it up. They did not labour or toil; they did not spend their strength. Still, if they gave up drink it was a blessing to them. But when the working man, who used his strength all the day long, gave up drink, he honoured that man, because he had shown he had strength of will to do what was right. Having called upon women to give up drink, and children not to taste it, Dr. Manning concluded, amid loud cheers, by asking those who were not teetotalers to take the pledge, and those who were to renew it. This several hund did at the hands of Father D'Alton, who addressed the meeting, which dispersed shortly afterwards.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT ON THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

On Tuesday Professor Fawcett met a number of his constituents at the Templar-hall, Windsor-street, Brighton, in order to discuss the merits and principles of the Permissive Bill.

In reply to the arguments urged in favour of the measure, Professor Fawcett said he was glad of an opportunity of discussing this subject with them, although what he was going to say he should like to have said on the previous night, in the face of the whole of the constituency. He was anxious to bring forward points on which there was a difference between himself and his constituents before the meeting, and he purposely endeavoured to devote himself, as far as possible, to those subjects on which he thought any difference of opinion would be likely to arise. (Hear). He wished it to be distinctly understood that he was not in favour of the Permissive Bill. It would be unreasonable to think that his mind would ever be changed on the subject, but he would only say this,—as long as his opinions remained the same as they were—and he was bound to tell them that they had not been changed by that interview—not only should he vote against the Permissive Bill, but he should take very great care to continue to vote against it at every division. They might ask why he was so decided upon a subject upon which he remained at one time neutral because he felt that he had not given a sufficient amount of attention to the question. He could not pretend to master every question that was brought before the House of Commons, and therefore at the risk of being supposed sometimes to be, perhaps, an inattentive member, he avoided voting on those questions which he thought he had not thoroughly studied. He should rather see himself occupy a lower place in the Buff-book than that which he did before he would give a great number of votes simply at the dictation of a party, without considering the subject.

They might ask what induced him to devote so much attention to the Permissive Bill? He began considering the subject seriously, when he found that the Permissive Bill was to be made a test question by very many at an election. When the electors in a body came forward and said, "We consider this question so important, we regard it as of such infinitely greater importance than all other questions put together, that a member or candidate who is not with us or against us cannot have our votes," it then became the duty of a candidate to study that question. (Hear, hear.) The fact that he heard it was going to be made a test question by a certain section of the constituency induced him to study it, and the result had been that—whatever might be the consequences—he had come to so positive a conclusion that this Bill is not just in principle that he should feel it his duty to them, although he was once neutral, to give against it a most positive and unhesitating vote.

The chief argument in favour of the measure seemed to be that the abuse of intoxicating liquors produced great mischief; therefore, the use of them ought to be entirely suppressed. Now, he would ask them for one moment to consider to what extent this principle, if logically carried out, would lead us? Where were we going to stop in this legislative career? Were there not other things which also produced great mischief to the nation? They spoke of the effect produced upon poverty by drunkenness. Was not poverty also produced by imprudence? And what led more to imprudence than a man who would not save money when he had the opportunity of saving it? Were they, then, to pass an Act of Parliament that every one be compelled to save? Then, again, they knew perfectly well that nothing would tend to bring greater poverty upon a person than improvidence and an imprudent marriage. They were surely not going to propose that marriages were to be controlled by Act of Parliament, however desirable it might be to society that no one should marry before he was in a position to take a wife and maintain a family. They were not to say that the circumstances of every one were to be inquired into to ascertain if he was in a position to marry, and yet he believed it would be easy to prove that no small amount of the misery and the poverty we were suffering from in this country was not simply due to drunkenness, but due also to imprudence resulting from people not saving, and also due to the improvidence that was too often exercised in marriage.

Reference had been made to the injury done to property by having the publichouse next to it. No doubt that was the case, but what he maintained was this, that the principle they could not carry out. There were other businesses which were disagreeable to be carried on close to one's house, and people were obliged to run all these kinds of risks. He did not believe a publichouse, if well conducted, need necessarily be a nuisance. He lived himself once very near a well-conducted house, and he did not find it any greater nuisance than the carrying on of any other business he could name, and if it had been proved to be a nuisance, all that he could say was it ought to be put down. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) No one wished that the sale of intoxicating liquors should be carried on so as to produce a nuisance to those people who were living near the place, any more than they would wish that a butcher's shop, or a fishmonger's shop, or greengrocer's shop, or any other business, should cause a nuisance to those living in the neighbourhood.

But the most important argument was the liberty of the individual. In support of this *The Times* was quoted, and as far as Mr. Fawcett could understand the quotation it was this,—that you had a perfect right to interfere with an individual's liberty if the exercise of that liberty was a harm to his neighbours. That was a principle which ought to be carefully watched before it was universally applied. Now, the point on which he rested his case was this—that if he went into a publichouse and bought a glass of beer he might require to quench his thirst, or to take a glass of wine which he might require as a stimulant, he did no more harm to his neighbours than he did if he went into a baker's shop and bought a loaf of bread. If he went into a publichouse and got into a state of drunkenness, he then became a nuisance to himself and to other people; but the mere fact of his going into a publichouse and calling for a glass of beer, he distinctly stated there was no more in that act than in his going into a shop and buying a loaf of bread; and this was his fundamental objection to the Bill. Because certain people abused the use of publichouses, they had no right whatever, unless they were prepared to say that the drinking of a glass of beer was in itself wrong—(Cries of "It is.") Well, if they maintained that, then they were logical; but then they ought to go further and say that the trade in intoxicating liquors was a trade in poisons. (Hear, hear.) He now understood them. But that being the case, the Permissive Bill ought to have gone further than it did; they ought not to allow private drinking. If alcoholic liquors were a poison, then it was as bad to take them in a private house as it was anywhere else. However, they were not arguing that point. It seemed to him that unless they were prepared to treat it as a poison—which they were not, according to the principles of the Permissive Bill—their whole case fell to the ground: unless they could show and were prepared to maintain that a man going into a publichouse and buying a glass of beer performed a wrong to society, and did an injury to himself and created a nuisance to his neighbours. He believed he did not do so; and he could only repeat that it seemed to him one of the most unwarrantable interferences with individual liberty to say that if he liked to get a glass of beer he should not be able to do so.

Although he should always most carefully listen to every argument that might be advanced and carefully attend to every communication he might receive on the subject, yet so far as his opinion on this subject was concerned there was one thing which ought not to influence him—and that was the way in which they would vote in consequence of the views he had expressed. In reply to a question with regard to the Habitual Drunkards Bill, Mr. Fawcett said he did not vote for the one which was brought before the House, because it seemed to him that the Bill was very ill-drawn. That Bill, however, appeared to him to involve a totally different principle from the principle of the Permissive Bill. If it could be proved that a man was an habitual drunkard, he said that he then proved as much as if he were a lunatic that he was unfit to take care of himself; and therefore he should certainly be prepared to accept the principle of placing him under restraint if necessary. To the principle of the Bill he was in no way opposed. His vote with reference to any Bill would be determined by the details of the Bill. (Applause.)

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

We (*The Times*) have been favoured with the following extracts from letters just received from an officer on board a vessel stationed off the West Coast of Africa:—

"Off Appolonia (West of Cape Three Points), Her Majesty's ship ——, Sept. 1.

"There are altogether about 140 miles of coast blockaded, of which we have 70; but ours is a straight line, and there are no rocks, &c., on it, so we can cruise about more conveniently than the others. Now for to-day's work: we destroyed a couple of villages this morning near Axim, the people of which had been firing at and had killed some of the garrison of this fort (Axim). We shelled them first from the ship, and afterwards K—— and myself went in the cutters and gave them rockets and small gun (Abyssinian), till all was levelled. We started from Axim in the ship at 6.30 a.m., the village being four miles off, and we left the place at 10 a.m. in ruins.

"Off Assinee, Sept. 6.

"We have been been lying here for a few days on the look-out for vessels. We met an English brig the other day, and I went on board and read the warning to them and entered it in the log. She had among other things on board 2,000 kegs of gunpowder, so they had better be careful. . . . A French gunboat, the *Prégent*, arrived here a day or two ago; she is going to look out for the coast to windward of this, which is French.

"Ampagnee, Sept. 14.

"We are still on this blockade, about which there is a certain monotony not decidedly agreeable. Ampagnee is, I must tell you, the only place on our beat which is loyal so we came here the other day in hopes of getting something to eat from the brave and true-hearted African. The surf, however, is so bad that communication is almost impossible. We have been able to get a chicken or two (in the shell), eggs being the only things they could bring off—fowls would have died from the quantity of water shipped in the canoe going through the surf. Yesterday the *D*—— came up from her beat to have a look at us; Captain B——, of the *D*——, and our captain went on shore (dangerous work) in a surf boat the *D*—— brought up. They saw the King, and went and examined his defences, consisting of stockades, &c. He has 1,000 very fine men, and all well armed and in tolerably good discipline; they need to be, as the Ashantees are encamped within 500 yards of their defences. The Ampagnee people have the advantage of a small river between them and their enemies, the stockade (a very good one) is on their side of the river, so directly the Ashantees show themselves on the opposite bank they are liable to be shot, and very often are. Last night, just after the captain left, three were bagged (*i.e.*, killed and heads taken). The natives here, as far as I can make out, are very superior in the fighting way to the cowardly Cape Coast people; there, where they have forts and Europeans to back them up, and plenty of supplies of ammunition, they are afraid to move out of the town. Here 1,000 armed men have made their own defences in two days, and defy all the attempts of the enemy, who are in no mean force, I believe. They are supposed to be 4,000 or 5,000 strong, and they have the famous Atjiempon as a leader. . . . I think that Glover, the man they have sent out to command this expedition to Coomassie, is the right man; it was he who first raised the Houssa force; splendid troops they are, and he is like a father to them. If he gets 7,000 of them, as the intention is, I believe, they will go to Coomassie without a hitch. They lick the West Indian troops to fits; in fact, the latter are not a bit more fitted for this sort of work than Europeans are.

"September 20.

"I have just heard that the brig I spoke of, with 2,000 barrels of gunpowder on board, has landed half of it in French territory, but only a mile or two out of our clutches, the French ship having left."

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

THE NUMBER OF PUBLICHOUSES.—The annual Excise returns recently issued show that in the financial year ending the 31st March, 1873, licences were issued to 85 093 retailers of spirits in England and Ireland, and to 12,086 in Scotland, the former number being 218, and the latter 44, less than in the preceding year; but in Ireland there were also 787 spirit licenses issued to grocers, being 222 more than in the preceding year. The number of licenses issued to publicans in England and Ireland rated under £20 was 40,529, being 526 fewer than in the preceding year; and to publicans rated at £20 or upwards 45,953, being 215 more than in the preceding year. The number of licenses granted to retailers of beer to be drunk on the premises was 40,701, being 810 fewer than in the preceding year. These returns, therefore, show a decline of no less than 1,336 in the number of beershops and low-rated publichouses, and a small increase of 215 in the higher-rated publichouses.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK MAN.—The *New York Evening Post* records the death, at Brooklyn, of a man well known there by sight, who for the last seven years has stood near the City-hall, within sight of the clock, every day from eleven o'clock until the noon-day bell had struck. His daily position was at a particular part of the railing, against the picket of which he leant, and looked mournfully at the clock. If spoken to, he would mumble out an answer to the effect that he was waiting for somebody. "He'll come by twelve o'clock; he said he would." He was gazed at with astonishment by the idlers in the street, but his story was only guessed. It is now told that he was a monomaniac; that he had saved a sum of money by hard work; that the money was borrowed of him with a promise to pay it, with interest, on a certain day, at noon, in front of the City-hall. But the old man never saw the borrower again. He did odd chores in the morning, and earned pennies enough to buy food, and lived in an old hut. Some one has drawn his picture for a Brooklyn club, and a resident of the neighbourhood has tied a piece of crape upon the railings by which he used to stand.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—There are no fish in the Great Salt Lake. The only living thing beneath its waters is a worm about a quarter of an inch long. This worm shows up beautifully beneath the lens of a microscope. When a storm arises the worms are driven ashore by thousands, and devoured by the black gulls. There is a pure stream pouring into the lake. It was filled with little chubs and shiners. The fish became frightened and were driven down the brook into the briny lake. The instant they touched its waters they came to the surface, belly upwards, and died without a gasp.

SHOCKING SUICIDE IN LONDON.—A shocking suicide has been committed by a man named Peacock, residing in Trafalgar-street, Walworth, who has been for some time in a state of semi-lunacy. The house has been inhabited by him for a number of years. Peacock, who was by trade a cooper, was a member of a sect called Southcotians. He, with his family, formerly occupied premises in Merrow-street, and the cooperage is said to have been the place where Johanna Southcote and her followers held their meetings. Peacock, it appears, had been in very bad health for a long time past and certain delusions had been gradually taking possession of his brain. Owing to the illness of Peacock the shop had been shut up for some time past, and it is stated that the man had kept to his bed under the idea that the devil was seeking him, and if he left it he would fall into his clutches. On Thursday evening his wife prevailed upon him to get up, and as he was coming downstairs he met an old woman who resided in the house, and it is supposed that he imagined her to be Satan come to seize him. It seems that he knocked her down by a blow in the face with his fist, and then ran into a closet, where, with a penknife, he stabbed himself in various parts of the body, and cut his throat. An alarm was immediately given, and medical assistance was sent for, but Peacock died on Friday morning. A verdict of "Temporary insanity" has been returned by the jury. As an indication that Peacock's insanity may have been rather more than temporary, it was given in evidence that the deceased ad kept his bed for some months because he was afraid at Satan would carry him away if he got up.

OLD INCOME-TAX RETURNS.—The subject of the sale of waste paper of Government offices came before the House of Commons' Committee of last Sessions on the purchase and sale of materials and stores for the public Departments. Mr. Greg, the Controller at the Stationary Office, stated that the income-tax returns, when done with, are sold to the best bidder of about five persons, who are in the habit of purchasing mill waste; generally to Messrs. Waterlow. It was suggested that the purchaser could ascertain what every man's return was, but Mr. Greg replied that he could not do so, because the headings of the papers are cut off at the Stationary Offices before they are sold; that is done in every case; and the papers are, besides, reduced to pulp. But it is not the practice to send a responsible officer to see them reduced to pulp; it is not thought necessary. It was once considered whether that could be done or not, and it was found that it would be quite impossible unless an officer was constantly living at the place. The Government orders are positive that the papers must be reduced to pulp, and they are sold at a lower price in consequence of that.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A gentleman recently purchased a high-spirited horse that had never been shod. On the smith attempting to shoe him he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything, and nearly crippled himself against the anvil, when he was finally returned to his stable unshod. In despair his owner was about consigning him to the plough, when a gentleman, who had been a traveller, and touched Mexican soil in his tour, took a cord, put it into the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head, and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog; suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, acting in all respects like an old stager. The gentleman states that this was a means resorted to in Mexico and South America for subduing wild horses. The plan is as ingenious as it is simple, and well worth the attention of those who have unmanageable horses.

MR. GLADSTONE ON SCHOOL BOARD EXPENSES.—Mr. Robertson Gladstone having lately expressed an opinion "that it was a great mistake on the part of the Government and of Parliament to inflict on individual localities the heavy weight of payment for the operation of the Education Act," Mr. John Murphy, of Liverpool, forwarded this extract to the Permier. In reply Mr. Godley wrote that he was instructed by Mr. Gladstone to direct attention to the three points following:—

"1. A very heavy charge is already borne by the Exchequer in aid of education in Liverpool, as in other places. 2. If the Exchequer assumed the whole charge incurred under this head, would not the expensive operations for educational purposes, which you complain of as unnecessary, be much more extensively carried on? 3. If the school board expenses are to be defrayed from the general funds, what compensation is to be made to the 8,000 or 10,000 parishes which have no school boards, but supply from voluntary sources what in Liverpool is supplied by a rate?"

A DOG ROMANCE.—A Detroit paper relates the following story:—"A boy about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the Central Station and asked if that was where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, 'Well, please shoot my poor little Dan. He's an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day, but father's dead, and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a licence.' Then turning to the dog, the boy stroked him, saying, 'Poor Dan, how Billy will cry when I tell him you are dead!' Great big tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little time those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after the licence. The boy's eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and speaking to the dog, he cried out, 'You're saved; let's go right home to Billy.'"

SUICIDE AT READING.—A lamentable occurrence happened at Reading on Saturday, which created quite a sensation in the town. Mr. John Chamberlin, an old inhabitant, and who for many years had filled the post of poor rate collector to the largest parish in the town, committed self-destruction by drowning himself in the Thames. The deceased was aged 63. He was highly respected, and considered to be about the least likely person to have committed so rash an act. It transpired at the inquest held by Mr. Weedon the same afternoon that the deceased was seen early in the morning walking towards the river in a reckless manner, with his hat slouched over his eyes. An hour afterwards he was picked up by a bargeman floating down the Thames in an upright posture, with his hat still on. Mr. Brain, a cousin, stated that the deceased had been depressed the last fortnight, and pecuniary matters were partly the cause of the depression, though he had had much trouble lately, and had lost a brother, an imbecile. The pecuniary difficulty would have been easily surmounted by a less sensitive mind. Mr. Pike, the clerk to the Guardians, was called at the request of the jury, and he stated the deceased to be an upright, honest man, but lately he had got muddled in his accounts, and in making up his book for the last half-year there was found a deficiency of some £128 out of £4,1000, and though there was over £60 due to him as poundage, the matter seemed to weigh greatly on his mind. The deceased, who was also a registrar, had arranged to be present at a marriage that morning. The verdict of the jury was "Temporary Insanity."

PUTTING WINGS TO THEM.—David Cox, the celebrated painter, was very particular about the quality of the paper he worked on. There was a certain Scotch variety he loved heartily. The paper was very thick, and white, with here and there little black or brown specks. In the landscape part these specks were of no consequence, but they looked out of place in the sky. On one occasion being asked what he did to get rid of them, he replied, "Oh, I just put wings to them, and they fly away as birds."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE IN AMERICA.—A man named Slade is under arrest in Kansas City, charged with committing a heinous crime. It appears that Mrs. Slade mysteriously disappeared from her house in Reedyville some time since, and in answer to inquiries Slade said that his wife had gone to visit some of his friends in Kansas City. The sudden disappearance and a chain of suspicious circumstances soon gave rise to comments, and finally a warrant was issued for the arrest of Slade. It is stated that for two or three days after Mrs. Slade's supposed departure from home, the neighbours were annoyed every day by a nauseous smell, which is now supposed to have been caused by the burning of human flesh. The smell continued for two days and a night, and finally became absolutely unendurable. Investigation has brought out the fact that Slade murdered his wife and then burned her body piece-meal, in order to destroy all traces of his crime. After perpetrating this heinous crime Slade offered several articles of his wife's wearing appearel for sale, and advertised his house and other property at very low figures, with the intention, doubtless, of departing from the place.

SOME OF LANDSEER'S MODELS.—There is at present in the possession of Mr. Edwin Ward, of 49, Wigmore-street, London, a remarkable trophy of heads and skins owned by the late Sir Edwin Landseer. The central object of the group, which is arranged with considerable skill and effect, is an old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair, cushioned with otter-skins, and having for arms two cunningly-carved otter-hounds, while from the top grins down on the spectator the head of the otter himself. This chair stands upon a magnificent tiger-skin, the gift of an old friend twenty-five years ago. Above, and on either side, are arranged the heads and skins of many beasts. Conspicuous among them stands out the fine front and strong sharp horns of one of the famous wild bulls of Chillingham, who has died only to live again a longer and far nobler life on the canvas of his destroyer; while immediately above, as though to offer to the curious eye an opportunity for tracing the reputed kinship, lowers the sulky, shaggy face of the North American bison. There are, too, several heads of roe and red deer, and one of the latter might well be the original "Monarch of the Glen." Down to the left of the group is a small-sized, but singularly perfect "royal," above which, as if on guard, peers forth from a curtain of skins of various sorts the head of a splendid St. Bernard; at the base are scattered two or three guns, a fishing-creel, some shot-belts and pouches, and an old saddle. A word of praise is due to Mr. Ward, not only for the artistic skill he has displayed in the general arrangement of the subjects, but also for the capital state of preservation into which he has brought them, most of them, from age and neglect, having been in but a very poor way when they came into his hands. The whole group is in course of being photographed, and should make an effective picture as well as an interesting memorial of a great man.

AFRICAN CUSTOMS.—The people in portions of Africa have many curious customs and superstitions. Among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife, Speke thus describes her:—"I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose stuffed puddings. The chief, pointing to his wife, said, 'This is the product of our milkpots; from early youth upward we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives.' A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all-fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her, and found her, 'Round the arm twenty-three inches; round the chest, fifty-two inches; round the waist, sixty inches; height five feet eight inches.' He says, 'When I tried to get her height I had to raise her up. This, after infinite exertion, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat down before us sucking a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary.'"

THE MAGIC WORD.—A good story is told by a friend of Daniel Drew, which the news of his illness calls up. Remaining one evening late in the office and having occasion to use the safe, he permitted the cashier to go home, remarking that he would close the safe and fix the combination on the word "door." But when the cashier undertook to open the safe in the morning he found the lock refused to yield to the magic "door." He tried and tried again, but without success. Finally, happening to remember that Daniel's early education had been neglected, he attributed his ill-luck to poor orthography. He therefore tried the lock upon "dore." Still no success, and then upon "doar," with no better fortune. Finally, becoming disgusted, he proceeded to the St. Nicholas, routed "Dan'l" out of his choicest morning nap, and as he stuck his night-cap out of the door this colloquy ensued:—"Mr. Drew, I can't open the safe on 'door.' You must have concluded to change word." "Change the word! Nothin' o' the kind, I shut it on door." "Are you sure, sir?" "Sure, sir, of course I'm sure!" "Well, perhaps, Mr. Drew, I don't spell the word right. How did you spell it?" "Spell it! Any fool can spell door. D-o-a-r-e, doare, of course, sir." "If you can't spell door, sir, you're no cashier for me. Pack up your duds and go out of the 'door.'" And shutting the "door" in the cashier's face, Daniel returned to his bed in a passion, and the clerk to his safe. Armed with the open-sesame of "doare," however, the safe flew open without further trouble, and when Daniel arrived, mollified by a good breakfast and his morning prayer, he advised his cashier that he might keep his place, provided he would improve his time and "go tu spellin' skool in the evenin'."

CURIOUS ETHNOLOGICAL QUERY.—The *Times'* Correspondent with the Ashantee Expedition says that on the coast of Sahara "there is a Tribe of Thieves, who live on milk." When did some of them settle in England?—*Punch.*

A SPORTING FRENCHMAN.—*The Field* narrates the following:—

"The heat was great, but, tempered by a pleasant fresh wind, not too high for shooting, and of immense assistance to the dogs, who held out manfully, in spite of the scarcity of water. Partridges were rather more numerous than in the morning, and our teller of stories managed to remember his mid-day promise pretty fairly. We were beating back to the hamlet at which we had left the carriage, when, passing through the only tolerably big patch of turnips we had met with, something jumped up close to my feet. Instinctively I clutched the gun, but a glance showed me a splendid dog fox, who had doubtless made his breakfast upon the swarms of mice which infested the country, and, too lazy to return to the neighbouring wood, had preferred a nap in the open. I took off my hat in compliment to the fine fellow, and was watching him making his way across our line, the white tag at the end of his brush shining in the sunlight, when, to my utter astonishment and horror, bang went the musket of the irrepressible Frenchman, and having, for the first time that day, managed to hold it straight, over rolled poor pug. I shouted, 'What devil possessed you to do that?' but, heedless of my disgust he threw down his gun and rushed on his fallen foe, yelling 'It is I—it is I who killed him.' It was useless to expostulate, the more so as our host also considered it a most praiseworthy action, and turned the tables on me by expressing his astonishment at my letting him pass. Said I, 'Monsieur, I would as soon shoot my grandmother. An Englishman who committed such an atrocity would be cut by the whole country side.'"

COST OF COLLECTION OF REVENUE.—The cost of collection of the taxes increases. In the financial year 1865 66 the Inland revenue produced £39,066,923, and the cost of collection was £1,344,642; in the year 1872 73, the product had increased to £45,645,252, and the cost of collection to £1,657,805. The Customs produced £21,140,117 in 1865-66, and the cost of collection was £772,297; the product has fallen to £20,933,851 in 1872 73, but the cost of collection had risen to £978 834. So that the collection of £60,207,040 in 1865-66 cost only £2,116,939, but the collection of £66,579,103 in 1872-73 cost £2,636,639. The increase is less than 11 per cent. in the amount collected, but above 24 per cent. in the cost of collection. If we were to add the Post Office, we should find in 1865-66 a total revenue of £64,568,918, and cost of collection £5,162,321; and in 1872-73 £72,964,412 revenue, and £7,233,228 as cost of collection; but the Post Office is not properly to be regarded as a Revenue Department.

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.—The Queen drove to Bush Farm on Saturday, and congratulated Mr. and Mrs. William Brown on the birthday of Albert Brown, their eldest son. On Monday morning the hills near Balmoral were thickly coated with snow down to their base. The fall was heavy during the night. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, the Queen drove out in the forenoon in an open carriage drawn by four horses with mounted postillions and preceded by an outrider. The drive was extended by the north side of the Falls of Quoich, where the Royal party partook of the luncheon. After which the Queen and Princess Beatrice left the carriage and walked in the grounds to a point beyond the Falls. On resuming their seats the party proceeded to Mar Lodge, and about four o'clock passed through Braemar on their way back to Balmoral.

IN THE PRESS.—*On the cure of Sore Throats.* An Essay hitherto omitted from the works of the late Thomas de Quinsey.—*Punch.*

A PARTY OF "SELECTED" LUNATICS.—A magistrate, in his confessions, gives the following facts to the world:—"I had to address the patients of what is called an 'aristocratic' asylum the other day, and a round dozen of us sat down to a very comfortable dinner before the lecture. Our party consisted of half a dozen 'selected' patients, a clergyman, one or two visitors, and the medical staff. I have seldom experienced a more intellectual party. Politics, religion, and the social topics of the day, were discussed with surprising ability by the company generally, and it was difficult to distinguish the lunatics from their companions at the table. I was so much struck with the jolly aspect of one of the party with an especially rubicund face, that I nudged the chaplain, and asked him in confidence what was the matter with that fellow. My rev. friend replied, in a whisper, 'He is not a patient, but a visitor—my wife's brother!' I made no more inquiries of that kind, but I was so impressed by the intelligence of another gentleman present that I concluded he must be a local magistrate. He was absolutely great on legal matters, and I felt certain he must be a lawyer, and a very 'cute one too. Presently the conversation turned upon a suicide which had taken place in the village; a gentleman having shot himself the day previously. My legal friend described the occurrence to me very minutely, and seemed quite affected by the incident. He then, with a gravity of countenance which quite disarmed me, added, 'And you know, Mr. G., the most disgraceful part of the business has yet to be told. This gentleman, who blew his brains out yesterday, had never taken out a licence!'"

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.—Full reports of the long-expected speech delivered in Birmingham on Wednesday evening were telegraphed to the leading newspapers of Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Cork, Belfast, Dublin, Darlington, Newcastle, Hull, Sheffield, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, London, Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, and Exeter, and published in the first impressions of those papers on Thursday morning. Besides having verbatim reports of the speech, many newspapers had long descriptive reports of the scene in Bingley-hall telegraphed to them. The separate reports sent from Birmingham to various parts of the country contained more than 160,000 words—*i.e.* more than 80 columns of *The Times* newspaper. One newspaper alone published in its first impression nearly 12,000 words received by telegraph, which is equal to nearly six columns of *The Times*. In making arrangements for the transmission of this vast quantity of news, the Post Office, as a matter of course, was guided merely by the requirements of the Press. On no recent occasion has there been so great a demand for a full report of a speech made in public. The best officers in the Birmingham Office were retained for the occasion. A large supplementary force was sent to their assistance. In London and all the principal towns like arrangements for supervision and for actual work were made; and in Birmingham an abundant provision of wire and instrument accommodation was organized. On this occasion Birmingham communicated direct with no less than 32 great towns, which, in their turn, transmitted the speech to other towns. It is supposed that equally efficient arrangements will be made, if required, for the transmission of Mr. Disraeli's speech from Glasgow when he visits that city in November.

NEVER IDLE!—"When do you find time to write all your sermons?" asked a country archdeacon of the late Bishop of Winchester. "When I am shaving," was the answer; "but that is the only time that many men of his habits have for thinking. The Dean of Westminster is one of these men. He carries MS. in his pocket, thinks in the station, and jots down his thoughts in his fresh and picturesque English at the table of the first waiting room he enters. It is not long ago that he was seen sitting quietly at the corner of a table at the Charing-cross station writing a sermon for Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon or a paper for *Good Words*. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol acts upon a similar plan. All his correspondence for the day is cleared off before breakfast. At the recent Church Congress an important subject was announced to be introduced by an active and able clergyman of this class, who is trying to find out how many hours a day a man may keep body and mind at work and yet keep outside the walls of a lunatic asylum, and a reporter called upon him at ten o'clock the night before to ask for his MS. "I should be very happy to oblige you," was the answer; "but the fact is the paper has yet to be written. You may have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." More than one man of letters in London acts upon Dean Stanley's plan, and takes a handful of copy paper about with him and writes wherever and whenever he can. Fancy, and luxuriate in the idea of not having to do it, ye sound and gentle sleepers, the case of a literary man who pulled himself together about a quarter to three in the morning, extinguishing his cigarette, and saying it was time for him to go to work. "He had promised the printer copy at nine o'clock." It was quite a characteristic case.

A CARRIER PIGEON.—Messrs. Addison Duncan and Co., the agents of the screw steamer *Margaret*, Captain R. M'Avoy, which arrived at Malta on Wednesday, the 15th of October, from Marianopoli and Constantinople, have favoured us (*Malta Times*) with the following particulars of a carrier pigeon which took refuge from a storm and was caught on board that vessel on the 13th of October, when about 100 miles to the westward of Cape Matapan. On the outer feather of the left wing was the address, "A. Peeters, Rue des Sols, 28, Bruxelles," is impressed after the manner of a commercial *timbre*, with "32" and a stamped mark, and on the outer feather of the right wing "52" and like stamped mark. The *Margaret* left on the same day of arrival for Marseilles, taking on the tired pigeon, a notice to this effect having been despatched to the person whose name and address the left wing bears. Foreign newspapers will perhaps render a service to the parties concerned by publishing these particulars.

ALAS! FOR THE POOR FLEAS.—An impetuous fellow who owned a dog that was greatly troubled with fleas, heard that mercurial ointment would relieve his pet from the tormenting insect, and straightway went to a druggist. "A pound of mercurial ointment?" "Yes; you keep mercurial ointment, don't you?" "Of course; but a pound is a large quantity. What do you want it for?" "I want it to kill the fleas on my dog." "But, my dear sir, a pound of this ointment will kill all the fleas in the world!" "Well, he's got them!" The ointment was applied to the brute—he was smeared all over with it—from his ears to his tail. During the night the owner of the dog was awakened by the sound of subdued music in his room; he arose, and struck a light to discover whence the noise came, and found that nearly eight hundred thousand fleas had collected on his dog's nose, where there was no ointment, and were singing, "They have driven me from home!"

THE LATE NOVA SCOTIAN STORMS.—A dispatch from Washington, dated Oct. 13, says:—"A report of the damage by the storm of August 24, shows that 1,032 vessels, of which 435 were small fishing schooners, are known to have been destroyed in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic shores of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. In addition to this number, over 90 vessels were destroyed by the same storm before reaching Nova Scotia, making a total of 1,122 vessels destroyed within a few days. There are 223 lives reported lost, and the most moderate estimate of the numerous cases in which crews are missing swell this number to nearly 500. If to this be added the loss on land and in the earlier history of the cyclone, the grand total will amount to at least 600 lives. The records also show that about 900 buildings were injured or totally destroyed.

THE BATTLE OF THE PENCE.—A warm controversy has arisen, and public feeling is much excited in Guernsey concerning a recent ordinance of the Royal Court of the island, relative to the future circulation of Jersey copper money as a legal tender in the island. The currency of the two islands, Jersey and Guernsey, presents a considerable difference. In the former, the coins are pence and halfpence, 13 pennies, or 26 halfpennies, being the equivalent of the English shilling. In Guernsey the coins are eight "doubles," four "doubles," and one "double" pieces, equal to a penny, halfpenny, and farthing, 25 "doubles" being the value of the English shilling. In consequence of the premium, amounting to 4½ per cent. on the exchange of Jersey coppers, large quantities are taken over to Guernsey as a speculation, and the authorities, who make a considerable profit by supplying the island coinage, finding "their occupation gone" by reason of the great influx of Jersey money, set themselves against the practice, and passed an ordinance resolving that on and after Nov. 1 next, the Jersey penny shall not be a legal tender, except as of the value of six "doubles," or a discount of 25 per cent. The trading and shopkeeping classes are divided in opinion as to the wisdom of this measure, and whilst one party is announcing that they will comply with the ordinance, the other announce their intention of continuing to receive the interdicted coin at its usual value. The issue of this singular contest is looked forward to with no small degree of interest, especially among Jersey speculators.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE—MONDAY.

More firmness has been noticed in the grain trade. The supply of English wheat has been moderate. With a fair attendance of millers the demand has been steady, and occasionally an advance of 1s. per qr. has been obtained. The market has been well supplied with foreign wheat. There has been a healthy inquiry, and prices have ruled firm. Malting barley has commanded more attention, and has been steadier in value. Grinding parcels have been in improved request. For malt the demand has been firmer, at late rates. The oat trade has been firm, and good sound corn must be written 6d. per quarter dearer. Maize has ruled firmer in value, with a fair business doing. Beans have been quiet, at previous quotations. For peas there has been a limited inquiry on former terms. The flour market has been steadier, at full quotations.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The total imports of foreign stock into London last week consisted of 15,991 head. In the corresponding week last year we received 11,3[illegible], in 1871 19,435, in 1870 17,019, in 1869, 11,141, and in 1868 8,480 head. A quiet tone pervaded the cattle market to-day. The supply of stock has again been large, and fully equal to requirements. In beasts the show has been extensive, but there has been a marked scarcity of prime breeds, the bulk of receipts coming to hand in indifferent condition. Throughout the demand has been slow, but for the few choice animals offered full rates have been paid, the best Scots and crosses making 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. per 8lb. Medium and inferior breeds have been dull of sale. From Lincolnshire we have received about 70, from Leicestershire and Northamptonshire about 1,750, from Hereford about 203, from other parts of England about 500, from Scotland 5, and from Ireland about 350 head. In the foreign side of the market there has been a good show of stock, chiefly as usual from Tonning, from whence about 2,380 have been received. Spain has contributed about 80, Gothenburg 13, and there have been about 150 Dutch. The demand has been quiet, and inferior breeds have been irregular in value. The sheep market has been fairly supplied. Sales have progressed slowly, at about late rates. The best Downs and half-breds have made 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d. per 8 lb. Foreign breeds have been barely so firm. Calves have been in short supply and moderate request, at recent late rates. Pigs have been disposed of at previous currencies:—Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s.; prime Scots, &c., 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.; second quality ditto, 5s. 6d. to 5s. 10d.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d.; large coarse calves, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.; prime small ditto, 5s. 10d. to 6s. 2d.; large hogs, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; small porkers, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY.

The supplies of meat offering here to-day were better, and slightly in excess of requirements, but prices under the influence of cold weather are fully maintained. Per 8lb. by the carcass:—Inferior beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s.; middling ditto, 4s. to 4s. 6d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.; prime small ditto, 5s. to 5s. 8d.; veal, 4s. to 5s. 4d.; inferior mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; middling ditto, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.; prime ditto, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.; large pork, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; small ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.

SEED.

LONDON, Monday, Oct. 27.—New English Cloverseed comes out slowly, but there is no anxiety to make purchases at the higher prices demanded for purple samples. Foreign qualities, both red and white, were without any quotable change in value. Fine Trefoil was held firmly, and the business transacted in it was to a limited extent. White Mustardseed, both new and old, can be bought rather lower. The few samples of new brown offering met a limited demand, although moderate prices would have been taken. Canaryseed was rather dearer, with a good sale. New Dutch Hempseed sold steadily on former terms. The demand for winter Tares was limited, and prices were again rather lower.

PROVISIONS.

LONDON, Monday, Oct. 27.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 633 firkins Butter and 2,868 bales Bacon, and from foreign ports 25,966 packages Butter and 1,223 bales Bacon. For Irish Butter there is a very limited sale, and prices are nominally without change. Foreign meets a good sale, at an advance of 2s. to 4s. per cwt. The supplies of Bacon having increased, prices further declined 2s. per cwt.; best Waterford sizeable 76s. on board.

PRICES.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.:			Cheese, per cwt.:		
Dorset	150	152	Cheshire	68	80
Friesland	144	146	Dble. Glouc., new	70	76
Jersey	104	114	Cheddar	80	90
Eng. fresh, per doz.	[illegible]	[illegible]	American	62	72
Bacon, per cwt.:			Hams: York	100	116
Wiltshire, dried	60	74	Cumberland	100	116
Irish, green, f.o.b.	74	78	Irish	100	116

TALLOW.

LONDON, Monday, Oct. 27.—P.Y.C. is dull, and is now quoted at 41s. 9d. per cwt. for on the spot. Town Tallow 39s. 9d. net cash. Rough fat has declined 1s. 1½d. per 8lbs.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Town Tallow, per cwt.	42	0	Rough Stuff, per cwt.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rough Fat, per 8lbs	2	1	Graves	[illegible]	[illegible]
Melted Stuff, per cwt.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Good Dregs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Yellow Russian, new	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Ditto	[illegible]	[illegible]			
Australian Mutton Tallow	48s. 3d.				
Ditto Beef	[illegible]				

FISH.

[illegible]

POTATOES.

During the week moderate quantities of potatoes have arrived, both from our own districts and from abroad in very variable condition. Trade, nevertheless, has remained very steady [illegible]—Kent Regents, 100s. to 110s.; rocks 80s. to 95s.; kidneys, 110s. to 120s.; flukes and Victorias, 110s. to 130s. per ton.

HOPS.

There is a good demand for medium and ordinary descriptions of the last growth, and prices are considerably firmer, but the improvement is most marked in Sussex. There are but few really choice hops on offer, several parcels having been withdrawn with a view of making better prices. Continental markets continue strong in tone. East Kent Goldings, £3 10s. to £9 9s.; Mid Kents, [illegible]; Weald of Kents, £4 10s. to £7 7s.; Sussex [illegible]; Farnhams and Country, [illegible]; Yearlings, £4 to £6; Bavarians, £6 to £8; Alsace, £6 to £7; French, £4 to £6.

THE ROTHWELL TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1873.

LITERATURE.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

THE VISIT TO THE DOCTOR.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

A quaint old city is Earlsford; a quiet, old-world, primitive city, far removed from the busy metropolis, and in no way connected with the whirling round of commercial or manufacturing life. Buried in a peaceful valley, on which the Welsh hills look calmly down, with the beautiful Wye almost circling it in its silvery grasp, it is as unostentatious a place to bear the imposing title of a city as can well be imagined. Yet a city it is nevertheless, having its cathedral rising dim, and gray, and venerable in its midst; its palace, its deanery, its canons, its choir, and all the rest of the dignities and proprieties belonging to the establishment. The bishopric is one of the poorest, perhaps the very poorest, of the English Church, and the fine old cathedral suffers sorely from want of money to repair it; but the good people of the place regard it with almost superstitious reverence, and proudly tell how, not so very long ago, the bishop was translated to the Archiepiscopal See of York.

The crowning glory of Earlsford, its greatest beauty in the eyes of its inhabitants, was a plot of ground, bequeathed to the city by some long-forgotten lord of the manor, abutting on the river, and laid out with walks and seats, and called the Castle Green. It was their fashionable promenade—their Hyde Park, where all the grandees of the place might be seen at stated hours, talking scandal, and scrutinising each other's dress, or feeding the two swans which graced its artificial lake.

Between this enclosure and the cathedral was the aristocratic region, where all the elite of Earlsford had their abiding places; quiet streets of large, solemn-looking houses, where resided all the law, physic, and divinity of the city, except the favoured few who had their residence in the solemn old Close, under the mighty shadow of the minster.

In the widest of these ultra-respectable streets, called Castle Street, the largest and most imposing house bore on a door-plate of portentous size the name of "Dr. Adam Browne," and at this door one chilly morning in March, stood two persons.

One was a lady—an old lady, and very feeble, if one might judge from her small white lips, and her one might judge from her small white lips, and her hurried, irregular breathing, as she leaned for support on her companion's arm. She was of very short on her companion's arm. She was of very small stature, almost dwarfish, but most exquisitely formed, with a face beneath the remains of great beauty, and a clear, earnest, gray eye, which spoke great determination and decision of character. She was very thinly clad for the sharp weather; her well-kept clothes were almost threadbare, but they were put on in a manner which would not have disgraced a duchess; and her every fold of drapery, every motion of the wearer, spoke the lady.

Her companion was a young girl, about sixteen years of age, scarcely taller than herself, and bearing a strong resemblance to her grandmother, (for such the old lady was.) She, too, was clad with the same delicate neatness, and her brown hair fell in heavy curls from under her plain brown hat. Her face was in the transition state, so common to girls of that age, which either turn to great beauty or positive ugliness; but her eyes! nothing could change or mar their glorious loveliness. When those magnificent orbs looked out from under their long fringy lashes, no one stopped to think whether the rest of the face were plain or handsome. She shrewdly suspected the windowsilled up the street; and it was with a look of relief that she raised her hand to the bell.

The great clanging bell was answered on the instant by the doctor's servant—a tall, solemn-looking Scotchman, the terror of all the boys in the neighbourhood.

"Dr. Browne in?" asked the old lady.

Andrew Grame knew the questioner by sight, and what he saw of her he liked; so his voice was gentle as he replied—

"Surely, Mrs. Deane! Come ben; it's awfu' cauld the day."

He ushered them into the hall, and opening the door of a room, from which came the murmur of many voices, he passed in a moment, as if in doubt.

"I'll no put them in there," he muttered; "I dinna ken whether they'll be *gratis* or no; any way, the puir auld body looks as if a soft chair and a wee bit fire wad do her nae ill: and she'll hae them; she'll maybe hae a guid time to wait. I'll just put them into the *consaw* shop when they come."

He showed them into a small apartment, comfortably furnished, and, pushing an easy-chair close to a bright fire, motioned Mrs. Deane to take it.

Dr. Browne was a man of great reputation, but very old; any one consulting him had to attend to his rule; it was first come first served with him; so Mrs. Deane and her granddaughter waited a long time before they were summoned to his presence. At length Andrew appeared, and led the way to the doctor's study. He was a little, stern-looking, gray-headed old man; very abrupt in his manners, and sharp in his way of speaking.

Dr. Browne proceeded to question his visitor in skilful professional fashion; casting every now and then a quick glance at Ellen, who sat very still in a far corner of the room, never once raising her eyes, but listening attentively to all that passed. She heard all the business-like questions and quiet answers of the doctor and his new patient; listened with beating heart to the few words in which her grandmother told of her sleepless nights and painful days, and waited with as much anxiety as herself his final verdict. Dr. Browne discovered in a very short time the cause of Mrs. Deane's sufferings. A brief examination, a few more questions and quick replies, and the interview was over.

Dr. Browne was an old man, and some people called him cold-hearted and stern, but they did not know him. He had loved once, for many long hopeless years; and beneath his somewhat rough exterior, there beat a heart as warm and true as ever dwelt in human breast. He had been the architect of his own fortune. The son of poor parents, he had studied hard at school and college; and fought his way into his profession, by his own industry and perseverance. A student had, he had loved and courted a girl, with whom he pictured himself spending a long happy life, in the home his talents were to win. But they were poor, and she must wait, of course, they were young, and waiting was nothing to them, and they parted. Adam Browne left Edinburgh, where he had taken his degree, to become an assistant to a surgeon in Earlsford, with a view to succeeding to his practice. And the young student found on his return that his betrothed, Dr. M.D. lived on with his predecessor; and his little has hoped on in her northern home for the better days that were so sure to come. But he had been deceived; the practice was declining at the end when the old man died, and his successor did, Adam Browne found himself without money or prospects, a penniless, disappointed man. Head to work in the teeth of opposition and petty malice, such as perhaps only the cliques in a country town can use, to build up a practice and a living for himself. And after years had passed, he succeeded; his fame was established, and Dr. Adam Browne was sought far and wide. But before that time arrived, his hopes in life were over. Lillias Mossgray lay beneath the sod in the churchyard where they had so often walked together; and he turned, sick and weary, from the world that had been so hard to him, to make his profession fill the void in the heart that had no object to love.

During his student days he had lodged with Andrew Grame's mother, and pleased with the promise of the lad, he had pledged his word, half in jest, half in earnest, to have him for a servant if ever he should be in a position to keep one. He kept his word, and for twenty years Andrew had been the faithful servant of a kind master. Dr. Browne passed for a hard stingy man, but he did good by stealth; his name was seldom seen in any subscription list of charities, but many a struggler in life's rough way felt his helping power; and more than one young couple were spared, by his bounty, from the sorrow that had wrung his own heart for so many years.

Mrs. Deane was a lady, a member of an ancient and honourable family; but she had no fortune, and had married a poor man for love; so, of course, the people with the ancient and honourable name could not associate with his widow. She had been the mother of many children, of whom only one (the father of Nelly) had grown up; and his career, too, had been a struggling one. He died, leaving a motherless infant, totally dependent on her grandmother. An annuity of about £100 per annum, was all that remained to Mrs. Deane, and on that and her son's orphan child. Though poor, she was genteelly reared, and no one in Earlsford thought of looking down upon her; she belonged decidedly to the upper ten thousand, notwithstanding her small establishment, her unassuming manner, and her almost threadbare dress.

A few weeks after the events just recorded, when Nelly Deane had entered her grandmother sought Dr. Browne's advice on that chilly March morning, a young man—or rather we should say, gentleman—was walking up and down that enclave the lion-crowned hill which looks down upon the modern Athens, the city of Edinburgh. Elegantly and gracefully proportioned, with a prepossessing face and frank merry eyes, he looked, though plainly and simply attired, every inch a gentleman. By either side was a fair girl, radiant with that almost ethereal loveliness which is seen sometimes in pictures, and so rarely in reality, that it is apt to be considered but the embodiment of an artist's dream. Her features were of exquisite regularity, and her dark eyes shone with a lustrous sparkle, and gave a brilliant poignancy to the ever-varying expression of her face; and masses of silky black hair hung in flowing ringlets.

Up and up they went, higher and higher, till the city lay at their feet and sprung up on the side of the Castle hill in the blaze of golden light; and the glorious panorama around them spread out like a painted map in the declining spring sunlight.

The young man looked lovingly at the upturned face beside him. "You are not tired, Stella?" he said inquiringly.

"No, not at all," was the reply.

"But we have to get back again; and then to-night"——

"Oh, never mind to-night! I shan't be overdone. I shall dance all the better for this taste of fresh air; besides, I am never tired when you are."

"And you regret, Stella? You are willing to give up everything for me?"

"Everything!" she replied, with a light laugh. "My giving up will not be much."

"Can you give up the glitter and excitement of your profession—the hope of future triumphs—the admiration of every one—to settle down in my humble home. For it will be a very humble one that I can offer you, darling."

"Anywhere with you," she murmured softly; "I will never repent."

He folded her in a passionate embrace.

"Heaven bless you, my own, my wife!" he murmured. "But we must get home; you must not go to your duties with some little rest. I shall be there to see you; it will not be for much longer."

They descended the hill almost without speaking, each occupied with their own thoughts; the youth absent in the very fulness of his joy, and a thousand varying emotions chasing each other through the mind of his companion.

He was a student, pursuing a somewhat desultory course of reading at the Edinburgh University; and she—well, she was a ballet-dancer, with whose lovely face and form he had fallen hopelessly in love. He had obtained an introduction; was equally charmed with her modest demeanour and unpretending manner, and had laid his hand and fortune at her feet, giving her to understand that he was poor, and that if she accepted him it must be for love alone. He could hardly believe his own good fortune when she murmured her acceptance of his suit; that he should be chosen, when more brilliant offers had been spurned, seemed impossible. The fair Stella had reasons for her conduct, however.

It was somewhat late when she reached the theatre, and she was clamorously assailed by her companions for a hasty supper, some little rest. I shall be there to see you; it will not be for much longer."

"Where are you going, darling?" said a bold looking girl; "Stella is not to be taught at last! After the good offers you have had, to go and marry a fellow without a penny! That's the power of love with a vengeance!"

"You mind your own business, Mary Wharton," retorted the young girl, as she hastily put the finishing touches to her make-up, and sprung upon a chair to get a better view of the arrangement of her skirts; "I know what I'm about; I can tell you. I'm not going to make a fool of myself."

"There's something behind the scenes," remarked another in a low tone; don't you think so, Charlie?"

"I don't know anything about it," replied the person addressed, somewhat sniggishly.

"You never do know anything, Smith; you're always cross."

"I've something else to think about," she answered in the saddest tone; "my days of flirting and gaiety are long past."

"If you ever had any," was the polite rejoinder.

A merry laugh followed the call-boy outside; and there was a general rustling of skirts, and setting of stray curls, and adjusting of ornaments, mingled with exclamations of "Oh my!" and "I shall be too late!" &c.; and finally there was a scurry down stairs of the whole troupe, only Stella in the room to receive from the stage-manager.

It was pantomime time—a "juvenile night," as it is called, when that part of the entertainment is played first—and the house was crammed from floor to ceiling with little folks and their caretakers, ready to laugh and be happy, with the few joyousness of childhood, as soon as the rising curtain let them have a peep at the fairyland behind it.

Stella Morton stood at the wing, waiting for her scene; there was a flush upon her cheek and a sparkle in her eye; for loud applause had marked the entrance of the *coryphee*, and her vanity had been highly gratified. The glance she cast round showed her that she had discovered him, the man whose whole heart was in her keeping; and she flung a look at him which made his heart beat thick and fast with love and devotion, and danced her best for him alone, as she had often told him. And Saturday night would call that glorious creature, full of life for ever! and he would snatch her away from all the toil and drudgery of her profession, and take her to a home of peace, and happiness, and joy—and he dreamed on till the theatre, and the pantomime, and all were forgotten, in his fore-shadowings of the bright future.

And she—of what was she thinking as she danced, radiant and graceful, amid the loud applause? And a face seemed to shine upon her, a face of beauty, beaming smile of gratification as she bounded off the stage; but those close to her could see a different expression. Triumph as it seemed, and something of scorn mingling with it, too, as she stood breathing fast after her exertion, and waiting her turn to re-enter.

A tall, haggard-looking woman came up to where she stood—it was Charlotte Smith; she, too, was in the ballet, though looked old and worn; but she was dressed and rouged like the rest, and her forty lights and maps pass for eighteen, in the glare of the lights and the paint at a distance of the distance.

She scrutinised somewhat superciliously; she was young and beautiful; and Miss Smith had never been half so handsome even in her brightest days.

"And have you really made up your mind, Stella?"

"Yes, quite."

"You are going to marry this poor student?"

"I am going to marry this student," she replied; "as to his poverty, there may be two opinions."

"Do you not think he is poor, then?"

"I am sure he is not; how I found out, matters little; he is the gentleman of a princely fortune, with a title in the distance."

"I hope it may be true," said her companion, with a sigh; "I am glad you are going to be married; you will be safe then—safe from the fate that we all come to sooner or later."

"Oh, bother, don't preach!" said the young girl; "I can take care of myself, even if I were not going to be married."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Smith, speaking half to herself; "I thought I could take care of myself when I was your age; and see what it came to! You will be spared all that."

"Eh, thank goodness! I shan't be capering in the ballet when I am as old and"——

"And as ugly as I am; I trust not," was the quiet reply.

"You must have played your cards badly," said Stella; "you surely might have done better some time."

"If to turn from honest poverty to splendid shame be doing better, I might. Mine was the old old story,—a promise, a love, and a lie,—and I am thankful that you will be spared the fate that came to me. Make him a true Wife, Stella,—be all that he believes you.

(To be Continued.)

BAND OF HOPE MEETING.

On Monday last, the Members of the Rothwell Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, had their usual Anniversary. A plentiful Tea being provided for them and those interested in the movement. After tea, a public meeting was held in the Primitive Chapel, over which Mr. Oweston, of Lofthouse, presided. After the chairman's opening remarks, Mr. Ineson, the Secretary, read a report, shewing that they had 170 members, an increase of 100 during the year. Mr. Hampson gave the financial statement, declaring a balance in the Treasurer's hands of £4.

The principal speaker was Mr. W. Bell (agent of the Bradford Band of Hope Union,) who delivered a stirring and effective speech, in behalf of the movement, drawing largely for illustrations on his own life and experience.

Mr. Bell argued the advantages of Total Abstinence to the working-man, in being the means of providing a comfortable home, and saving money; to the educated in enabling them to exert a greater influence by their example; to the religious professor, in the greater power he thus possesses for good. The speaker strongly asserted that drink did not put teetotalers in the place of religion, but as a means under God, of leading thousands to hear and accept the gospel, earnestly wishing the Rothwell Band of Hope success and prosperity, the speaker sat down, amid loud applause.

Prizes were presented for good attendance, to the following Boys and Girls:—Walter Steel, Harriet Farrer, Annie Steel, Jane Hannah Farrer, Rachel Taylor, Sarah Jane Higgins, Arthur Britton, Israel Taylor, Amy Higgins, and Mary Johnson.

Votes of thanks to the chairman, the speaker, and the ladies, brought the Meeting to a close.

THE REV. T. PEARSON, ON THE IMMORAL TENDENCY OF POPULAR LITERATURE & RITUALISM, &c.

SPEAKING at a largely-attended meeting of Congregation and Scholars of the East Moor Wesleyan Chapel, Wakefield, on Monday evening last, the Rev. T. Pearson; of York, who had conducted the previous day's services, remarked that we were living in very eventful times; times in which it behoved everyone, in whatever branch of God's vineyard they might be employed, to think seriously and prayerfully. It was an alarming consideration for thoughful men that the vast amount of light, trashy, and sceptical literature emanating almost daily from the press, was readily found its way into the hands of the public. They would rejoice in the publication of many useful and beautiful periodicals of a strictly moral and religious tendency; but the primary consideration with all good men should be "How can a stop be put to the spread of all the corrupt and debasing literature which is exercising a baneful and demoralizing an effect on our country." (Applause.) They ought all to be careful as to the company they kept, and he had no doubt that those whom he was addressing were particular in their choice of companions. Whilst this obtained in their daily intercourse with the outer world, they must equally remember that the books which they read were their companions in the home being; and as "evil communications corrupt good manners," so would an impure or unwholesome literary companionship more or less exercise its insidious and prejudicial influence. (Hear.) When they read a book, not only did they make it a companion, but they placed themselves in the midst of what he might term an atmosphere, and they would concede that it was of the utmost importance they should be very careful as to the atmosphere in which they lived. (Hear.) A study of good works would make them virtuous and intelligent, it would exercise an elevating and ennobling influence, entertaining them, instructing them, promoting their spiritual welfare, and making them instruments in the Divine providence, for the accomplishment of the most useful and glorious purposes. (Applause.) Passing on to speak of games and pastimes, the rev. gentleman remarked that there were many sources of amusement which were perfectly innocent, and which abstractedly considered, were not in themselves evil; but the evil was that they were patronized by the publican, and eagerly sought after and participated in by pick pockets, thieves, drunkards, and gamesters, and consequently led to the ruin of thousands. Such amusements were not, therefore, in his opinion, suited to the mental or moral requirements of Christian youths or members of the Church of Christ, whose sources of relaxation and enjoyment should be based upon foundations of virtue, propriety, and thought. (Hear.)

There was another fact to which he wished to draw attention. They could not shut their eyes to the fact that there was throughtout England at the present time, a Romeward tendancy—a tendancy to Ritualism, to mere ceremony and temporal religion,—and even in the House of Commons and the House of Lords there were speeches delivered and speeches condemning practices which tended to mere empty ceremony. It therefore became them to be upon their guard in this respect. (Hear.) A Romish priest in York had remarked, not very long ago, that he need only to look at the attire of ladies in order to see how the stream was flowing; and he inferred therefrom that there was a direct tendency towards Ritualism, ceremonialism, and Romanism! He would, therefore, impress upon the gentler sex the importance of abandoning all appearances, in their adornment with crucifixes and other similar trinkets, which in any degree contributed to the resuscitation of those customs and of that religion which had caused the fire to kindle around many a Christian martyr, in their efforts to break through the trammels of Popery. (Hear.) His heart was the other day rejoiced in the perusal of that grand protest of the Emperor of Germany; and he wondered whether there was a person in England, in his high position, would now put forth such a bold, and beautiful, and uncompromising protest? (Hear.) He asked them, one and all, to read and cling to their Bibles and Testaments—to make them their chief study and guide in life—to carry on the work of God—to attend to personal piety, and to avoid ceremonialism even in Methodism; then England would maintain her prestige as the most highly favoured nation in the world, and would be honored and prospered by God, because she honoured God, and obeyed his divine injunctions. (Applause.)

Remarks were made by several other speakers, and a most enjoyable evening was concluded with singing and prayer.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

THE following cases were heard in the West Riding Police Court, at Wakefield, on Monday last, before F. Trew, Esq. (Chairman), Dr. HOLDSWORTH, R. B. MACKIE, Esq., W. H. LEATHAM, Esq., and other Magistrates.

STRANGE FREAK OF AN INEBRIATED COLLIER AT LOFTHOUSE GATE.—Richard Simpson, a miner employed at Messrs. Hudson's pit at Lofthouse Gate, was charged with having been drunk on the highway on the 18th instant. Police-Constable McLaran stated that about half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night week, whilst on duty at Lofthouse Gate he was informed by a cab driver that a man, evidently the worse for liquor, was "playing the highwayman," by secreting himself near the roadside, and rushing out upon passing vehicles and pedestrians. Whilst he (the cabman) was driving a person along the highway, he had rushed from his ambuscade, seized the horse's reins, and caused him some delay. The constable, upon proceeding to the spot indicated, observed the defendant crouched down beside the railway bridge, and evidently labouring under the influence of drink. He had some difficulty in securing him. It having been stated that the defendant had previously been fined 10s. and costs for being drunk and riotous, the bench imposed a similar penalty, amounting in all to 19s., with the alternative of *fourteen day's imprisonment.*

RIOTOUS PROCEEDINGS NEAR CARLTON.—OUZLEWELL GREEN IN RUPTURE.—The attention of the Justices was engaged for between three and four hours in the investigation of several cross summonses, arising out of grievances which have many times presented, in one form or another, occupied the time of this court, and the prime mover in which has been scores of times "in court" during the past eight or nine years. We allude to Mrs. Harriet Armitage, the mother of the stolen child, Venus Armitage, who recently discovered after having been carried about the country for some four-and-a-half years by a party of hawkers, and restored to her parent, from whom, however, she was subsequently taken, by order of the Justices, on account of ill-usage. Mrs. Armitage is the owner of a house and some ground at Ouzlewell Green, near Carlton, and appeared to have acquired an unenviable notoriety, and the particular ill-will of the majority of the residents in that hamlet, as the following cases will prove. In the first summons brought before the attention of the Justices, she charged Mrs. Ann Thackeray with having wilfully and injudiciously damaged and despoiled a quantity of rose trees and flower plants by treading the same down; then she was charged with having threatened to break Mrs. Thackeray's head; in the next case, Mrs. Armitage charged Joseph Fox and John Thackeray, miners, with having unlawfully assaulted and beaten her; and, in the last place, a youth named James Fox, son of Joseph Fox, was charged with having been upon her premises by the parties put in an appearance when called upon the case was struck out.

DISPUTE ABOUT THE PURCHASE OF A HORSE.—The Judge of the Wakefield County Court, (T. H. Marshall, Esq.,) on Tuesday last, heard a case in which Mr. Christopher Barker, painter, Rothwell, sought to recover the sum of 30s. from Mr. John Ibbertson, horse dealer, Talbot and Falcon Yard, Wakefield, under the following circumstances —The plaintiff and defendant met in September last at the house of Mr. Samuel Newton, the Lord Nelson Inn, when they effected an agreement to "swop" horses, plaintiff's being a chestnut and defendant's a grey one. Plaintiff agreed to give his horse and £2 for the defendant's, and the bargain was ratified by the payment, on the spot, of £1 as "bond." Ibbertson should have taken his horse over to Rothwell, it was alleged, to have obtained Barker's animal, and the balance of the money; but, on the other hand, the contention was that Barker was to have come to Wakefield, paid the balance, and taken the horse away. This was the point in dispute. As the plaintiff had not done so, Ibbertson had sold the horse to another person, and disputed his liability to return the sovereign, on account, on the ground of non-fulfilment of contract on plaintiff's part.—In reply to His Honor, it was stated that neither parties had given the other notice by letter of any regulest to complete the purchase, and his Honor therefore gave a verdict for the plaintiff, ordering the return of the "bond money" with 10s. claimed as expenses, and costs of summons.

Local Board Meeting.

The annual fortnightly Meeting of the Rothwell with Rothwell Haigh and Royds' Green Local Board of Health, was held on Monday last.—Present: J. Charlesworth, Esq. (Chairman), Messrs. W. Hargreaves, Sanderson, Dickinson, Kendrew, Webster, and S. Hargreaves, Clerk.

THE minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed, after which the report of Mr. Jowett, Nuisance Inspector, was read by the Clerk. A number of improper drains and insufficient house accommodation were mentioned; in the majority of cases the owners or agents had promised to remove or improve them, but respecting several, inquiry was sought.

The Chairman: Have you seen all these nuisances, Mr. Jowett?—Yes, and some others not included in the report have been arranged.—*Mr. Hargreaves* hoped that sanitary tubes were used in every case of drainage, and that they were well cemented.—*The Chairman:* What are the nuisances you specially refer to as requiring immediate notice?—*Mr. Jowett:* The property belonging to Messrs. Chas. Baines, James Baines, and others, requiring more accommodation and a proper drain.—Mr. Jowett was ordered to send the Owners notice to increase the accommodation and make the drain.—*The Chairman:* What other nuisances do you wish to mention particularly.—*Mr. Jowett:* Mr. Glassell's property at the bottom of Chapel Lane, has only one privy to six houses, and a very objectionable out-cellar near to Mr. Ineson's back door, the stench of which I have not forgotten yet.—*The Chairman:* Has the Medical Officer seen it?—*Mr. Jowett:* Not yet, I have told him, and we purpose seeing it to-morrow.—But such a place ought not to remain a moment longer; it should have been at once removed.—*Mr. Sanderson:* Would it be advisable to remove it while fever is prevalent in the district? would it not tend to foster and spread the infection? The Chairman reminded the Board that their rules ordered that nuisances should be removed before eight o'clock in the morning, and said that, although some stench might be created at the time, it would soon pass away, and the cause would be finally removed.

The opinion of the Board was that such bad nuisances ought to be looked after at once by the inspector and the Medical Officer together, and put to rights at once.

It was understood that Mr. Jowett, should meet Dr. Heaps on Tuesday, and act accordingly.

The Chairman: How are the out-districts going on?—*Mr. Jowett:* I have not had any complaints much.

Referring to the buildings now in course of erection, the necessity of immediately pushing on with the revision of the Bye-laws was urgently felt, and it was resolved to set apart two or three nights for that special purpose.

Mr. Jowett then withdrew.

The Chairman: The Turnpike Roads are in a very bad state just now, there has not been a good road between Leeds and Wakefield since the tolls were taken off.—Several members referred to the largely increased traffic, particularly the great number of coal carts now passing.

Mr. Sanderson: Has anything been done for Royds' Green, we are all one family now you know.

Mr. Dickinson: Yes? there is a lot of metal ordered for Woodlesford Station, and we shall be glad of an offer to lead it. Will you lead it to Royds' Green?—*Mr. Sanderson:* Wait till we have got the seed in and the issue of a distress warrant.—The chairman and Mr. Mackie commented very strongly on the disgraceful nature of the proceedings, and strongly advised the parties, one and all, to live together in future upon more amicable terms, and to avoid all such unseemly and unchristian ebullitions of feeling.

FRUITFUL SOURCES OF DISPUTE.—William Bulmer, of Ouzlewell Green, near Carlton, miner, was summonsed for having cut down a clothes-line the property of Henry Adshead, his neighbour.—From the statements of the women who appeared on either side, it would seem that some difference had arisen between them on washing-day as to the defendants right to secure the line in question to a certain portion of the wall and that it had consequently been cut down.—The Chairman stilmatized the affair as one of a most paltry description, and took occasion to remark that with women clothes lines, water-spouts, and a variety of other equally unimportant things were the most fruitful sources of dispute. We could not pretend to decide the point, but should show his sense of such matters by imposing a small fine with which the expenses would amount to 13s. The money was paid.

THREATENING TO KILL AT ROTHWELL.—John Armley and James Blackburn, of Rothwell, were summoned for having threatened to kill one John Elford, but as none of the parties put in an appearance when called upon the case was struck out.

DISPUTE ABOUT THE PURCHASE OF A HORSE.—The Judge of the Wakefield County Court, (T. H. Marshall, Esq.,) on Tuesday last, heard a case in which Mr. Christopher Barker, painter, Rothwell, sought to recover the sum of 30s. from Mr. John Ibbertson, horse dealer, Talbot and Falcon Yard, Wakefield, under the following circumstances —The plaintiff and defendant met in September last at the house of Mr. Samuel Newton, the Lord Nelson Inn, when they effected an agreement to "swop" horses, plaintiff's being a chestnut and defendant's a grey one. Plaintiff agreed to give his horse and £2 for the defendant's, and the bargain was ratified by the payment, on the spot, of £1 as "bond." Ibbertson should have taken his horse over to Rothwell, it was alleged, to have obtained Barker's animal, and the balance of the money; but, on the other hand, the contention was that Barker was to have come to Wakefield, paid the balance, and taken the horse away. This was the point in dispute. As the plaintiff had not done so, Ibbertson had sold the horse to another person, and disputed his liability to return the sovereign, on account, on the ground of non-fulfilment of contract on plaintiff's part.—In reply to His Honor, it was stated that neither parties had given the other notice by letter of any regulest to complete the purchase, and his Honor therefore gave a verdict for the plaintiff, ordering the return of the "bond money" with 10s. claimed as expenses, and costs of summons.

Marriages.

BAXTER—RAMSDEN.—October 26th, at the Parish Church, Rothwell, by the Rev. George Heberde, vicar, Mr. Joseph Baxter, of Carr Lane, to Miss Sarah Ramsden, third daughter of the late Mr Joseph Ramsden, of Hunslet Carr.

MARKETS.

LEEDS PIG, Tuesday.—There has been a very heavy show of pigs in the market this morning, but the business was only slow. Good pork pigs made about 6½d. per lb. There was very little demand for store pigs, and small ones not asked for.

LEEDS CALF, Friday.—There was a fair supply of calves in the Leeds market this morning, and the sale was moderate. Best quality made from 8d. to 9d. per lb., second quality from 6½d. to 7d. per pound.

WAKEFIELD CORN, Friday.—Wheat is held for rather more money than last Friday, but does not meet a free sale.

COLLIERS' WAGES.—ANOTHER ADVANCE DEMANDED.—The Wigan miners, being dissatisfied with the enormous profits being made by the masters have decided to claim an advance of 15 per cent.

Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1st, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1, No. 2. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

The Rothwell Times.

SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1873.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE promoters of the "Rothwell Times" newspaper feel bound to return their most hearty thanks to the people of this district for the large and unexpected demand for their new journal, and are happy to hear from all quarters and from all classes of society the most unqualified satisfaction with the get-up, matter, and printing of the paper.

All this gives us an increased determination to press on with our undertaking, assuring the inhabitants, whether high or low, that all communications and reports of interest to the public, will be thankfully received, and as completely as possible inserted.

Our only request is, that every householder will take an interest in his own paper, and we assure him no pains shall be spared to make it in every way not only interesting but useful, instructive, and elevating.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads 6d. per line—Situations Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c., To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

BUILDING LAND WANTED IN ROTHWELL.
One or two acres, for a number of Cottages, cheap. Address E.W. Times Office, Rothwell.

FOR SALE, Beecroft's No. 3 SEWING MACHINE, in good condition.—Apply 27, Hillary Street, Leeds.

ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On Monday, November 17th,
A GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE
Address's sublime Play of "CATO,"
With new and splended Appointments, and under distinguished patronage.

THE EXTINCTION OF DEBT ON New Wesleyan School, Rothwell.
REV. R. W. STARR, will Lecture on "PETER CARTWRIGHT,"
The Backwoods Preacher; On Tuesday, November 18th, 1873. Tickets One Shilling, Sixpence, each. Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ROTHWELL.
SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
On Sunday, November 9th, 1873.
REV. T. H. WHITAMORE,
Will preach Morning and Evening. And every Evening during the week, a Special Service will be held by the REV. I. E. PAGE,
Commencing at Seven o'clock. "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ."

Minere be wice, and put by for a rainy day!

THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society, offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.
A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information, apply to
JOHN DATTY, Agent.

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Invite public attention to their Stock of pure unadulterated NEW SEASON TEAS. Those deserving special notice as for general use, are their STRONG ASSAM FLAVOURED MIXTURE, of genuine Black and true Green Teas, at 2s. 8d., per pound. Also their PEKOE SOUCHONG FLAVOURED MIXTURE, at 3s., 3s. 6d.
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CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
CROSBY'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE-QUININE WINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN QUILS & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c. 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
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An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises. 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane,) LEEDS.

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Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without selling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

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CHOICE of 500 OVERCOATS & REEFERS from 7/6, to 27/6, and Winter Clothing in endless variety, suitable for all ages, all climates, and a seasons, at the GUIDING STAR CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
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GEORGE LAWS, PROPRIETOR.
A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend Law's did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.
The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
"Try Law's Goods for Fit and Price.
STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.
STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.
BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/3; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-
First-class Material; Trousers, Short Jackets and Vests, from 2/-, and every other description of CLOTHING at Prices unprecedented.
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Contains a vast amount of useful information; also Remarkable Events, and Local Occurrences, since 1080. A history of Coal, "Old King Coal," by a Rothwell Lad, &c. &c.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

SALE BY AUCTION OF GENERAL DRAPERY GOODS, &c.,
This Evening (Saturday,) & Monday next, Nov. 10th.
MR. WILLIAM LUNN,
Is authorised by Messrs HOLMES & BATTY, Drapers, Rothwell, to sell by auction, a large miscellaneous quantity of
DRAPERY GOODS,
consisting of Remnants, of all kinds, BOOTS AND SHOES, ready-made Clothing, &c., &c.
The Sale to take place in the Club Room, of the Mechanics' Institute, on the Evenings of the above date, commencing at half-past Six o'clock.

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FAMILY AND GENERAL
DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
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Have a Large and Fashionable STOCK OF GOODS, suitable for the Winter Season.
BEEHIVE BUILDINGS, ROTHWELL.
ESTABLISHED 1851.

NOTICE!—This is to inform the inhabitants of Rothwell and the neighbouring Villages, that a
CHEAP BUTCHER WILL STAND AT THE ROTHWELL CROSS,
Every Friday, from 10 to 1 with a good
SUPPLY OF BEEF AND MUTTON,
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TEA 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
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GROCERIES AND DRIED FRUITS of excellent quality.
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BOOKS BOUND, AND RE-BOUND,
IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE,
QUALITY, & PRICE,
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ONWARD! ONWARD! LET PROGRESS GO.
Onward! Onward! let Progress go.
A NEWSPAPER for Rothwell we have got,
For Woodlesford, Oulton, and Carlton too,
And Lofthouse, we have not forgot,
To supply your wants, and advertise
Whatever may be your wishes;
Your drapery goods, and merchandize,
Your pots and pans, and dishes;
Your bacon and cheese, or what you please,
To insert in the Rothwell paper.
You will find it the paper to please you with ease,
And none can do it any cheaper!

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

THE following cases were heard in the West Riding Police Court, at Wakefield, on Monday last, before G. H. WESTERMAN, Esq. (Chairman), and Dr. HOLDSWORTH.

SAVAGE ASSAULT UPON A MARRIED WOMAN BY A ROTHWELL BOOTMAKER.—*A very exciting scene out-side the Court.*—The defendant, a middle-aged man, named Richard Rawson, a boot and shoe-maker, living in Rothwell, was summoned for having on the night of the 15th instant, unlawfully assaulted and beaten Mrs. Ann Ambler, wife of Joseph Ambler, a collier, also living at Rothwell.—The complainant stated that about twenty-minutes before twelve o'clock on the night of Saturday week, she left her house with the intention of calling upon a neighbour (Mrs. Green), who lives near Rawson's. Upon arriving there, she discovered that the parties had all retired to rest for the night; and, as there had previously been "a bit of bother" between James Blackburn, John Smith, and other residents in the locality—she was standing about ten or a dozen yards from the defendant's house whilst the parties concerned were endeavouring to arrive at an amicable settlement of their variance, and thus avoid the inconvenience and expense attending "a jaunt to Wakefield," when the defendant, who was considerably the worse for liquor, came up, and, without the slightest provocation, caught hold of her, struck her on both sides of the head, kicked her, and threw the ground maltreated her.—*The Chairman*: Did he assign no reason for his conduct?—*Complainant*: He only said he'd teach me not to listen any more at his door. I had not been listening; I had neither been near his house, nor had I spoken a wrong word.—*Defendant* (warmly): What a lie! (laughter). Complainant angrily retaliated: But you know it's true; you know I'd not been near your door, and that you knocked me down like a brute, and it's an infamous shame that anyone in the condition that I am——.—*Mr. Jaxson* (Justices' Clerk): Tut, tut, woman. Pray hold your tongue, and give your evidence properly.—*The Chairman*: Tell us what took place, and don't get excited.—*Complainant*: I screamed when he knocked me down, and a young woman then came out of one of the houses, and saw him pulling me by the hair of the head. He trailed me two or three yards along the road in that manner. Then the police came and ordered him into the house.—*The Defendant*: Every word she has said is false.—*The Chairman*: Do you wish to ask her any questions?—*Defendant*: Yes sir.—(To Complainant): Do you say it was 12 o'clock.—*Complainant*: Yes.—*Defendant*: And you mean to swear that the Green's had gone to bed?—*Complainant*: Yes, of course they had.—*Defendant*: Well, whether they had or not remains to be seen. I've witnesses here to prove how far you speak the truth, for every word you've spoken is a lie! Complainant then called Mrs. Hannah Maria Emmett and Mrs. Isabella Taylor, who deposed that they had seen the Defendant's violent conduct and heard him make use of bad language. John Smith, another witness, also deposed that he had heard the defendant declare that he would "Kill the b——r," and that his companions had dragged him away and compelled him to be seated on the "long settle in the house."—The defendant having been called upon for his defence, handed a document to the Magistrates, which he said would explain the cause of all the bother. He then proceeded to state that he had been subjected for some time past to very serious annoyance at the hands of the complainant who had been in the habit of going to his house, peeping through the window, and listening at his door. On Friday night, the evening previous to that in question, he had observed her listening as usual, and had cautioned her. On Saturday evening again, upon returning from his round, on his employers' duty, he caught her once more on his door step, and then took her by the back of the neck, twirled her into the road-way, and she fell. He had not knocked her down, and if he touched her after she had fallen he was the falsest man on God's earth.—*The Chairman* (interposing) But she was ten yards from your door. What right had you to touch her then?—*The Defendant*: She was on my door step, and has been there repeatedly: My wife has been afflicted with insanity, and has been in the Wakefield Asylum, and the names which the complainant has called her have been fearful.—The defendant then called a witness named Mrs. Young, who declared that at the time in question she was not (as alleged by complainant) in bed, but had gone out in quest of her husband, when she observed the compainant listening at Mr. Rawson's door, and saw him (Defendant) push her away. This witness, together with John Rawson (Defendant's Son) and another person, very positively affirmed that the defendant had not been guilty of the conduct laid to his charge.—After hearing the evidence, which, as will be seen, was very contradictory, the Bench decided to impose only a nominal penalty of 5s., which, with expenses, amounted to 19s. 6d., with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.—The money was paid. During the progress of the case, there had been a pretty considerable manifestation of irritability and hot blood on either side, and the animosity engendered—apparently long prior to this "climax"—found vent in an ebullition of angry and peculiarly demonstrative antics when the parties subsequently came into close contact. Not only the prime movers in the un-neighbourly squabble, but those who participated therein as witnesses, had worked themselves into a most amusing state of frenzy, doubtless accelerated by copious libations of the inebriating in the Dram Shop of the adjacent Royal Hotel; and, "after the opera was over" inside the Court House, another scene—the pantomime—remained to be enacted outside. Tongues which had inside been fettered, came here into the fullest play, and mutual recrimination, resulting in almost another breach of the peace—succeeded. Having been moved on by the "powers," they once more repaired in a body to the aforesaid dram-shop, where loquacity obtained its fullest scope, accompanied by the brandishing of fists, when an uncomfortable amount of jostling and language anything but calculated to the delectation of polite ears. By the pacifically-intended intervention of the "worthy host" and his *aides* the contending parties were divided, and assigned separate compartments, the last we observed of them being that they were once more freely courting the soothing influence of the genial spirit—John Barleycorn.

A Conference of the Miners' National Association is to be held in Leeds about a fortnight hence, when the following, among other subjects, will be discussed, viz., the operation of the Coal Mines Act of 1872; labour representation, and whether support should be given to miners' candidates and others by the association; the absolute requirement of a peculiary magistracy; co-operative production in manufactures and mines; the house tenure of the mining districts; and the desirableness of having the association represented in future at the Social Science Congress.

LOFTHOUSE CRICKET CLUB.—The annual Supper of this Club, was held on Saturday Evening last, at Mr. Hammond's the Elephant and Castle Inn, when about fifty members sat down to a substantial supper. The President, Mr. Charlesworth, occupied the chair. The honorary Secretary (Mr. J. H. Lee) read the annual report which shows the present number of members to be considerably more than has been at any other time, 37 matches were played by the Club eleven, 15 being won, 10 lost, and 4 drawn, all being in their favour. The second eleven played 10 matches; 3 were won, 5 lost, and 2 drawn. Mr. T. Hammond takes the lead for highest average batter, and M. F. Lancaby for the best average bowler in the first eleven. In the second eleven, Mr. Thomas Newton for the highest average batter, and Mr. John Coles for bowling. Mr. Lee was unanimously elected Secretary and Treasurer. The following also received Cups for the ensuing year: Messrs. B. Oates, W. Newton, A. Atkinson, G. Green, & Charlesworth, W. Lee, and C. Booth. After the usual toasts, including that to the President (Mr. Charlesworth), who suitably acknowledged the toast, the company enjoyed themselves, and the evening passed off agreeably.

I'LL HELP YOU.

CUSTOMER TO NEWSBOY.—"Rothwell Times," please!

NEWSAGENT TO CUSTOMER (who has been in the habit of regularly taking another paper).—What! You are not going to change, are you?

CUSTOMER.—Yes, certainly, if you can make it pay, I'll do what I can to help you.

Exit customer, with 'Rothwell Times' in his pocket.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

Lord Mayor's day in London is always looked forward to with interest by a vast number of the population. Not merely is it anticipated with pleasure by the roughs and the mischievous street boys, but thousands of respectable people contrive on that day to make a journey into town and see the Lord Mayor's procession. As it may not be generally know what the object of the display is, I will briefly explain it. The Lord Mayor is elected by the citizens of London, assembled in Guildhall, on the 29th of September in every year; on the 2nd of November he is presented to the Lord Chancellor, with an absence of State ceremony; and on the 9th he proceeds to the Court of Exchequer at Westminster, there to receive in a formal and official manner, the approval of the Sovereign, as conveyed by the Lord Chief Baron and his learned colleagues. It is this procession from the City to Westminster which is known as the Lord Mayor's Show, and for seven centuries the custom has been observed. Many, in these utilitarian days, have objected to several miles of the principal streets of the metropolis being closed to vehicular traffic simply in order to allow this gorgeous procession to pass by. If the Chief Magistrate must be presented to the Barons of the Exchequer, why not go in an unostentatious and quiet way, without interfering with the business of a whole community, for the shops along the line of route have to be closed in consequence of the pressure of the enormous multitude in the streets? I am bound to say that these arguments have, so far, made but little way with the people of London. They look upon Lord Mayor's day as the only spectacular out-door display which they witness during the whole year, and are consequently reluctant to part with it. They like to see the old State Coach brought out, to listen to the military bands, to admire the escort of Lancers, to cut jokes upon the appearance of the banner bearers, to gaze upon the splendid trappings of the Sheriffs' carriages, and to cheer the new Chief Magistrate, irrespective of political considerations. And so the procession remains popular institution, and the 9th of November in London is looked upon as an annual holiday. It also happens to be the birthday of the Prince of Wales, and in the evening the thoroughfares, more especially in the West-end, are thronged by those who have turned out to witness the illuminations in honour of the day. Large numbers also congregate in the neighbourhood of Guildhall, for the purpose of noting the arrival of the distinguished guests who have been invited to the Lord Mayor's banquet. This is always a magnificent gathering, and is the great civic event of the year. There are usually about 800 guests, the invitations having been issued by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, who divide the expenses of the day between them. Including the procession and the banquet, the expenditure averages £2,500. The annual allowance of the Corporation to its chief magistrate for maintaining the reputation of the City for hospitality is £8,000, but no Lord Mayor comes out of office without having spent an additional £3,000 or £4,000 out of his own pocket. The Mansion-house entertainments throughout the year are governed strictly by precedent, and entries are duly made of the dates when it is customary to give banquets to the bishops, the judges, her Majesty's ministers, the aldermen, the common councilmen, the city companies, &c., the Lord Mayor, as a rule, following the beaten track of his predecessors. [The 9th of November falling this year on Sunday, the ceremony will be held on Monday the 10th.]

The mode by which children are elected to the charitable institutions which abound in London has lately attracted considerable attention, and one or two meetings have been held at the Mansion House with a view to effect a reform. Those who object to the present system contend that while the most deserving recipients of aid are those in straitened circumstances and the extremest need, those only can obtain admission who can raise most money, or who have the richest friends. The poor applicant, if ever so deserving, has no hope of success, if he can exert no interest to secure the votes of the subscribers, while the one who does not so much stand in need of the institution's advantages, succeeds simply because he has numerous friends amongst the class who are enabled to contribute largely to the funds. This, however, is a view which meets with by no means universal assent. The managing authorities of many a home and many an asylum urge that although the present plan of election may be defective, it works well upon the whole, and is the means of inducing subscribers to take a greater interest in the society's administration than they otherwise would do.

Sir Henry Holland, whose death was announced a few days ago, was one of the most distinguished physicians which the age has produced. And he possessed not only an immense knowledge of medical science, but his experience of the world was a long and varied one. He was in Paris when the allied armies entered that city in 1814, and only three days before his death he was at Versailles witnessing the trial of a Marshal of France for high treason, alleged to have been committed half a century after the First Napoleon had been laid in his grave at St. Helena. He was an indefatigable traveller, and his "Recollections," published about two years ago, forms a work full of anecdote and information. Sir Henry Holland was one of the physicians in attendance on the late Prince Consort during his last illness, and his name appeared in the bulletin which announced the Prince's death, and was posted upon the walls of our public buildings on one of the darkest December days ever experienced in London. Born on the 27th of October, 1788, at Knutsford, in Cheshire, he attained the advanced age of 85 years, for he died on the 27th of October, 1873, in London, after a long life under an unclouded sky. At the early age of twenty-seven he was appointed travelling physician to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and in the course of his lengthened career had the honour of acting as physician to six Prime Ministers of England, viz., Mr. Canning, Viscount Melbourne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Palmerston, Earl Russell, and the Earl of Derby. Upon the Queen's accession in 1837, he was appointed one of her Majesty's Physicians Extraordinary, and for a long number of years his was a familiar figure at Windsor Castle, Osborne, and Balmoral. In April, 1853, on the birth of Prince Leopold, he was created a baronet, a distinction awarded to but few members of the medical profession, and those of the very highest eminence in it. His remains have been deposited in the quiet old church at Willesden—a fit resting place for one whose years had been singularly free from care, and whose voyage in life seemed to lie over an externally calm and unruffled sea.

Some of the metropolitan vestrys have adopted a compromise on the Sunday trading question which, it is hoped, may have the effect of putting an end to a difficulty which the Legislature has endeavoured to settle in vain. Hitherto, in many districts, streets have been blocked by the carts of costermongers or by crowds assembling outside the shops of tradesmen, while well-dressed persons were hurrying to their respective places of worship, and that this should be the case has been felt to be nothing less than a scandal. It was incongruous to go to church and repeat the Fourth Commandment while shops were in full business, and open-air markets thronged with customers. It is now suggested, and in many parishes acted upon, that there shall be no Sunday trading after half-past ten in the morning. People can, therefore, go to church and chapel without witnessing scenes and hearing cries which are so thoroughly opposed to our notions of the sacred nature of the day.

The miseries of life in a London fog have often been described, but it is doubtful whether the most graphic pen ever gave an adequate idea of their reality. It is certain that no place in England is visited with such fogs as those which descend upon the metropolis at intervals during the autumn and winter months. Various explanations have been given of the origin of these visitations. That which is most generally accepted is that as the exhalations from the Erith marshes are borne towards London, they become, in a certain state of the atmosphere, impregnated with the smoke ever arising from the habitations of nearly four million people. Thus is created that horrible, black yellow, stifling vapour, which, settling down upon the big towns, fills not only parks and squares, but streets, shops, and apartments, attacks the eyes, irritates the lungs, and generally makes every one wretched and uncomfortable. The fogs have come on earlier this year than usual, and with more than ordinary density. Sometimes they have their comic side, as when a link-boy, armed with his blazing torch, offers to take a nervous old gentleman over a crossing for a penny, and manages to come into collision with a blotted-out lamp-post, to the chagrin of the nervous one, and to the audible delight of the youthful proprietor of the burning flambeau. Through these fogs terrestrial objects, only a few yards off, seem to become at once airy and unsubstantial, while assuming at the same time colossal proportions. Innocent cab horses become, to the imagination, some of those extinct antediluvian animals at which people gaze in awe when they go to the Crystal Palace. Omnibusses appear to have been transformed into moving castles, and so thoroughly does the fog deaden sound that the noise of wheels is obliterated, and the pedestrian has to exercise the greatest care to avoid being run down. Often the atmosphere becomes so dense that traffic ceases in the streets and on the river, and can be carried on upon the railways only by means of detonating signals which fill the air with the sounds of incessant explosions. A heavy fog is always an unwelcome visitor, and not unfrequently it gives rise to such fatal accidents as that in which several men and lads were recently drowned in the Thames.

From a list of scientific societies which has lately been published, it would appear that the advance of this description of knowledge in Great Britain and Ireland is of a highly satisfactory character. The influence of the smallest of these organizations cannot but be in the direction of beneficial. By them, habits of careful observation, accurate thought, and useful study, are cultivated by hard-working men, and sources of interest are opened apart from the routine of daily life. It has been suggested that in close association with all such societies, science classes should be formed, and when it is known that it is only by following this advice, Government aid can be secured, perhaps the hint will be taken in many places, and a regular system of training established, which will make men fitted for original research. The deficiency of the ordinary British workmen in what is called technical education has often, in these later years, been a subject of remark. This is a want which science classes will do much to remove. The more intelligent a mechanic is, the more valuable are his services, and if by the study of science he is enabled to increase his stores of knowledge, he not only benefits himself mentally and financially, but as a producer, adds to the wealth of the community. In connection with this subject I may mention that a movement is on foot in the City for putting the revenues of the ancient guilds or companies to a wider use and application than has hitherto been the case. It would be too much to say, with some of the more persistent assailants of these corporations, that the greater portion of their income is devoted to dinners, balls, and other entertainments, but there is a general feeling that the money could be better employed than it now is. A conference has therefore been held at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor at which the possibility of obtaining pecuniary assistance from the City companies for promoting technical education, was discussed at some length. The Trade Guild of Learning proposed to act through trade organisations, by granting prizes and scholarships to existing schools for efficiency in technical knowledge. The Lord Mayor stated that if the city companies would give £10,000, a college might be erected near Holborn, and lectures given. A committee was formed to ascertain the intentions of the companies, and it appears likely enough that something tangible will be the result.

The pedestrian in London must have often been struck with the disproportion in the amount of traffic flowing north and south, and that running east and west. The route of the former is, of course, across the bridges. At London Bridge the traffic is certainly enormous, and at midday is one of the sights of the metropolis. Four rows of vehicles, and two never-ending streams of foot passengers—such is the spectacle which, hour after hour, and day after day, is presented to the wayfarer. London Bridge was always a busy highway from the Middlesex to the Surrey shores of the river, but of late years the crush there has been very materially increased through the great railway termini which have sprung up on the southern bank of the Thames. There is no bridge in the whole of the capital which accommodates such a vast population. Higher up the river there is Southwark Bridge, a structure which was rendered toll-free by the Corporation nine years ago; but it is not so generally used as might have been expected, because of its steep gradients and indifferent approaches. Next, we come to new Blackfriars, which was opened by the Queen on the 6th November, 1869. Here there is a great deal of traffic, but nothing like that which passes over London Bridge. Blackfriars is the main route from King's-cross to the Elephant and Castle. Its levels are not so good as are those of London, Waterloo, or Westminster, a fact solely attributable to the lowness of the river banks on both sides of the new structure. As the banks could not be raised to the bridge, of course the bridge must be brought down on either side so as to meet the banks; hence the awkward gradients which are a sad worry to horses in slippery weather. Continuing our journey, we find that Waterloo-bridge is usually a desert on account of the toll; Westminster is busy, and so is Lambeth to a certain extent, Vauxhall, Battersea, and Chelsea bringing up the rear. But even with all these bridges, I believe it will be found that the traffic from east to west is largely in excess of that which is poured across the river. Let us take first the leading thoroughfares, and contemplate the aspect of the streets between Regent-circus and Bishopsgate. There we find Oxford-street, Holborn, Newgate-street, and Cheapside. Next, let us look for a moment at the other great artery from west to east—Charing-cross, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill. Again, we have the new thoroughfare known as Queen Victoria-street, running from the Mansion House to the Thames Embankment. So much for the Roadways, but what of the railway traffic? First, there is the Metropolitan proper, connecting Bayswater, Hammersmith, and Kensington with Moorgate-street. Then we have the Metropolitan District, a line running from the Mansion House under the Embankment to Charing Cross, Westminster, Chelsea, Kensington, and Brompton. Again, there is the South Eastern, which has a line between Charing Cross and Cannon-street. Further, there is the Metropolitan Extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover, which conveys large numbers of passengers between Ludgate Hill and Victoria. Then besides road and rail there is the river. Look at the fleet of steamers continually plying up and down upon its surface; and weighing these several means of communication any one must be convinced that vast as is the traffic of London north and south, the stream flowing east and west is immeasurably greater.

THE VALUE OF A COLLIER'S LIFE.

In the Court of Exchequer, in the case of "Smalley v. the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company" Mr. Herschell, Q.C., moved for a rule nisi for a new trial on the ground of the damages being excessive. This was an action tried at the last assizes for Liverpool, before Mr. Justice Brett, when a verdict was returned for the plaintiff with £1,041 8s. 6d. damages. On this verdict being given, the learned judge stayed execution, expressing a strong opinion that the damages were excessive. Plaintiff was the widow of a collier, who was killed in an accident which occurred on the defendants' line of railway. At the time of his death he was aged 45. He had been in the habit of earning a little more than £2 a week, but only brought that amount to the household. The jury awarded by their verdict ten years' wages, estimating it at the rate of £2 a week.

The learned counsel now reminded the Court, that a collier by the nature of his employment necessarily incurred many risks, and, therefore, it was unreasonable to suppose that if he had not met with this accident he would have continued for ten years earning this amount. He had seven children. The jury did not give any part of the verdict to the eldest son on the ground that he was maintaining himself. They gave the widow £270 and the six children various sums—to the youngest the smallest amount, namely, £70. The accident occurred on the 13th of January, whilst the train was proceeding from Chorley to Wigan, when a collision occurred which so injured the plaintiff's husband that he died in three weeks afterwards.

The Court granted the application.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN LONDON.

LOSS OF EIGHT LIVES.

On Tuesday a lamentable addition was made to the list of casualties that have hitherto preceded the anniversary of the "Gunpowder Plot." In this instance the calamity occurred at No. 50, Broad-street, Lambeth. The house in question is the centre one of a block of three rather old and low buildings, there being an arch of the London and South-Western Railway on one side and a narrow turning on the other. In the parlour at No. 50 lived Ralph Fenwick, a pyrotechnic artist. At about ten minutes to nine o'clock on Tuesday morning several reports were heard, but it being foggy at the time most of the neighbours and persons proceeding in the direction thought they were the reports of fog-signals on the railway. The mischief, however, which was going on was soon apparent. Another very loud report was heard; flames burst forth from the parlour window; and the force of the explosion was such as to blow Mr. Fenwick through the window on to the pavement. The excitement at this moment became very great, and a most agonising scene was occasioned by an elderly woman presenting herself at the first floor window with a child in her arms and with a little girl standing by her side screaming for help. The flames had caught the wooden railings in front of the house, and the fire was rapidly ascending; and in vain did Police-constable Pawsey entreat the poor creature to "throw 'em out," adding, "I'll catch 'em," similar advice being also given by Mr. Sanderson, who lived next door. The unfortunate creatures were seen to fall back to perish in the flames. That Fenwick's wife had fallen a sacrifice was beyond all doubt, and the work of destruction had made such ravages as to render hopeless the idea of saving the lives of those known to be at the top of the house. In the meantime the disaster had attracted a number of engines to the spot, and, under the guidance of Captain Shaw, the work of the brigade soon began to tell.

The house where the explosion occurred may be said to be entirely shattered, the bare walls alone remaining; the house numbered 49 has been severely burned and the roof destroyed; whilst to that numbered 51 much damage has been occasioned. When the ruins were in a fit condition to enter the firemen went in search of the sufferers, and the dead bodies of the following were found:—Ralph Fenwick, aged 44; Jessie Fenwick (his wife), aged 32; Drewzela Lewis, aged 48; and two of her children, Alice Lewis, aged 9, and Leach Lewis, aged 3; Philis Wood, aged 72, and her two grandchildren, Annie Wood, aged 8, and Alfred Wood aged two years and a half. The Lewises occupied the first floor. There were two other members of the Wood family—Mrs. Wood, the mother of the two unfortunate children, and her daughter Emily, aged 7—in the house at the time of the explosion, but they succeeded in effecting their escape. From the distracted mother's statement it seems that she scarcely knew what she was about when she was first alarmed; and on descending from the top floor with her daughter, who was paralysed with fright, she heard the pitiful cries of "Mother" from Annie; but the flames soon effected a fatal separation between mother and children, for it was impossible to approach the latter. The bodies were lowered in sheets, and having been placed in shells were subsequently removed to the Lambeth dead-house.

There was ample evidence found of there having been an abundance of explosive material in the lower part of the house—the bottom of a gunpowder barrel being among the ruins, and every appliance for the manufacture of fireworks. It is said that Mr. Fenwick was preparing for a pyrotechnic display at an East-end theatre to succeed the drama of *Guy Fawkes* on Wednesday evening.

A painful incident, to which many were eyewitnesses, took place on Tuesday evening near the scene of the calamity. A young girl was running along in a frantic manner exclaiming "Mother dear! Oh, my dear mother—where is she?" It was ascertained that she was the eldest daughter of the Lewis family, aged 12, and out at service; and the police, not deeming it prudent to take her near her ill-fated home, she was led to where her father—who had so recently been made a widower—was staying. Mr. Wood was at work in the country at the time.

It is needless to say there is no one surviving to explain the precise cause of the explosion.

On Wednesday morning Major Majendie, the Government Inspector of Fireworks and Ammunition Factories, visited the scene of the disaster, with the view of prosecuting inquiries into the matter. Portions of the charred fuzing powder, bright stars, &c., found in the ruins were selected for chymical analysis, and orders were given at the Home Office for photographic views of the ruins, with a view to showing the action of the gunpowder.

With regard to the explosion itself, it seems to have been caused by a spark from the fire. Among the articles found in the *débris* were two iron trays, in the larger of which were the remains of some bright stars. It is supposed that the smaller tray contained a quantity of green fire, which was placed near the fire to dry the grate (possibly on the hob), and that this, the most dangerous of all the coloured fires, ignited first. This theory seems a plausible one, for the small tray was forced nearly empty close to the fireplace, whereas the larger tray, the remains of the powder keg, and other pyrotechnic paraphernalia were discovered in the centre of the room. The whole of the stuff had evidently exploded, for Captain Shaw and Mr. Port, the engineer, placed come of that found in a tray upon a fire, but no explosion followed.

It is a moot point whether or not Fenwick and his wife were in bed at the time of the accident, for the former was quite naked when he was hurled lifeless through the shattered window-frame. It is, however, a well-known fact that gunpowder will blow every atom of clothing from the body without dismembering the body itself. It seems that Mrs. Wood and her two grandchildren were in a room on the first floor at the time of the explosion, and that they alone were precipitated into the blazing ruins beneath; in falling through the shattered flooring the poor woman's right leg caught in one of the main rafters and was torn off at the knee. Mrs. Lewis and her two children were discovered on the first floor in a corner of the room, the poor creature laying across a rafter, holding the burnt remnants of her two children in her own calcined arms.

The full force of the concussion travelled towards the back yard, wrecking the two back rooms, throwing down the walls, and razing the adjacent property; and, although the force forward was sufficient to smash the front windows, blow out the frame, and send Fenwick flying into the street, it is a singular fact that the lamp immediately in front of the house, and within three feet of the room where the explosion occurred, escaped uninjured, save the cracking of two panes of glass.

WITH MR. ARCH IN CANADA.

The following letter from a Correspondent of the *Daily News* is both encouraging and assuring to those who are desirous of trying their fortunes in Canada:—

LONDON, ONTARIO, Oct. 11.

Having received an invitation to visit the celebrated model farm of the Hon. George Brown, the proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, we left Toronto in the morning, and, after a ride of some sixty miles by the Great Western Railway, reached the town of Paris. Here a grand agricultural show was being held. These shows appear to be quite an institution in this flourishing province. We have already attended three or four of them, and from the numbers present, and the extensive display of native products, I take it that their value and importance are pretty well understood by the thriving husbandmen who constitute the main population of the country. After spending an hour or two in the show, and experiencing once more something of the astonishment with which we first beheld a fine display of the fruits, vegetables, and cereals which this prolific soil produces, we accepted an invitation to lunch with the Mayor of the town. This gentleman, who, like every one else here is a self-made man, is the owner of extensive flour mills, and we met at his beautiful villa some of the leading men of the district. Each one had his story to tell of early battling with adverse circumstances and victories won. Mr. Arch found in the foreman of our host an old schoolfellow. He had been in Canada about a quarter of a century. Like every other honest and industrious emigrant this Barford man had done well; he had bought his own house—a house worth some two hundred pounds—and had perhaps a couple of thousand pounds out at interest. Thus, side by side were flourishing both master and man. In the afternoon, accompanied by one or two of Mr. Brown's friends, we started for a ten miles drive to Bow-park. Our road lay through what must, I think, be called the garden of Canada. All the farms appeared to be, unlike those of the Quebec province, which we first went through, in a high state of cultivation. "Yonder," said a gentleman by my side, a brother senator of Mr. Brown's, "is my farm of 500 acres. I bought it thirty years ago, at 40 dollars an acre; and to-day I should want as many pounds an acre for it. Over yonder," at another point, he said, "is a farmer who came out twenty years ago without a cent in his pocket, and now he has two hundred acres of as fine land as is to be found in Canada." Passing by a rather dilapidated looking farm-house, I remarked on its exceptional appearance. "Yes," said my companion, "the man drinks." This seems to be almost the only impediment to a settler's progress here, but I have previously remarked on the happy rarity of this vice in Canada. We have not seen a single drunkard. One of the causes of this happy state of things is of course the clear, bracing climate; but another is undoubtedly the general discouragement of the habit of drinking strong liquors in the homes of the people. For instance, at the Mayor's table yesterday iced water and delicious coffee might be had, but neither wine nor ale. At the hotels few drink anything at dinner stronger than tea or coffee, and it is a universal practice to serve these up at the dinner-tables of private individuals.

After a delightful drive of an hour and a half, passing on our way through the flourishing town of Brantford—a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, and the county town of the 'Brant' district, so named after the celebrated Indian 'Brant'—we reached the point towards which we were tending. Bow-park Farm contains 930 acres, all of it, with the exception of the reservations for ornamental timber, under high cultivation. The farm is nearly surrounded by the Grand River, and the soil is alluvial deposit of the most fertile character. The energetic proprietor purchased the estate some few years ago, and has invested a very large capital upon it. Commodious buildings have been erected, one barn alone being about 250 feet long by nearly 50 feet broad. There are about 400 head of high-bred short-horns in the stalls, and no expense is spared in replenishing the stock with the best breeds. The situation of the farm is highly picturesque, and Mr. Brown, like Mr. Mechi, is confident of reaping a pecuniary success, although he has taken to farming as a recreation. It took us the whole morning to go through his extensive range of cattle sheds, and certainly it was a grand display for so young an establishment. A catalogue of the stock, with full details as to pedigree, &c., was placed in our hands; and at the annual sale, which will be held next week, Mr. Brown expects purchasers from England, Scotland, and all parts of the United States. Not the least interesting part of the exhibition—for such, in truth, the farm is—was the show of Berkshire pigs. It will be gratifying to Berkshire farmers to hear what Mr. Brown said in answer to my inquiry as to whether he had any other breed of pigs. "Of course not," was his reply, "what's the use of having any but the very best?" Some of the thorough-bred short-horns of Mr. Brown's herd would have won the applause of the severe critics of the great English agricultural shows, and doubtless many of them will yet pass under review of those gentlemen, as Mr. Brown contemplates a considerable exportation of them to the parent country. It would seem that the climate, or feeding, or something else of Canada, vastly improves the breed. Hence the fabulous prices realised occasionally. At a recent sale of this continent one beast actually fetched forty thousand dollars; and the buyer was an Englishman. Mr. Brown has bought several of his best animals in England, and he will probably get his price for their offspring, from English buyers, treble the original cost of the parents.

It has again and again been asked me by Canadian agriculturists, "Why do not some of your farmers come out here and buy the cleared farms which are always in the market?" The question is easier asked than answered. Certainly it would be the best thing they could do, provided the conditions of success were complied with. One of these is a year's servitude under a good Canadian farmer. Intending emigrants of this class may take this hint as an all-important one. Whenever it is not acted upon, it matters little what may be the capital at command, failing will be the inevitable fate of the farmer. On this there is a marvellous consensus of opinion throughout Canada. "Did you notice that young man?" said our host, as we were passing along his farm buildings, "he is an educated gentleman. He and another Eton lad are with me to get a thorough knowledge of farming. They live and work with the other men, and are in every respect just like the rest. The "gentleman" was merged in the "working man." As Mr. Brown sententiously remarked, "He's all right." Yes, his success is tolerably sure. By and bye he will have served his apprenticeship, and then with his two or three thousand pounds capital he will repeat on a small scale the splendid success of his enterprising employer. If a few hundred of those young gentlemen who are hanging about their fathers' halls in England, trusting to the chapter of accidents, would just follow the example of these young Etonians, they would experience the new sensation of independence.

After a pleasant day among these high-bred cattle, and the picturesque meadows in which they grazed, we took our reluctant departure for the city of London. A two or three hours' rapid ride in a Pullman's car—the perfection of travelling—brought us to this somewhat ambitious namesake of the Imperial city three thousand miles away. At the station we found a deputation from the Town Council waiting to receive us, and after refreshing ourselves with a cup of what seems to be the drink of Canada—tea, we had to yield to the solicitations of the Mayor and his colleagues to inspect some of the objects of interest in the town. It appears that this portion of the city the Canadians feel a great satisfaction in showing the proofs of their vigour and enterprise, and these excellent Londoners were no exception to the rule. And certainly they have much to be proud of. At their agricultural show, which we were unfortunately too late to see, no less than 24,000 persons paid for admission, and the exhibition of every kind of agricultural produce was, according to all accounts, remarkable. The further we come West, the greater are the signs of material prosperity. Unlike England, wealth appears to be distributed in almost equal proportions among all classes. Poor people seem to be unknown. In riding down the Muskoka River, the other day, we had to get our canoe over some rapids, and some young fellow near at hand readily helped us through our difficulties. We actually had to finesse a little to get them to take a gratuity for their services. It is a somewhat significant fact—and one that English statesmen would do well to ponder—that even the smallest of Canadian villages have their spacious drill sheds for the use of their Volunteers. There is nothing that provokes a smile more readily than a suggestion to a Canadian of danger from invasion. An impression obtains in England that Canada is the weak point of the Empire. I am thoroughly convinced that it is a delusion, like many others which are zealously propagated and conscientiously believed respecting the colony in England. It can never be too thoroughly understood by the people and Parliament of Great Britain that this portion of the Empire can well take care of itself. Anyone who has seen the tens of thousands of lithe, active, intelligent, and well-disciplined men of Canada, and witnessed the innumerable proofs of their patriotism, loyalty, and respect for the parent institutions, will never again have one moment's uneasiness respecting its future. When the unhappy *Trent* business was agitating England, the fear respecting Canada was confined to that side of the Atlantic. Nothing but enthusiasm dwelt in the breasts of these poor relations in the West. The banker left his till, the lawyer his desk, the busy trader closed his ledger and the student his book; and in an incredibly short period the whole country was in a state of preparedness for whatever might happen.

I may say, in conclusion, that from hints thrown out by some influential persons there is good reason for believing that the Ontario Government will co-operate with Mr. Arch in certain very satisfactory arrangements for facilitating the emigration of agricultural labourers to Canada. In all probability, such as would like to come out and settle upon the free grants of Muskoka will have comfortable homes erected for them, a portion of the land cleared for immediate cultivation, and work found by which they will be enabled to get together a little capital to start them upon their farms. Mr. Arch has promised, on condition of these helps being afforded, to bring out next spring, a hundred picked men and their families, and see them safely through to their respective lots. An equally satisfactory arrangement has been entered into with the Government immigration agent at Toronto, with reference to the larger body of emigrants who will elect to go into service here for a while. A registry will be kept of applications for servants from all parts of the country, and for offers of work, accommodation, &c., forwarded by the reeve of the township from whence the application comes. Thus, as our mission hither draws near its end, we have good hope that it will be fruitful in beneficial results.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

On Monday, a young man, about twenty years of age, was brought before Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool, charged with the wilful murder of his mother. It appeared that on Saturday evening last the prisoner, who lived along with his parents in Chisenhale-street, quarrelled with his mother about his supper not being ready for him. He became very violent, and struck her several blows, knocking her down on the floor, and while she was there kicking her. He seized her repeatedly by the hair and dashed her on the floor by it, and subsequently he placed his hands on a table in the room and for some time leaped and danced on her body. He afterwards poured a quantity of cold water over her. The prisoner then assaulted a man named Canavan, a lodger in the same house, who had interfered to prevent the outrage. His mother, hearing this, crept upstairs, whither he followed her, using foul language. He caught her and pitched her headlong downstairs, at the foot of which she lay as if dead. Following up the murderous attack he dragged her into the kitchen, and beat her savagely with the buckle-end of a stout strap which he took from his waist. He was about to cut her throat with a knife, when an alarm was raised and he desisted. When at the police-court he preserved a stolid demeanour throughout the hearing of the evidence. He was remanded till Friday. The deceased woman sustained some frightful injuries. One contused wound on the head was an inch long and penetrated to the bone, and several of the ribs were broken.

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

TO A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—There's really no excuse for a person losing his way on Waterloo Bridge after he has been tolled.

SLOPER is never wanting for a sharp retort; but then we expect a SALLY in our ALLY, you know.

LITERARY NOTE.—The authoress of "Red as her Hose is She," is not a blue-stocking.

If you flogged twenty garotters you might almost say you had scored them.

ELECTION Intelligence—That shown by the voters who return a Tory M.P.

SOME of his opponents find that the would-be King of France is not only a Sham bore but a real nuisance.

A BLACK chap in Ashantee says his soul's in arms, and nigger for the fray.

WHEN is forest wood a long way from the forest?—When it's far away from it, most likely.

THE trams in Edinburgh take you no end of a way for twopence. A tram (it was of whisky, though) recently took a man backward from a sixth flat into the street. He hurt himself.

THE tailor of a Highland gentleman has been saying he will bring him a pair of trousers this ever so long. Sandy calls them the breech of promise. —*Judy.*

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Count Moltke completed his 74th birthday on the 24th ult.

There is a rumour in financial circles that the Turkish Government has obtained an advance of four millions sterling through the agency of the Credit Mobilier of Paris.

According to advices received in Calcutta, the prospects of the crops in some of the districts threatened with famine are somewhat more favourable than before.

Ten railway companies in America have failed to pay the November interest on their bonds, the aggregate capital represented by which is thirty millions of dollars.

The directors of the opera houses of London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna have telegraphed to Paris that they will organise representations for the benefit of the personnel of the Paris Opera-house.

The returns of emigration from Liverpool during the past month, compiled by the Government Emigration officials at that port, show that the total number of emigrants amounted to 15,732, against 19,119 in October, 1872. The total decrease for the year, so far as compared with the same period of 1872, amounts to only 52. There sailed under the provisions of the Emigration Act 44 ships, and nine not "under the Act." Of the total number of emigrants 12,333 proceeded to the United States, and 1,969 to Canada.

The Prince of Wales, president of the society of Arts, inspected, in the court-yard of Marlborough House, on Saturday, the four cabs selected by the judges (Society of Arts)—an improved Hansom, by Messrs. Forder and Co., of Wolverhampton; a two-wheeler, on a novel construction, by Thorn, of Norwich; a four-wheeler by Lambert, of London; and a four-wheeler by Quick and Normington, of London. The two latter can be used either open or shut. His Royal Highness expressed himself pleased with the vehicles, and considered them improvements on those at present in use.

Some one suggests to Mr. Gladstone as a new and not objectionable mode of "raising the wind," the imposition of a tax upon perambulators.

Between accidental acquaintances in Paris—"Are you Bonapartist or Fusionist?" "No, sir, I am the pugilist of the Champs Elysées circus."

It is stated that Mr. Ward Hunt is preparing a measure for the amendment of the game laws, with the view of bringing it before Parliament next session.

At the London Coal Market, on Monday, house coals were heavy at previous rates, the demand being checked by the change in the weather.

The foundation-stone of the new buildings to be erected near the Mansion House for the National Safe Deposit Company was on Tuesday laid by the Lord Mayor.

At a Boston restaurant a supply of live trout is kept in a tank, so that epicures may pick out which fish they will have cooked.

The fees paid into the Exchequer in the year ended the 31st of March, under the Act 12th and 13th of Victoria, chap. 72, amounted to £41,244 18s. 9d.

The Queenstown Commissioners have adopted a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, praying for the release of the remaining political prisoners.

In the last nine months the imports of salted beef have increased to £222,044, against £253,795 in the same period of the previous year.

The declared value of cotton manufactures imported in the last nine months was £1,175,603; in the corresponding period of the preceding year, £1,143,203.

In the present Term, commencing on Monday, there were 154 applicants to be admitted as attorneys, besides a number of renewed applications.

Next year Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*, means to have his own reporters in the House of Commons, and to publish a daily report of the debates.

The brig *Magician*, from Pomaron for Maryport, has been wrecked on the rocks at the entrance of the Tagus. The crew were saved in the boats, and taken to Lisbon.

On Saturday night and Sunday morning a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy showers of hail, passed over Barrow. The lightning set fire to a large building, which was quite destroyed.

From the last statement of the United States public debt, it appears that more than three million dollars of an increase occurred during October. A further five million dollars worth of bonds has been called in.

The opening meet of her Majesty's stag hounds took place on Tuesday at Salt Hill, near Slough. The weather was fine, and a large company of ladies and gentlemen attended the meet.

There has been a large fire at Constantinople, in which forty houses were burnt down, and another at Auckland, in New Zealand, where property of the value of £60,000 has been destroyed.

The *Français* says that the text of the important letter of the Comte de Chambord was entirely in his own hand, and in a hasty style, which betrayed even in its material form the ardour of the emotions under the sway of which it was composed.

At Brighton, on the 28th ult., at about four o'clock in the afternoon, Inspector Terry counted the number of pleasure vehicles which passed the bottom of West-street, in ten minutes, and found that there were as many as 274. The same inspector has taken the trouble to make such a count for 17 years, and his list shows that the above number is larger than that of any of the preceding years, with the single exception that 275 were counted in the year of the Franco-German war.

The executors of Colonel Hargreaves, Burnley, the largest colliery owners in East Lancashire, issued notices on Saturday, stating that on and after that date the price of their coal would be advanced at the rate of 1d per cwt. or 1s. 8d. per ton. This advance applies to ten classes of coal. A similar notice was issued by Messrs. Brooks and Pickup, of the Towneley Collieries, Burnley.

At a conference of delegates from the various agricultural labourers' unions held in London on Tuesday, nearly forty thousand members were represented. Its object was to effect a national federation between the London and provincial societies. After some controversy it was resolved that the title of the new association should be "The Federal Union of Agricultural and General Labourers."

We learn from the United States that in the elections in New York and Virginia the Democratic candidates have been returned by larger majorities than in previous years, and that in Massachusetts the Republicans have been successful, but by smaller majorities. The returns generally show that the Republican party has sustained heavy losses.

News has arrived at Aden from Zanzibar that Sub-Lieutenant Marcus M'Causland, of her Majesty's ship *Daphne*, has been killed by natives while cruising after slavers near Brava. In consequence of this deed boats' crews from the *Daphne* and *Briton* have destroyed the village inhabited by the murderers, and killed several of the natives.

"In speaking of the approaching marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg, the correspondent of *Le Nord* gravely states that, among the more distinguished visitors who will be present on that occasion in the Russian capital will be 'the Duke of Cambridge, generalissimo of the British forces, and uncle of Royalty, but also the Archbishop of Westminster and his wife, a Lady of Honour to Her Majesty.'"—*The Times.*

On Saturday a conference was held in Dundee, at which representatives from the principal manufacturing towns in Scotland were present, with the view of discussing Mr. Mundella's Factory Bill. After a long discussion it was arranged that the 9½ hours daily should be wrought between the hours of six in the morning and six at night, and that it should be specifically arranged that no lad should be employed in any factory for more than half time who was under 13 years of age. It was agreed to inform Mr. Mundella of the resolutions of the conference.

The postal card has been a failure in France owing to the manner its use has been abused, but more so to the high rate of postage exacted. To remedy the first drawback, by concealing the writing, an envelope has been invented by which the address side of the card will be exposed, save the corners; the other side of the envelope will close as if an ordinary letter, but so perforated as to conceal the writing and to permit the clerks to see that only a card is inside. The cards are unpopular, and nothing will remove that but reduced postage.

Mr. Lambert, one of the best bass singers of Cathedral music, was officiating on Sunday in the Durham Cathedral choir, and the chanting of the Psalms of the day was just about to commence, when the deceased suddenly fell, striking his head with a fearful crash on to his desk. Mr. Lambert, the father who was a witness of this, ran from his pew to his son's assistance, and lifted him up, but he was quite unconscious, and died immediately. The Dean at once stopped the service.

Dr. Beke communicates the following extract of a letter recently received from a resident at Boma, Western Africa, under date of August 12:—"I am proceeding to-day or to-morrow to Mununco, Upper Congo. In a few days we expect there the Livingstone Expedition, which cannot proceed from St. Salvador. Livingstone himself is a prisoner in a town twenty days from here, but is entirely without means to pay his ransom. Assistance has, however, been sent to him, and he may be here in a month or so."

The resolutions passed at the recent meeting of grocers and tea dealers with respect to the Adulteration Act having been forwarded to the government, a letter has been received from Mr. Gladstone stating, in reference to the resolution advocating the inspection and analysis of tea in bond, that her Majesty's advisers see much difficulty in any measure intended to make the officers of the government responsible in the cases described.

The *Lancet* has good ground for believing that the prolonged attendance on the Tichborne trial and the polluted atmosphere of the court are telling seriously on the health of more than one of the jurymen. Symptoms of blood-poisoning have appeared in at least one case. The insanitary conditions which affect the jurymen tell less visibly on the judges, whose tolerance of the atmosphere peculiar to law courts deserves the notice of the Acclimatisation Society.

A notice has been issued by the French consul in London, calling upon all French subjects resident in the United Kingdom who are liable for the conscription to report themselves at the various French consulates throughout the country, under pain of prosecution by the military authorities upon their return to France, and the forfeiture of rights to protection from French consuls in Great Britain. The persons affected by this declaration are those who attain the age of 20 before the expiration of the present year, and those between 20 and 30 years of age who have not yet taken part in the drawing by lot.

A deputation of representatives trades' unionists waited upon Mr. Lowe, on Wednesday, at the Home-office, to confer with him upon the present condition of legislation as affecting the trades unions. Amongst those who addressed the right hon. gentleman were Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Mr. Mundella, M.P., Mr. Howell, Mr. Guile, and Mr. Odger. Mr. Lowe assured his hearers that the subjects mentioned by the deputation had engaged his serious attention, and the whole matter was well worthy the consideration of the Government.

At Wednesday's meeting of the London School Board, in bringing up the report of the Finance Committee, Mr. C. Reed, M.P., drew the notice of his fellow members to a notification from the Education Department, to the following effect:—"The estimates are very moderate; they are at a rate of about £10 per head, which is considerably less than in most other towns, while the cost of materials and labour in London is certainly higher than elsewhere." Mr. Reed expressed his opinion that the Board might take credit for having kept down the cost of the school accommodation which it had provided to such a low rate in comparison with other towns in England, though wages were higher in London than in the country.

In receiving several members of the religious corporations on Sunday, the Pope said that the suppression of those bodies was a visitation of Providence because they had not kept up their discipline, and had become corrupt. If they ever reassembled rigorous reforms would be necessary. In reference to the letter of the Comte de Chambord, his Holiness said that Providence acted mysteriously, and its decrees must be received with resignation. He has, at the same time, according to reports from Rome, addressed a letter to the Count, congratulating him for having cleared up all doubts about his position.

The last advices, dated October 9, state that Commodore Commerell still remained in a very weak state, though hopes were entertained of his recovery. "He brings up a good deal of blood, and on the 3rd of October threw up a piece of blue cloth. He is very reduced, having been now fifty-six days on his back; the doctors, however, think that if his strength can only be kept up, he will pull through all right. It cannot be ascertained where the ball is; some think it has passed round the body and lodged in the back, but one doctor fancies it is in the lungs and will work it's way out. He was for the first time to-day carried in a chair for change to a lower room. The sympathy and interest felt for him is universal at the Cape, and bulletins of his state are daily posted at the club and barracks."

On Sunday morning the service at Trinity Church, Nottingham, was brought to an abrupt termination owing to a fire breaking out in the roof. The flames were first observed by a passer by, who communicated with one of the churchwardens, the fire not being then discernible inside the building. The fact was intimated to the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, who was preaching, and his lordship requested the congregation to quietly withdraw, which they did. Meanwhile the fire brigade had been sent for, and on their arrival succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames before any great damage was done. The church had just undergone extensive alterations, and was only re-opened on Friday last. The fire arose from a defective flue and the overheating of the stoves. There was no service in the evening.

The first edition of Mr. J. S. Mill's autobiography was sold in a week.

The trade in ostrich feathers between the Cape of Good Hope and England amounts in value to £900,000 a year. The birds are reared like pheasants, and their feathers are worth 50 guineas per pound.

With very little ceremony the Vienna Exhibition was closed on Saturday, the 1st inst. The singing of the National Anthem and a few responsive cheers from the crowd in the Prater marked the termination of an eventful season.

The *ultima thule* of surgery has been reached in New Haven, if we may credit a local chronicle, which tells us of a patient there who recently had a cancer removed from her heart.

The proprietor of a wine shop in Paris hopes the constitutional question is far from a solution, as his customers drink most when discussing the Monarchy against the Republic.

The quantity of coal raised in Great Britain in 1872 was 123,393,853 tons, and the lives lost in raising the coal amounted to 1,060; thus showing that 116,409 tons were raised for each life lost.

Fines of 20s. and 40s. were on Monday imposed upon two shopkeepers in the east-end of London for having sold fireworks to children under 16 years of age.

In accordance with ancient usage, the Lord Mayor Elect (Mr. Alderman Lusk, M.P.) was on Monday presented to the Lord Chancellor, who formally conveyed her Majesty's approval of the choice of a chief magistrate which had been made by the citizens of London for the year ensuing.

A Hungarian named Mester has discovered a new locomotive which is propelled by condensed air instead of by steam. Several Hungarian engineers express warm approval of this discovery, and funds are being raised for trying the locomotive on railways and roads.

A short time back Sir George Campbell presented the Ranee of Sikkim, at Darjeeling, with a toilet bottle of scent. Her highness drank half of the contents before she could be stopped; and, when informed of the true use of the liquid, immediately passed the remainder on to her handkerchief.

At the funeral of King John of Saxony the Queen was represented by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Emperor of Germany by the Crown Prince, and the imperial House of Austria by one of its Archdukes. The ceremony took place on Friday morning, the 31st ult., in the Royal Catholic church at Dresden.

It is announced from Stuttgart that Berthold Auerbach is about to produce a new romance, connecting the events of the late war with that home life of the simple population of the Black Forest which his "Edelweiss" and other well-known novels have made familiar to English readers.

Lord Chief Justice Bovill died on Saturday, at his residence, at Coombe, in Kent. For a short time past he has been ailing; but it had been supposed that his malady was succumbing to medical treatment. The seeming improvement, however, was fallacious; and a rapid change for the worse led to his somewhat sudden death.

The Devon and Somerset Railway which connects the Great Western system with West Somerset and North Devon has been opened for traffic. The line is 44 miles long, and is on the broad gauge. It has been ten years in construction, and has cost about £21,000 a mile, although the original estimated cost was but £8,000 per mile.

The Limerick Farmers' Club have adopted a resolution in favour of Home Rule. A member of the Association forwarded a letter protesting against this course as one which would in reality convert the Association from a Farmers' Club to a Home Rule Association.

"Out of a draft of 48 recruits sent from the 31st Brigade Depot to join the head-quarters of their regiment, 36 had been enlisted in London, though the general public would naturally take it for granted that they had been enlisted in Norfolk. So much for the vaunted new system."—*Court Journal.*

The Town Trustees of Sheffield have decided to purchase twenty acres of land in the outskirts of the town, for the purpose of a park and recreation ground. The cost is to be £14,000. A few months ago the Corporation of Sheffield purchased a park at a cost of £1,800, and the land to be purchased by the Town Trustees is in proximity to it.

Mdlle. Eugenie Benard, a young lady only eight years of age, made her *début* as a pianiste at M. Riviere's Concerts, at Covent Garden Theatre. Her performance of "The Eolian Harp," which was enthusiastically applauded, showed the careful instruction she has undergone, and gives much promise for her future career.

The late Mr. Joseph Taylor Winnard, M.R.C.S., Eng., who practised for many years at Wigan, has bequeathed the residue of his property to the Mayor of Wigan for the time being for the purpose of purchasing books for the proposed free library. The amount is stated to be nearly £30,000.

The Queen attended the parish church of Crathie on Sunday, and took part in the celebration of the half-yearly communion. The Countess of Erroll, Lady Flora Macdonald, and the gentlemen of the Court also sat at the communion table. The Rev. Dr. Taylor was assisted by the Rev. Henry Cowan, of Aberdeen.

"A strong prejudice," writes a lady, "exists on the part of the natives of India against European education and Christianity. A few instances occur of converts in the true sense of the term; but I am sorry to say too many leave their own castes for what they can get by the change. I was once hiring a servant, and asked him, 'What caste are you?' 'Oh,' said he, with a broad grin, 'I am mistress's caste—I can eat and drink anything.'"

The San Diego (California) *Union* states that a favourite pastime there at present is to place a mouse and a tarantula in a large bottle, and let them fight it out. A combat of this description, in which the spider, after a severe contest, succumbed to the mouse, is narrated in true prize-ring style by the *Union.*

While President Grant was attending the fair at Westminster, Md., recently, a poor old negro woman grasped him by the hand and exclaimed, with tears running down her cheeks, "Thank God, Masser, you added years to my life by setting me free—you and Massee Lincoln, and I pray for you, and bless you every night of my life for doing that. God bless you, Masser! you and Lincoln—God bless you both."

In a paper on the legends and history of certain plants, read recently before the society of Natural History at Eastbourne, the following curious detail occurs:—"In France the fleur de lys is so named by a corruption of fleur de Louis; it does not represent, as is generally supposed, the flower of a lily, but an iris, which was the emblem adopted by Louis VII. on leaving for the Crusades, and was worn by the successors of that Monarch." From fleur de Louis came fleur de loys and then fleur de lys.

A meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture was held in London, on Tuesday, at the "Salisbury" Hotel, Fleet-street; Sir H. H. Beach, M.P., in the chair. Amongst the subjects for discussion were the pressure of local taxation, the propriety of granting compensation to tenant farmers for the value of unexhausted improvements, the best means of extending middle-class education in rural districts, and the present system of outdoor relief to paupers, and the alleged injustice of the malt-tax.

A football match which excited a great deal of interest came off last Saturday afternoon on Parker's-piece, Cambridge. The competitors were twenty members of the Richmond Club and twenty of the University. After one of the most exciting contests ever known, the game ended in a draw, neither party achieving a goal within the prescribed time. The enjoyment of the game, which was played according to the Rugby rules, was sadly marred by an accident which occurred almost at the commencement. Mr. Sprot, of Trinity College, got an untoward fall, by which his right forearm was fractured. The limb has been set, and there are no unfavourable symptoms.

M. Magne, the French Minister of Finance, has issued his report. He estimates the expenses of the war at 8,739,000,000 francs (£349,560,000). Of the sums borrowed from the Bank 110,000,000 francs have already been repaid, and 211,000,000 francs are still due. This latter sum and the arrears of the public loans amount to 606,000,000 francs. The deficit for 1874, estimated at 178,000,000 francs, M. Magne meets by reductions in the expenditure and an increase of existing taxes. This he estimates would yield 191,000,000 francs, thus showing a surplus of about 16,000,000 francs.

Mr. Buckmaster's cookery class at the International Exhibition has for the present closed. In his last lecture he mentioned that the school had been opened for thirty weeks, during which time he had addressed nearly sixty thousand persons, and had delivered two and sometimes three lectures daily, or altogether 350. For the past three weeks the attendance had been greater than at any previous period. What form the school would assume in the future it was impossible for him to say. The committee engaged in making the arrangements for a permanent practical school would, in all probability, shortly publish their scheme.

At a meeting the other evening, Mr. Spurgeon complained that inconsiderate people sometimes put questions to him which it was very unpleasant to answer, instancing that a gentleman asked him what the Tabernacle would do when he was dead. He answered this question with another, "Pray, sir, what will your wife do when you are dead?" His interrogator changed the subject. At the same meeting, Mr. Spurgeon remarked on the large number of pound notes which he received from Scotland, in support of the benevolent institutions connected with the Tabernacle.

The *Daily News'* Special Correspondent at Cape Coast Castle, says that, according to information which has been received there, the King of Ashantee has sworn that he will take the place or perish with his whole army in the attempt. Two separate bodies of his forces, one of 20,000 and another of 12,000 men had crossed the Prah. All the necessary preparations had been made to receive them. The bush had been cleared, a scheme of defence drawn up, arrangements made for landing the marines at a moment's notice, and for the co-operation of the fleet. Another Correspondent speaks in very unfavourable terms of the Fantees, as perhaps the most despicable race in Africa, who have lost, under our protection, any little manliness they ever possessed. They beg for food, he says, and then actually ask to be paid for carrying it home!

A great number of valuable articles—such as horse trappings adorned with turquoise and other precious stones, arms, carpets, and shawls—were found in the palace of the Khan of Khiva, and in that of his favourite, Begi Mat Murad, by the Russian troops. A sum of money was also discovered in kokans (a silver coin worth about 80 kopecks), the total value of which was about 48,000 roubles. No gold coins were found, the Khan having ceased to strike coins of that metal some time ago. Some of the articles found in the palace had evidently come from Europe; among them were several sewing machines. Among the arms were rifles after the Carl system, and English cartridges, and in the laboratory there were some Minnié bullets, which had just been cast.

During the week ending Saturday last 5,491 births and 3,706 deaths were registered in London and twenty other large cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The natural increase of population was 1,785. The mortality from all causes in these towns was at the rate of 26 deaths annually to every 1,000 persons estimated to be living. In the metropolis 2,470 births and 1,653 deaths were registered, the former having been 100, and the latter 103, in excess of the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. Two persons died from small-pox, 103 from measles, 12 from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria, 41 from whooping-cough, 42 from different forms of fever, and 21 from diarrhoea: thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 231 deaths were referred, against 171 and 199 in the two preceding weeks. In supplying these facts, the Registrar-General states that the unseasonably cold weather, with sharp frosts, which prevailed throughout the greater part of last week, unfavourably affected the general death-rate last week, and especially the mortality from diseases of the lungs. It is impossible to estimate how far this result of the cold weather may have been aggravated by the present high price of coals.

THE DRINK AGAIN!

At the Central Criminal Court, John Ersting, 42, a tailor, has been indicted for feloniously wounding Eliza Ersting, his wife, with intent to murder her. The trial appeared to excite much painful interest.

The principal witness for the prosecution was Eliza Ersting, the prisoner's wife. She said, on the morning of the 19th September the prisoner came to the bed where she lay with her baby, and, seizing a flat-iron, beat her about the legs and arms with it. Her little daughter got the flat-iron from him, upon which he took up another and struck her again. She fell on the floor, and while she lay there he seized her with his teeth and bit two of her fingers. He then bit three pieces out of one of her wrists with his teeth. As she was making for the door he pushed her down with his fist, and while she lay on the floor he threw two heavy pieces of wood on her head and prevented her getting up. He next threw an earthenware pan of cold water over her, and struck her on the head with the pan. She tried to get up, upon which he took up a two gallon jar and beat her about the legs with it. He next tried to strangle her as she sat on a chair, beating her afterwards with his fists about the head and face, cutting the upper lip very much. His hands at that time were covered with blood. They were so bloody that they slipped. He next twisted her head round by the hair, and tried to break her neck, beating her while he did so. He beat her in the face until it became numb. He next seized her by the nose and bit part of it off. After he had done that he said he had had enough, and would go away for a time. He remained in the room, however, and made her pull his bloody shirt off, telling her at the same time to find him another. She got him another. She remembered nothing more. She had screamed "Murder!" again and again, but no one came to her assistance until the policeman arrived. That was on the Friday. On the Thursday evening, the night before, she had taken her two children to her mother's. He came there, broke the door in, and asked her to go home with him alone. She refused at first, but at length consented, taking her little girl with her. They went to bed, and they never exchanged a word all night. She had been married to him nineteen years, and he had been given to drink all his life. He had been in prison two months for assaulting her, and had declared on coming out he would kill her. He came out on the 8th of September. On returning home he asked her to go abroad with him and to leave the children behind, which she refused to do. Being cross-examined, witness said she had met him on his coming out of prison, and they both got drunk together on spirits. He went on drinking day after day. They had had a dispute the night before the assault about £2 which her son had sent her, and which he refused to give up. Upon that she struck him. At times, she said, he was "right down mad" and did not know what he was doing. On the morning in question he was like a raving maniac. She now said, as she was leaving the witness-box, that she did not wish to do him any harm. She had six children.

Mr. George Brown, the then house surgeon at Charing-cross Hospital, said on the morning of the 19th of September the prisoner's wife was brought there. She had then two contused wounds on the back of her head, an incised wound an inch and a half in length, extending to the bone on the forehead. Her face was very much swollen and bruised; she was unable to see; the tip of her nose had been bitten off. There were some marks of blood about her neck, her lips were very much swollen, and the upper lip was cut inside as if it had been struck against the teeth. She was bruised about the legs, and there was a wound on the left leg over the shin. Her arms were also bruised; there were teeth marks about the fingers and wrists. She was then perfectly sober; she had lost a great deal of blood; her clothes were quite saturated, and her life at that time was certainly in danger. He had to sew up a contused wound on one of her legs.

Mr. Griffiths, for the defence, argued that the injuries inflicted on the prosecutrix must have been committed when the prisoner was in a state of *delirium tremens*, or something approaching to it, which for the time deprived him of his senses to such an extent as not to know what he was doing. He submitted that there could have been no intent to kill, on the whole, as charged in the indictment, and that the most that could be said was that the prisoner had been guilty of unlawfully wounding.

Mr. Justice Archibald, in summing up the case to the jury, said, referring to the defence which had been set up for the prisoner, a man who indulged in drink might at any moment find himself at the bar of a criminal court, and he wished that men given to drinking would always bear that in mind. There was no doubt that the most serious injuries had been committed on the prosecutrix in this case, and the material question for the jury would be the intent with which the wounds had been inflicted. The law, he said, held no man excused for the commission of acts done while in a state of drunkenness. Although that might lead to *delirium tremens*, yet that would not excuse him. There was, besides, this sensible rule of law that a man must be taken to know the natural consequences of his acts and to intend what he did, unless he could explain it in some other way.

The jury found a verdict on the minor count of committing the offence with which he was charged, with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

Mr. Justice Archibald, in passing sentence, said no one who had heard the evidence could have the smallest doubt of the propriety of the verdict of the jury. The prisoner's conduct had been most brutal, and it was seriously aggravated by the circumstance that he had already had a warning by which he had not profited. In fact he was barely out of prison before he again inflicted upon his wife most grievous and serious injuries, putting her life in imminent peril. It was impossible to deal justly with such a case, except by passing an exemplary sentence, not merely as a punishment to the prisoner, but as a warning to those who like himself indulged in the evil habit of intemperance, and a course of brutal treatment to women. He sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

The prisoner said, "Thank you, my Lord," and left the dock.

HALLOWE'EN AT BALMORAL CASTLE.

The old Scottish festival of Hallowe'en, the observance of which has gradually been falling into neglect in Scotland, has of late years been revived on Deeside, and this year unusual preparations were made at Balmoral Castle to celebrate the occasion. Shortly before six o'clock on Friday evening (the 31st ult.), the cottagers, gillies, and labourers from the eastern part of the Balmoral estate mustered some distance to the east end of the castle, and four abreast, each man carrying a torch. In this form they proceeded up the western avenue, and were met by her Majesty, who, in her carriage, was escorted by the tenantry on the western part of her domains, also carrying torchlights. The two bodies here joined, and all marched in the direction of the castle, headed by the Queen's pipers, playing appropriate airs. On arriving at the main entrance to the castle her Majesty alighted from her carriage and, preceded by the pipers and followed by the large body of torch-bearing tenantry, walked on foot by the west side of the castle. Having completed the circuit of the castle, the procession again halted in front of the principal doorway, where dancing was begun, to the strains of the bagpipes, by the light of a bonfire. Reels and strathspeys followed each other in quick succession, her Majesty remaining an interested spectator until a late hour in the night.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL.

In the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday, on coming into Court, Mr. Justice Keating, who was much affected, said:—In view of the melancholy event which has deprived this Court of its chief, had we consulted our own feelings we should have been disposed to adjourn the business. But so persuaded are we that such a course would be opposed to his wishes and feelings, who would not have desired the public interest to be postponed to any other consideration, we have abandoned that intention. The Court has sustained a most severe and serious loss—one to be deeply and acutely felt by every member of it. A most accomplished lawyer and distinguished Judge has passed away; no man ever sat on this or any other bench of justice more ardently desirous of faithfully discharging his duties.

The Solicitor-General (Mr. Henry James, Q.C.) said,—In the absence of my learned friend the Attorney-General, I have been requested by my brethren of the Bar to express to your Lordships the deep and sincere regret with which we have learnt the death of Sir William Bovill. My Lords, we all know him as Chief Justice of this Court, and in him we all recognized a Judge singularly earnest in his determination to do justice to every suitor who came before him, and one who conspicuously fulfilled the first duty of an English Judge in seeing that right was ever done. To some of us it was given to know him more intimately. Those of us who had been his associates at the Bar ever found in him an honourable opponent or a loyal colleague; and full well we learnt to know that his vigorous intellect and his great earnestness secured to every client who intrusted his interests to his hands the truest and sincerest advocacy the English Bar could provide. Some there are, my Lords, who knew him better yet, and those will mourn him most. Such of us as, may be, like your Lordships, enjoyed his private friendship, learnt how loving and gentle he was to those who were of him—how generous in his friendship to his associates, how considerate to those who were dependent on him, and how open and generous his hand to those who needed aid. If it be true that to live in the hearts of those we love is not to die, Sir William Bovill has not passed away from among us. A generation must go and some ere some of us will forget to mourn him, and ere every one of those for whom I have spoken, every member of the English Bar ceases to mention his name in regard and respect.

THE FARMERS' CLUB.

The first meeting of this club, after the usual long recess, took place in London on Monday evening, at the Salisbury Hotel; Mr. J. Thompson, of Badminton, Chippenham, in the chair. The question for consideration introduced by Mr. J. J. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, Kelvedon, being stated as follows:—"Are not most of our losses by live stock preventible?" The Chairman, in his introductory remarks, alluded briefly to the late harvest, and said he hoped the deficiency would not prove so great as it has been supposed to be; adding that he was glad to be able to say that the agitation which existed in the labour market at the time of their last meeting (May) had considerably abated, and he trusted that there was now a better feeling between employers and employed. Mr. Mechi, in treating the subject of the evening, contended that, physically, human beings and cattle were to a great extent alike, being equally dependent for health on good food, regularity in feeding, and proper shelter. Among the best means of preventing disease, he specified careful avoidance of contact with animals which were already suffering from it, and the adequate draining of heavy land, so that cattle would not in lying down be exposed to damp with its attendant evils. It had been doubted whether pleuro-neumonia was infectious. There could be no better proof that it was so than the fact that a single cow introduced it into Australia, where it was never known before, and caused the loss of £1,000,000, the evil being at last effectually stopped by the adoption of the practice of innoculation. He estimated the total value of the live stock of this country at £208,000,000, and the annual loss from diseases of various kinds at 3 per cent., or £6,000,000.

A long discussion ensued, in the course of which several speakers advocated slaughter as the only effectual prevention of pleuro-neumonia; while it was generally insisted that more stringent restrictive precautions should be applied to foreign importations of cattle and also to importations from Ireland.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr. Mechi.

BEGINNING EARLY!

At the Guildhall police-court, in London, Edward Engledew, aged 16, a shopboy, and Harry Tucker, aged 15, warehouseboy, both in the employ of Mr. Russell, pawnbroker, 37, Fore-street, City, were charged, on remand, with stealing about £10 in money and also watches, chains, gold studs, and other goods to the value of about £100, the property of their employer. Last Saturday night week, after the manager had put the silver in the strong room, Engledew went in with some books and took the bag of silver out. The two prisoners were up all night on the Saturday packing up the goods, and at seven o'clock on Sunday morning Tucker went for a cab. When it arrived he began to load it with the property, while Engledew assisted in bringing to the door the parcels they had packed up.

William Smith, detective sergeant, saw the cab drive up to Mr. Russell's door, and watched it, and eventually went up to Tucker and said "Is this all right? Where are you going?" and he replied "Yes, it is all right, I am going to Lynn with my brother." He asked him if the housekeeper knew he was going, and he said she did. Smith took Tucker to the side door and saw Engledew. The gas in the place was full on, and a number of parcels were placed near the door ready for removal. He rang the bell, and Engledew said, "Can't you do something else with us without taking us to the police-station?" Smith then charged them with stealing the goods, and sent them to the station in charge of an officer, when they both began to cry. On Tucker he found three purses containing £4 13s. in silver, a silver watch and gold chain and locket, three gold studs, three gold pins, three gold keys, a cigar-case, and other property; and on Engledew he found £4 13s. 3d. in money, a silver watch, two gold studs, a purse, and a gold pin. They stated that the goods all came from the stock. Tucker said, "The robbery was concocted a fortnight ago, and we have been staying up all night packing the goods." It appeared that the boys had been reading the *Headless Pirate, Lightning Dick*, the *Young Detective, Margaret Catchpole; or, the Female Horsestealer, Footpad, Smuggler, Prison Breakers and Murderers*, and similar books.

Mr. Russell identified the property as his, and said that he wished publicly to thank Smith for what he had done in the matter, for if it had not been for him the prisoners would have got clear off with everything.

Alderman Allen said he supposed they would not have £5 for what they took with the exception of the watches and jewelry. Mr. Russell said he thought not considering the manner in which they would have had to dispose of them. Mrs. Tucker, who had been left a widow with a large family, pleaded for her son, and Mr. Russell thought that Tucker had got hold of some bad companions who had prompted him to all that he had done, and he had led Engledew astray. The prisoners pleaded "Guilty," when the magistrate sentenced them each to two months' imprisonment and hard labour.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING on EDUCATION.

In London, on Sunday evening, Archbishop Manning delivered a discourse at St. John's, Duncan-terrace, Islington, in aid of the Schools Fund. In the course of his observations he said he was compelled by duty to speak on a matter which was of vital importance to all—viz., the Christian education of children. It was the custom at the present day to talk about children as if they were chattels. Legislators, declaimers, and theorists laid down doctrines of education, and talked of children as if they belonged to the State, and could be driven hither and thither into this school and into that by some supreme power. That was once the doctrine of the world. It was preached to old Pagan Rome. But the Incarnation had changed all that. A little child was not now a thing or a chattel. He was a heir of the kingdom of heaven. He had rights of his own, and those rights no man could take away. If there was one thing in England which was written in the laws as well as in the hearts of the people, it was this—that fathers and mothers have a right to control the education of their children, under the guidance and direction of the Church of God, to which parents and children, pastors and people, were alike subject. They heard every day of their lives about State education. What was State education? If parents neglected their children the Church ought to correct them. If the children grew up wild and broke the laws the State had the power to punish, but no authority of man can say to parents, "Your children shall be taught in this way or in that without religion." Therefore, they were at this moment in danger of unconsciously accepting as true doctrines that were perniciously false. No Catholic child should be in a secular school if he had the power to prevent it. This month the elections for the School Board would take place. He would ask them to take care to vote only for the candidate who would pledge himself to maintain by all means in his power the religious and Christian education of the people of England, and so maintain it that no one shall meddle or interfere with the freedom of the religion of his neighbour.

BISHOP ELLICOTT ON RITUALISM.

At the Bristol Cathedral, on Sunday, Bishop Ellicott preached on the teaching of the Church of England on the subject of Confession of Sins. He spoke of the extreme reluctance with which he took up the subject, but said the times required personal feeling and predilections to be put aside and the clear call of duty to be meekly obeyed. The subject had been forced forward by strange and novel demands, and still more by the avowed prevalence of a system which affected more seriously the personal relations of the sinner to the Saviour than any other which could be named in the realm of vital religion. Hence, for those whom God had placed in responsible positions to be silent or evasive was to incur the charge of heavy failure of duty at a critical time, and of unfaithfulness, and even disloyalty, to the Church in which they had been appointed to be teachers and guides of their fellow-men. He then put the question, What is gathered from our formularies or the teaching of the Church of England on the subject of Confession, and especially on confession to a minister of God's Word and Sacraments? and said the answer was found indirectly set forth in the articles involved in the Ordination Service, and more especially alluded to in the exhortation in the Holy Communion and in the service of the Visitation of the Sick. Proceeding to carefully analyze the teaching in each of these important particulars, his Lordship came to the conclusion, in respect to the articles, that they distinctly excluded from the sacraments Penance or Absolution, and also indirectly disavowed any so-called sacramental benefits or efficacies connected either with the one or the other; in fact, as the Upper House of Convocation of that Province had rightly declared, the Church of England knew no such term as Sacramental Confession. The Ordination Service was then examined, as to what might be fairly gathered from it as to the meaning of the confessedly unreserved commission—"Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained;" and his Lordship remarked that, precise as were the questions in the service, inclusive, as well as heart-searching, as were the terms of the solemn charge that was addressed to the candidates, no allusion was to be found to Confession or to the receiving of Confession—not a line that could justify the unreserved application of the great words of the commission to the duty of hearing. And, he asked, if the hearing of confessions were to form the great part of the priest's office, which now they were told it certainly ought to form, if their people ought all to be urged to confess before receiving the Holy Communion, was not the omission of all allusion to such a weighty duty in a service so explicit as the Ordination Service one of the most startling and inexplicable omissions that could be possibly conceived? Three ministrations were plainly alluded to—the Word and Doctrine of Christ, the Sacraments, and Discipline—and yet not one word on confession. Nay, more; did not the very words in the concluding part of the commission, when read, in connexion with the remarkable words in the exhortation of the Communion Service, add, he believed, at the last revision—"that, by the ministry of God's Holy Word, he may receive the benefit of Absolution"—carry with them the true mind of the Church of England in reference to the great quotation from St. John which found its place in the priest's commission. He came, therefore, to the conclusion that the solemn words of the Ordination Service gave power first to exercise spiritual discipline as the formularies might prescribe and their laws might sanction; secondly, and in the special matter of Confession and Absolution—that they gave authority to declare publicly God's pardon to the penitent—to impart privately by the ministry of the Word the benefit of Absolution to such as might be recommended by the Prayer-book to apply for it, and in the case of sicknes, and under certain conditions carefully specified, to pronounce and declare it. More than this could not possibly be asserted or claimed. Then came the question, Who were those who were recommended by the Church of England to confess their sins to God's ministers? and in reply the preacher asked whether the judgment of the Church was not fully expressed in the words of one of her wisest and most loyal sons—"Private confession to be made unto the minister is neither commanded by priest nor necessary to salvation." The sick in body and the sick in soul—in a word a burdened conscience—whether before approach to the Lord's table or whether the shadow of Death might be gathering round, was the one case, and the only case, in which the Church England deemed that her heart-searching public confession and absolution might be not enough for inward woe of a distrusting, and perhaps despairing, soul, and in which she allowed, and in the case of the sick advised, the confession of sin to her authorised minister. This, he unhesitatingly asserted, was the only case; and he was prepared to go further, and to say that not only did their Church thus restrict and limit the use of private confession, but that they might collect by inference that she meant to restrain and discourage it. In proof of this contention the preacher pointed out that certain words, such as "auricular confession" and "confession," and a rubric allowing a form of absolution to be used in all private confessions, which appeared in former editions of the Prayer-book, were deliberately removed from the editions now in use; and, further, that the placing of the forms of Public Confession and Absolution at the beginning of the services was significant of a design that they should supersede the Private Confession and Absolution of the first Prayer-book. He argued from this that they were justified in saying that private confession, except in the case of a deeply-burdened conscience, was not only not sanctioned by the Church of England, but even inferentially discouraged. And must not (said the preacher) our final and sorrowful judgment be that all those who are enjoining general or habitual confession, or who are directly or indirectly encouraging it, are acting against the spirit and mind of the Church of England, and are introducing among us the most destructive and dangerous characteristic of an alien and repudiated system?

AN OLD BALLAD RECAST.

(From *Punch*.)

'TWAS a Prince on the Saltzburg road did chance
To meet a fair maid, MAMZELLE LA FRANCE;

His face 'neath her bonnet he ventured to poke,
Though modest, and thus the maid bespoke:—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I wish you could tell me, *mon Prince*," she said.

"Your friends say I 'm going, as fast as I can,
To the bottomless pit of the big black man;

"But Gambetta swears, take his advice,
And I 'm bound for the Earthly Paradise,

"And M. Thiers tells me, but follow *his* clue,
And the land of Cockayne 'twill lead me to—

"Where the trees ready-roasted chickens grow,
And the rivers run Burgundy and Bordeaux."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"A wardrobe of caps, besides that on my head:

"Of caps, and cockades that belong thereto,
From red *pur et simple*, to red, white and blue."

"What of the white one, my pretty maid?"
"Out of the question, Sir," she said.

"But white is *my* colour, my pretty maid."
"Your colour is not mine, then, Sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"I never asked you, Sir," she said.

"There's mistake between, my pretty maid."
"You've your friends to thank for it, Sir," she said.

SIR ANTONIO BRADY ON AMERICA.

In London, on Tuesday evening, Sir Antonio Brady lectured before the members of the Whitechapel Foundation School Literary Society, at Leman-street, on his recent visit to America. The lecturer gave an entertaining account of Transatlantic customs and institutions, and of the varied experiences attending a three months' tour through the States and Canada. In the course of his address he referred to the vast mineral resources of the Shenandoah Valley, lately rendered more accessible by the opening of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, connecting Richmond, Virginia, with the Missouri River. This district, he said, embraced, besides extensive tracts of the best hematite ore, unequalled in the manufacturing of ordnance, a coal-field larger than all those of Great Britain added together; and instead of going down 400 yards for a 20-inch seam, as our coalowners did, they took no heed of any lying deeper than four feet from the surface, so plentiful was the supply of the mineral. The coal seams dipped uniformly towards the west, and by working from the opposite point of the compass the mines were made to drain themselves. Moreover, little or no timbering or mechanical appliances were needed, and owing to the uneven formation of the country most of the mines could be worked in the light of day. The district lay some 300 miles only from the seaboard, whilst westward the rivers Kanawha and Ohio opened up a navigation of 2,000 miles. The development of the coalfield had given an impetus to iron manufacture, and already seventeen furnaces had been erected in the locality. The lecturer prophesied a great future for the trade of the Shenandoah Valley, and apprehended a serious interference with British industries. His remarks were very attentively listened to and frequently applauded, and at the termination of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Sir Antonio for its delivery.

SUICIDE BY POISON.

In London, last Saturday, Mr. C. St. Clare Bedford held an inquest at the Board-room, Ebury-bridge, Pimlico, on the body of Martin Louis Harpes, a courier, who committed suicide by taking laudanum at his house, 72, Stanley-street:—

Mr. Joseph Dean, living at Croydon, identified the deceased as his brother-in-law, who was a courier, and had been through the Franco-German war with Dr. Russell, *The Times*' correspondent. Throughout that period the fatigue was very great, and deceased had often to go twenty miles on horseback in the night with a letter to catch the mail. No doubt the anxiety had worked on his health and also on his mind, for he was different after he returned. He had been very dull, and there were many signs he was not recently in his right mind.

Mrs. Harpes said that her husband had been different for some time past. On Tuesday he went to Clapham, and on his return after nine o'clock behaved unkindly to her, and shut himself up in an anteroom where he occasionally slept, making up a bed on the floor. On the following morning, as she could not gain admittance, she broke open the door with a chopper and found him lying on the floor insensible and moaning. On medical aid arriving he was found to have taken laudanum, and a paper was on the table on which he had written, "Oh! Annie, forgive me for all my past faults. My best wishes to William and all his family." William was her brother. The deceased was a most kind and affectionate husband.

Dr. Hartley, of 31, Warwick-square, deposed to being called in on Tuesday morning. Deceased was suffering from the effects of laudanum. He rallied after vigorous treatment, and said he had bought threepennyworth at five different shops on the previous day. A change came on late in the day, and he died about 18 hours after witness was called in.

Mr. A. Hart, chemist, Warwick-street (whose label was on a bottle found in the room), remembered selling a pennyworth of laudanum to a tall person on the Monday for toothache. He properly labelled the bottle "Laudanum—poison," and should not have sold a large quantity to any one without inquiry.

A juror remarked that poison ought not to be sold to any one except in the presence of a witness.

The Coroner said the Act required certain precautions in the sale of certain poisons, such as strychnia, aconite, and others, but not laudanum, except such as the chymist had in the present case adopted.

The daughter of the deceased wished to say that her father latterly would cry for hours, and at times burst into tears during the meals in great apparent distress of mind, for which there was no cause.

The jury, after a lengthened inquiry, returned a verdict of "Suicide by taking laudanum while in a state of unsound mind."

In the first seven months of the financial year the Exchequer receipts amounted to £40,664,776, as compared with £40,133,187 in the corresponding period of the previous year. The expenditure has been £47,654,219. On Saturday last the balance in the Bank of England was £1,703,984.

There was a large assembly of clergy of the dioceses of London, Winchester, and Rochester at St. Paul's on Tuesday morning, when addresses were delivered by the bishops of the three sees respecting the missionary enterprise proposed to be undertaken by them next year.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The *Daily News* (in a leader on Monday) says that if the Comte de Chambord's letter were a formal instead of a practical renunciation of the throne, if it were an abdication in favour of his heir apparent, the position of the Royalists, though discouraging enough, might not be so desperate as it now is. The Comte de Paris might then, at least, be proposed as a King, though it is doubtful whether he would be accepted. But the Comte de Chambord does not abdicate. The Comte de Paris has disavowed any claim to the throne except in succession to the Comte de Chambord, and that disavowal has been renewed since the publication of the Salzburg letter. For him there is no throne vacant so long as a representative of the elder Bourbon line lives and declines to abdicate. France has to choose, then, between Bonapartism and the Republic; and it is impossible to doubt what its choice will be—whether it be made through the organ of the existing Assembly or by the election of a new Chamber. The majority of the Assembly on both sides is so deeply pledged to the assertion of its own constituent powers, that it will probably proceed to exercise them. In the view of the *Daily News* the Assembly lacks authority for this purpose, which can properly be given it only by the direct and deliberate voice of the nation. But there is a difference, it must be admitted, between the act of an Assembly which should give effect, though it be irregularly, to the opinions of the people clearly declared by various indications, and that of an Assembly which should use its assumed sovereignty to set aside and even to reverse the national will. If the members of the Right Centre are capable of learning any lesson from experience, they must be aware that they made a fatal mistake when they overthrew M. Thiers, and substituted a Government of combat for a Government of reconciliation.

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

Unrequited love is said to be the toothache of the soul, but a little gold filling usually stops it.

A sensitive American gentleman says that to kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

Counsel (to witness)—"Now, sir, what is the character of the plaintiff in this suit?" Witness—"Her character is slightly matrimonial." Counsel—"What do you mean by a slightly matrimonial character?" Witness—"She's been married seven times."

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, and with her little lips she said, "An umbrella will do as well."

Smith, the American poet-laureate, received an order to write a birthday sonnet for a gentleman's wife, who enclosed ninepence in stamps. The following is the result:—

"Dearer still and dearer coal,
So thou growest every day:
O my love, my life, my soul!
How the money melts away!"

A judge at Montgomery, Alabama, recently interrupted a very flowery young orator with, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher! You are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

Here is a love story. "Angelica, is anybody a-courtin' on ye" inquires an anxious young man. "Wal, yes," said Angelica, "they's a feller kinder sorter courtin' on me an' kinder sorter not, but rather more kinder sorter not than kinder sorter. There are plenty of that sorter."

A mercantile firm has received a letter from a correspondent in Mississipi, saying:—"Gents, I am Due you 26 dollars 10-100 cents, which pleas hold up on me a few days I happen to a misfortune this day 2 weeks ago & I had to kill a man in Self Defence which my Lawer fee cost me 500,000 which hrows me behind a little I am all right now."

"The company that owns this road shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a train. "How can you help yourself? You've got to travel on the road, or move to some other part of the country," sneeringly remarked the guard who had offended her. "Why," retorted the lady, "I'll pay my fare to *you*, and then I'll be bound that the company will never get the money."

A young lady upbraided an admirer for his flirtations during a long absence. "You are too bad to be pardoned," she said; but if I discard you I shall punish myself most, and so I will ignore what is past, and enjoy your society as much as I can while I live, for when I die I shall never see you any more—I am going to heaven!"

A writer in a very creditable literary magazine recently started in Buffalo thinks the name of that city is in no way connected with the buffalo. "The first settlers," he says, "were French from Canada; and here they watered their herds in the Skajaquada; it was the place where they led the *bœuf à l'eau*."

An enterprising embalmer recently presented himself at Fort Klamath, where Captain Jack and the other Modoc prisoners were confined, and stated that he had made a bargain with Captain Jack for his body, showing a receipt which proved that the purchase money had been already paid. It was suggested by an officer that the body of Captain Jack belonged to the Government, whereupon the embalmer threatened legal proceedings in the civil courts, but ultimately concluded to open a correspondence on the subject with the Secretary of War. The exhibition of Captain Jack after death would doubtless pay extremely well; hence the application for his body.

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

COMPARATIVELY WELL OFF. — You hear people saying, "I've half a mind." Lucky folks to possess even so much as this! Many of us seem to have none at all.—*Punch*.

EXPLOSION AT A RAILWAY STATION. — On Sunday evening, an explosion took place at the Kew Gardens station of the London and South Western Railway, doing damage to the extent of about £200. It appears that the head porter had, about ten minutes previously, lighted the gas in the waiting-rooms on the up side, and while another porter was standing on a truck lighting the gas outside, an explosion followed, blowing out the windows and doors of both waiting-rooms, and destroying the ceilings. Several passengers as well as the booking-clerk had a narrow escape. The cause of the explosion was an accumulation of gas on the roof.

THE TERRIBLE RHETORIC OF FACTS.—*The Times*, in a leader commenting upon the French Budget, and the cost of the war with Germany, remarks:—

There is no rhetoric about it beyond the terrible rhetoric of facts. What was the public cost of the unhappy war of 1870-1? We do not speak of private losses not reimbursed by the Treasury; we make no account of devasted homesteads, of ruined harvests, of industry suspended, and household treasures ransacked and scattered. We simply take into our reckoning the expenses actually incurred, the indemnity paid, the commissions and charges incident to the loans that were raised. The total was £371,500,000. The imagination fails to realize the magnitude of the amount thus wasted. It is not much less than half our own National Debt. It is more than five times the revenue received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was raised and spent in little more than twelve months for naught, and worse than naught. If we ask what there is to show for this expenditure, we cannot go through the mischievous negative results it produced. The money was spent and is gone. First there came the loan of £30,000,000 negotiated at the commencement of the war, and then believed to be sufficient to defray its cost. The Morgan Loan, producing something more than £8,000,000 followed. The resources of the Bank of France were next attacked, and this mine proved so productive that it was quarried again and again, until a total sum of £61,200,000 was drawn from it. A debt of thirteen millions owed by the Eastern Railway Company was assumed by the State as part of the consequence of the surrender of the Eastern Provinces and the railways they contained. Loans of £80,000,000 and £120,000,000 were raised to pay off the indemnity exacted by the conqueror. Sales of national property, of Rentes that had been held as Sinking Funds, and extraordinary taxes imposed during the continuance of the war, made up the grand total of £371,500,000, which was the price paid for trying to assure the stability of the Empire by ministering to the diseased vanity of its friends and foes. If Empire and vanity were both gone for ever, even this cost might not be excessive.

A REMARKABLE SCOTCHWOMAN.—The *Scotsman* announces the death of Mrs. Janet Hamilton, the Coatbridge poetess, whom it describes as one of the most remarkable Scotch women of the present century. Janet Hamilton was the daughter of a working shoemaker, and although without education, the mother of a large family—she married at thirteen—and for many years towards the close of her life totally blind, yet contrived amid circumstances seemingly so adverse from first to last not only to store her mind by self-culture, but to produce poems and various other writings of no ordinary merit. About two months ago a number of Mrs. Hamilton's admirers, among whom were Lord Dalhousie, Lord Home, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, and Sheriff Bell, proposed to raise £100 to present to Mrs. Hamilton, but her death has rendered fruitless the kind design, except in so far as it has shown how many and warm friends she possessed. Mrs. Hamilton was in her seventy-eighth year.

SUICIDE OF A FOOTMAN. — An inquest has been held in London at the Board-room, Mount-street Grosvenor-square, on the body of Percy Hayling, a footman in the service of Mr. Drummond, of 11, Wilton-crescent. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased had been for several months suffering from severe pains in the head, and had frequently told his fellow-servants that he should some day destroy himself. On Wednesday in last week, the deceased having been absent from the kitchen for some time, the under-footman went up to his room at the top of the house, and on opening the door found the deceased dead with a gun lying across his body. The head of the deceased was shattered to pieces. The gun had recently been discharged, but no report of firearms had been heard by any one in the house. Dr. Hunter, of Wilton-place, said he was called on Wednesday afternoon, when he found the deceased lying on his back on the floor of his bedroom. His head had been blown to pieces. He had evidently before discharging the gun placed the muzzle inside his mouth, which would account for no report having been heard by the persons in the house. He had attended the deceased for some months, who had been suffering from pains in the head and depression of spirits. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased destroyed himself while in a state of temporary insanity.

THE CANINE MYSTERY.—Recent revelations in Spiritualism have suggested the probability that the inevitable dog that runs the gauntlet on a race-course is a supernatural being. Opinions are divided as to whether he is the same thing as "the Spectre Hound in Man," or an apparition of the original Dog in the Manger.—*Punch*.

DEATH OF A CHAMOIS HUNTER.—Jean Ragnetti, a celebrated Swiss chamois hunter, has just lost his life while pursuing his avocation. He started from the Splugen, in company with his brother and two other persons, to hunt in the direction of Suvers. He walked in advance of his comrades, when all at once the ground gave way under him and he was precipitated to the bottom of a deep ravine, where his body was found dreadfully disfigured.

KILLED BY THE FOG.—In London, on Monday, an inquest was held at the Westminster Hospital, on the body of Thomas Davis, aged 46.—It appeared that the deceased had been a serjeant in the 13th Hussars. He left the regiment last July, having completed his full term of service.—Charles Farmer, cabman, said that at nine o'clock the previous Thursday night, he was hailed by the deceased in Buckingham Palace-road, who ordered him to drive as fast as possible to Churton-street, Pimlico, as his breath was affected by the fog. While going along the Vauxhall-bridge-road the deceased stopped the cab, and said he felt so ill he would get out and go into a shop opposite. He got out of the cab and went into the shop, whence he was driven to the hospital, but died before arriving there.—The medical testimony showed that the cause of death was disease of the heart accelerated by the fog.—A verdict of "Natural Death" was returned.

FATAL SHIPWRECK.—At midnight on Friday, the 31st ult., the Norwegian barque *Roso*, Captain Haüge, with seven hands, of and for Frederickstadt, from Liverpool, with a cargo of salt, struck on the south part of the Goodwin Sands. The fore and main masts were immediately cut away, the vessel rolling tremendously, and the sea completely sweeping over her. The crew and captain took to the mizen rigging, where it is supposed they could in no way make known their distress, or the Ramsgate lifeboat and tug would have proceeded to render assistance. At about four a.m. on the 1st instant the vessel parted in two, and the whole crew were thrown into the water. The captain had a life-buoy with him. The second mate, Edwin Wang, of Moss, who is the only one left alive, managed to clutch a piece of the wreck, and floated away. He was picked up by the fishing smack *Lady Flora*, of Ramsgate, at noon the same day, about 15 miles W.S.W. of the North Sand Head. The mate was landed at Ramsgate on Sunday morning by the smack. The owner of the vessel was A. H. Kiær, Frederickstadt.

OUR LITTLE WAR.—It is said, by those who ought to know, that those who should have known better let us in for the Ashantee war by mismanaging their negociations and dealings on our behalf with King Coffee to such a degree as to amount to provocation, of which they have given Coffee grounds.—*Punch*.

PRODUCTION OF BUTTER FROM CONDENSED MILK.—Last Friday a most interesting and useful experiment was made in the International Exhibition, South Kensington, butter of a good quality being produced from Hooker's condensed milk. The milk has been made over two years and exposed in an open vessel to all atmospheric influences. It had also been in the quadrants of the Exhibition since last March, where the most varying changes of temperature take place. The success of Mr. Hooker's process is certainly a fact, and sufficiently demonstrated by the extraordinary test to which it has been subjected, for while champagne and other wines have been destroyed in the same department Mr. Hooker's milk has remained quite sweet and good. The butter from this condensed milk was made with an ordinary churn in three minutes. The intrinsic value of this experiment is in the indication it gives of becoming one of the means of increasing a wholesome article of our food supply.

NOMINAL NONSENSE.—The Russians, according to the *Moscow Gazette*, have laid the first stone of a fortress to be erected under the name of Petro Alexandrovsk, and to harbour a garrison of Cossacks on the Oxus. It may reassure some persons interested in the Eastern Question to consider that the Oxus is very far from flowing, as they might surmise it from its name to do, into the Bos-phorus.—*Punch*.

AN ICELANDIC WEDDING. — (From the *Graphic*).—These ceremonies are naturally rare in such a thinly-peopled country, and the guests come from long distances (as much as 60 miles), and all on horseback. A horse often carries the father, his wife (astride), with a baby on her back, and a couple more youngsters. Some 200 horses were hobbled or turned loose round the church. The visitors, after sitting down on the grass to change their wet stockings, entered the house, whence, after imbibing sundry refreshments, they presently emerged, headed by the bride and bridegroom, and marched to the church, singing a dismal ditty. The company were dressed, as usual, in a kind of coarse black woollen cloth, the girls' dresses were very gay, having the skirts embroidered with ornamental foliage in blue and green, and the bodies worked with silver round the neck, wrists, and back. The bride wore a large white headdress and long veil, studded with silver stars, and the priest was gorgeous in a crimson velvet robe and Elizabethan ruff. The ceremony was very long, but the congregation did not find it tedious, as they went out at intervals to take drinks and chat, besides which they took an enormous quantity of snuff. This did not enhance the solemnity of the scene, and our correspondent's gravity was completely upset when the clergyman stopped in the middle of his blessing to spit thrice with great velocity and accuracy into the middle of the nave.

HYACINTH CULTURE IN BEDS. — As soon as the summer flowers have been removed from the beds, have them deeply dug and well manured for the reception of the hyacinths. This should take place in October, and, besides digging the beds, they ought to be neatly edged if on grass. Proceed next to plant after this plan:—First line the bed regularly into divisions of nine inches between rows, and dibble holes on the lines eight inches apart, then plant the roots into the holes so that they are three inches below the surface. When the bed has become completed it is advisable to plant close to the margin a line of crocus, inserting them three inches apart. The crocus will be the first to make a feature in the spring, and will continue to impart a lively effect to the bed up to the period when the hyacinths bloom. When the flower stems reach a height which endangers their being broken by wind or rain they should be supported by means of short stakes. These should reach no further than the base of the flower-spike; and, when the flowers have withered, lose no time in removing the flower-stems, but preserve the foliage to the last moment you can allow them to occupy the bed, which will in a great measure favour the ripening of the roots.—*The Garden*.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A SCHOOLMASTER.— Now, a schoolboy is an animal whose main object in life is to get into mischief; and every scrape which his fertile ingenuity suggests to him may possibly be the cause of petty vexation to his master. A schoolmaster with a large house is a man who can never call half an hour his own. He cannot calculate upon finishing a meal or reading a newspaper without danger of interruption. Except in the holidays, which are not more than enough to give him a chance of recovering his strength, he is exposed to one incessant series of troublesome interruptions. If a boy has a pain in that vague but perverse organ, his "inside"; if he tumbles into a stream, or has a dispute with one of his fellows, or hurts himself at football, or runs into debt with a confectioner, or breaks windows or gets into any of the thousand and one little troubles for which the schoolboy has a preternatural facility, he may be starting a series of annoyances which will worry the schoolmaster's life out of him. The parent will hold him responsible for anything that happens; and a temporary relaxation of watchfulnes may be punished with tenfold severity. In short, the very theory of a schoolmaster's life is, that you catch the most cultivated scholar and gentleman whom you can get for the money, set him down to be worried by thirty or forty lads, each of whom is too troublesome to be managed at home, and require him by perpetual vigilance to keep them out of any serious mischief.—*From Cornhill Magazine*.

CHINESE TELEGRAPHS. — M. Viguier, of Shanghae, has imagined a very simple system for the transmission, by telegraph, of Chinese messages, and the plan is at this moment adopted at Shanghae and Hong-Kong by the Great Northern Telegraph Company. The Chinese writing cannot be reproduced by the ordinary telegraphic apparatus; consequently, to permit the Celestials to send telegrams in their own language, M. Viguier has devised the following expedient:—Of the 41,000 characters which compose Chinese writing, 7,000 only are employed ordinarily, and are indispensable for every-day requirements. It being established that every educated Chinese ought to know at a glance to which of the two hundred and fourteen radicals each character relates M. Viguier has ranged in columns these seven thousand characters under their respective radicals, and affixed to each a number from 1 to 1,000. Thus disposed, the characters are printed on seven large sheets which the Chinese have to procure, and by means of which they can in a very short time find the signs they want. They write figures instead of letters, and in using certain conventional signs for the address and the signature, the message may be transmitted as easily as any other. The receiving-office is provided with a table bearing the same series of numbers from 1 to 1,000, and the corresponding characters. There is no doubt that the application of M. Viguier's system will give a great impulse to the use of the telegraph amongst the Chinese, and contribute powerfully to spread that mode of correspondence over the whole empire.

"THE BANQUET HALL DESERTED."—A curious dinner was given one evening last week at one of the principal restaurants in Paris Thirteen covers had been laid, but to the surprise of the waiters a single guest made his appearance, who, after pushing twelve chairs close to the table, as if they were engaged, quietly sat down and dined alone. The mystery was afterwards explained. Twenty years ago thirteen friends—amongst whom were Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, Count de Flahac, &c.—met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year on the same day, keeping the places of those who had died, as if their ghosts were to be present. The next year they were only eleven in number, two years after ten, then seven, and so on. The last but one was Count de Flavigny, who lately departed this life. The solitary guest at present was M. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A LADY.—In London, on Monday, an inquest was held at St. Thomas's Hospital, on the body of Mrs. Isabella Jinks, aged 49, the widow of a clerk in the Admiralty, who came by her death under the following circumstances:—A few days ago deceased was standing upon an old chair in the kitchen for the purpose of reaching some article from a shelf, when the seat of the chair gave way, and deceased falling on the back of the chair one of the back stays entered the abdomen, inflicting dreadful internal injuries. Dr. Scott was speedily in attendance, and having dressed the wound, ordered the removal of the deceased to the hospital, where she rapidly sank and expired. Dr. Boulger stated that the death of the deceased had resulted actually from pneumonia, which might or might not have been induced by the injury. The jury came to the conclusion that the pneumonia had not been induced by the accident, and returned a verdict accordingly.

THE COLLAPSE.—*Britannia*: "Then there's to be no wedding after all, my dear!"—*France*: "Ah, no, madame! Of course I should not have accepted Henri, had he asked me ever so much; but, in fact, *I was never asked at all!*"—*Punch*.

TRADES DEMONSTRATION IN GLASGOW.—On Saturday a monster trades demonstration took place in Glasgow, the object of which was the organisation of a palpable protest against the continued operation of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Upwards of sixty trades of the city and neighbouring towns were represented by an assemblage of over twenty thousand persons, who met in the forenoon on the green, and afterwards marched through the principal streets of the city. Each trade was headed by a band, and all displayed emblems of their crafts' banners and flags. The length of the procession may be gathered from the fact, that at a given point it took two hours to pass. After parading the streets, the processionists returned to the green amid a heavy downpour of rain. There four platforms were erected. Speeches—far fewer in number than was intended, owing to the inclemency of the weather—were delivered, and letters were read from several members of parliament, regretting their inability to be present, but sympathising with the object of the demonstration. The resolutions proposed and adopted at the different meetings were the same. The repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, for various reasons specified, was demanded. The meeting also protested against the criminal clauses of the Masters and Servants Act, and the application of the law of conspiracy to questions of labour; and resolved only to support those candidates for parliament who will support the foregoing resolutions. Copies of the resolutions are to be sent to the Scotch members of Parliament who have favoured the movement. One or two accidents have been reported as resulting from the crowding which occurred in certain districts—in one case an old man, who had been labouring under an asthmatic complaint was so severely crushed that he fainted, and died soon afterwards.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—MONDAY.

At Mark-lane to-day the grain trade has been quieter, owing to the dearness of money and to the large importations of foreign produce. English wheat has not been freely offered, nevertheless the market has been quiet at about late rates. There has been a large show of foreign wheat on the stands. Sales have progressed slowly at the prices previously current. The market has been moderately supplied with barley. For malting produce there has been a fair demand, and prices have ruled about 1s. per quarter more money. Other sorts have been quiet. Malt has changed hands quietly, at about late rates. The supply of oats has been moderate. Although quiet, the trade has been firm, and good sound corn has been 6d. per quarter dearer on the week. Maize has been steady in value, with a moderate demand. Beans have been disposed of at previous currencies. Peas have changed hands quietly, on former terms. The flour market has been without feature, and no change has taken place in the value of English or foreign produce.

MARK-LANE.—WEDNESDAY.

The grain trade at Mark-lane to-day has been without feature. English wheat has been rather scarce, but the demand has been quiet, and prices have been unaltered. With foreign wheat the market has been well supplied. Sales have progressed slowly, at about Monday's currencies. The supply of barley has been moderate, and malting produce has been in request, at full prices; otherwise the market has been quiet. Malt has been disposed of at previous prices. Sound oats a moderate inquiry.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The total imports of foreign stock into London last week consisted of 14,779 head. In the corresponding week last year we received 8,229, in 1871 16,308, in 1870 16,999, in 1869 10,849, and in 1868 7,899 head. A dull tone has pervaded the cattle trade to-day, business being hindered during the earlier hours by the fog. A full average supply of beasts has been on sale, but as usual, the general character of stock has been indifferent. For prime breeds there has been a moderate demand, and the extreme quotation paid for them has been 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. per 8lb. Secondary and inferior qualities have been dull, and lower to sell. From Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire, we have received about 1,800, from other parts of England about 700, inclusive of Welsh runts and Herefords, and from Ireland about 250 head. On the foreign side of the market there has been a moderate supply, including receipts from Tonning and Spain. Sales have progressed slowly, and inferior breeds have been lower in value. The market has been fairly supplied with sheep, and choice homebreds have been scarce. Nevertheless, the demand has ruled heavy. The best Downs and half-breds have made 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d. per 8lb., but the top quotation has been exceptional, whilst secondary sorts have been drooping in value. Foreign sheep have moved off heavily, at less money. The calf trade has been dull, at barely late rates. Pigs have been quiet, but tolerably firm. Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s.; prime Scots, &c., 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 10d.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10s.; large coarse calves, 4s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.; prime small ditto, 5s. to 5s 4d.; large hogs, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; small porkers, 5s. to 5s. 4d. Total supply—Beasts, 5,190; sheep and lambs, 17,280; calves, 360; and pigs, 125. Foreign: Beasts, 2,400, sheep and lambs, 10,230; calves, 200; and pigs, 25.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY.

The supplies of meat offering, though only moderate, were amply sufficient for the demand, and the quotations, as compared with this day week, showed a marked reduction. Per 8lb. by the carcase:—Inferior beef, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; middling ditto, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 6d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.; veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; inferior mutton, 3s. to 4s.; middling ditto, 4s. to 4s. 6d.; prime ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; large pork 4s. to 4s. 4d.; small ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.

POTATOES.

With fair supplies offering, inasmuch as the quantity is concerned, the trade for most kinds of potatoes continues steady, and prices remain without special alteration:—Kent Regents, 100s. to 120s.; rocks, 70s. to 90s.; kidneys, 110s. to 120s.; flukes and Victorias, 110s. to 130s. per ton.

HOPS.

There is a fair degree of animation in the demand for hops, both old and new, and prices exhibit much strength, but as yet no further improvement can be positively noted. There is no pressure on the part of holders, on the contrary, they appear indisposed to part with the better qualities of the last growth, the supply of which is extremely small. Foreign markets generally are very similar to our own:—East Kent Goldings, £3 10s. to £9 9s.; Mid Kents, £3 10s. to £9; Weald of Kents, £4 10s. to £7 7s.; Sussex, £4 to £6 15s.; Worcesters, £5 to £7 10s.; Farnhams and Country, £6 to £8 8s.; Yearlings, £4 to £6; Bavarians, £6 to £7; Alsace, £6 to £7.

SEED.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—There were a few samples of new English Cloverseed offering; those of fine quality were held very high, the yield not being well spoken of. Foreign qualities, both red and white, were quite as dear, but business passing in both sorts was limited. Fine Trefoil supported previous values for small parcels. White Mustardseed was purchased slowly at last week's currencies. A few samples of new brown were offering at moderate prices, but these were in limited request. Canaryseed brought full prices steadily. New Dutch Hempseed realised last week's prices. Fine samples of English Rapeseed commanded full prices steadily. Winter Tares were in good supply, and few being wanted, prices were rather lower.

PROVISION.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 3.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 565 firkins butter, and 3,895 bales bacon, and from foreign ports 27,996 packages butter, 1,596 bales, and 190 boxes bacon. In the Irish butter market there is so little business transacted that quotations are nominal. The supplies of foreign are good, and have met a steady sale at full prices. Bacon has met a steady sale at little or no alteration in prices during the week; best Waterford sizeable charged 76s. on board for orders.

TALLOW.

	s. d.		s. d.
Town Tallow, per cwt..	42 9	Rough Stuff, per cwt..	15 6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs...	1 11	Graves ..	19 0
Melted Stuff, per cwt...	30 6	Good Dregs ..	6 9

Yellow Russian, new.........41s. 6d. per cwt.
Ditto Ditto old.......... 0s. 0d. "
Australian Mutton Tallow....42s. 6d. "
Ditto Beef Ditto ....39s. 0d. "

HAY.

LONDON, Saturday, Nov. 1.—A large supply of hay and straw has been on sale here to-day. Trade has been quiet, and prime hay has declined 2s. to 3s. per load. Prime clover, 80s. to 135s.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime meadow hay 80s. to 84s.; inferior, 50s. to 70s.; and straw, 33s. to 40s. per load.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 28s. to 37s. 6d.; red ditto, 12s. to 21s. 6d.; roused ditto, 18s. to 24s. per barrel; kipper ditto, 2s. to 4s. 6d. per hundred; fresh ditto, 12s. to 22s. per barrel; bloater ditto, 2s. to 3s. 9d. per box; smoked haddocks, 20s. to 31s. 6d. per barrel; trawl ditto, 12s. to 22s.; ditto plaice, 18s. to 23s.; ditto whiting, 16s. to 18s. 6d. per basket; soles, 1s. 3d. to 4s per pair; mackrel, 2s. 6d to 3s. 6d.; lobsters, 12s. to 25s.; crabs, 12s. to 20s. per dozen; native oysters, £10 10s.; common ditto, 13s. to 30s. per bushel.

THE ROTHWELL TIMES. SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1873.

LITERATURE

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

"I should have to be an angel ontright," she said, laughing. "He thinks me perfection; thinks that I live on my salary! Pshaw! fifteen shillings a week, and always to be nicely dressed, and have good ornaments. How can we be honest?" she added, with more feeling than she had hitherto displayed. "Why, you must starve, Smith; you only get ten!"

"I do, sometimes," was the grave reply.

"Well, you shan't when I'm Mrs. Calcott. By the by, that's not his real name; I found that out too"

"Does he know that you know?"

"No; he shall, at my good pleasure; the knowledge will be very useful to me some time, but you won't tell—you won't spoil sport?"

"I won't intertere," said Miss Smith, "I don't want to spoil your sport, as you call it, Stella Morton, though I fancy it's no sport to him."

"No, he's in earnest enough; but you know what I mean; and I want you to come to me when we are married, to play propriety, you know, and be a sort of bridesmaid."

"When is it to be?"

"Saturday night; there's a long piece before the pantomime, and I shall have plenty of time."

"Then you won't be ready, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I shall; I give notice on Saturday—I shall stay out my fortnight; he thinks he has hoodwinked me finely with his poverty, and his humble home, all the storerooms of love in a cottage. Stella Morton's no fool, and that he will find!"

"There goes our scene," she went on, as the flute drew off, disclosing the orthodox fairy scene for the ballet. "Remember, Charlotte Smith, I don't want all the world to know I'm going to be married. I can do very well without all the confidences and astonishment that well follow my poor match. If I know Harry Calcott is rich, I am not going to tell any one."

"How did you find out?"

"That's my business," she replied gaily, as wreathing her face into the stereotyped smile, she bounded on to the stage.

CHAPTER II.

THE DROPPED LETTER.—THE MARRIAGE COMPLETED.—THE BLISSFUL DREAM.—DISENCHANTED.—COMING OF AGE.—SOLD TO THE DEVIL.

Charlotte Smith went her way to her humble lodgings, pondering much on what Stella Morton had told her. Was it true? she asked herself, that a girl who had to her knowledge refused more than one offer which would have settled her at any rate respectably in life, was going to link herself irrevocably to a poor student—for poor she did not doubt him to be, notwithstanding her assertion that he was rich. She had asked her again how she knew, but Stella had laughingly protested that she was not going to tell any one, but that she had positive proof of the fact," and Charlotte was fain to say no more on the subject. The fair bride elect was quite right, though she would not have liked any one to have known how she obtained her knowledge—any one, that is, who would be likely to tell her intended husband, for she was not over particular or scrupulous, and considered anything fair which tended to her own advancement and gratification. The facts were these. In the earlier days of their courtship, when Harry Calcott had hardly yet lost his heart and hand at her fairy feet, a letter had fallen from his pocket during one of their strolls; she saw it, but he did not, and with a quick movement, unobserved by him, she possessed herself of it, little dreaming of what importance its contents would be to her. She had no thought of Harry Calcott then but as the lover of a few short weeks, a useful attendant, a handsome escort, one out of whom she was to extract everything she possibly could, and to conveniently forget as soon as the college term was over. He loved her with his whole heart, and she knew it; but that matteredlittle to a girl like Stella Morton; a heart more or less crushed and withered by her duplicity was nothing to her, so she could flutter her butterfly way through life admired and worshipped. Now, however, he was to be something more. The letter was from his mother, and spoke of rents, and tenantry, and remittances, till Stella lost herself in a golden dream. To be a lady was her ambition; she was always picturing her pretty self riding in a handsome carriage, decked out in the highest style of fashion, and here was a chance for her.

"I'll pay him back in his own coin," she said to herself. "Love him for himself alone, and all that sort of thing. What's this at the end of the letter? 'And when you settle at home with your wife, my dear boy, as I hope one day to see you do'—Wife! he'll take a wife home with him that his mother little expects."

She read the letter once more, and quietly put it into the fire, watching carefully till it was completely burned; and the next morning she recommenced her role of being innocent and confiding, and everything else which was likely to enslave still further the devoted heart of her admirer. And she succeeded triumphantly.

Harry Calcott was completely hoodwinked. He thought his Stella the very type of girlish purity and innocence, and was more than half inclined to write and tell his mother what he was going to do. Better for him if he had done so! Better, far better, for the loving mother, in her far-off home, to have known and put a stop to her son's folly! But it was not to be, and Harry Calcott rushed headlong into the snare laid for him, enchantress that she was to speak a friendly warning, no hand to stay him in his reckless career.

The eventful Saturday arrived, and Stella Morton stood a blushing bride, by the side of her husband. Very lovely she looked in her simple dress, as she spoke the few words which linked her to him for life; and his heart beat high with love and rapture as he folded her in a close embrace murmuring, "Mine—mine for ever."

Charlotte Smith alone was present besides themselves. They had provided her with a sufficiently neat dress for the occasion; for the poor toilet dancer's private exchequer was a thing of the past, abundant; and she rejoiced in her heart that her giddy companion was really married at last. She noted a look of triumph in Stella's eyes when she was first saluted by her new name and pondered if the stories of the bridegroom's wealth were really correct. They parted at the church door, as she had many things to prepare for her evening's work; and the bride had to go and see her new home, a quiet genteel lodging in the suburbs. In the evening they met at the theatre, keeping their own counsel, though there was an elated air about Stella Morton that the rest of the girls remarked at once.

"She's on the high ropes to-night" whispered Mary Wharton to the girl on the other side of her. "What's up I wonder?"

"Perhaps some one's been sending her a diamond bracelet or something."

"Pshaw! she's not come to that yet, with all her beauty. Perhaps she's married; you heard what she said the other night about it?"

"Oh I don't believe a word of it; she's not the girl to do a thing of that sort. Perhaps Smith knows; I'll ask her when Stella's gone down stairs."

Charlotte Smith was assailed the moment Stella's back was turned to her. She was the only one in the room admitted to any sort of intimacy with the acknowledged beauty of the theatre. There could be no rivalry between her nearly forty years and Stella's eighteen; so the young and lovely ballet girl could associate without fear with the old and ugly one.

"I say, Smith, is Stella Morton married?"

Charlotte's back was to the questioner, but her answer was prompt and somewhat cross. "How should I know?"

"Oh, she tells you everything."

"Not quite; I have not all her confidence. What made you think of such a thing as marriage?"

"Why, you heard what she said the other night."

"And you know her well enough to know how often she changes her mind. How many times accepting to report, but she has been going to be married this season already?"

"A dozen, I should think—once a week at least," said the girl laughing. "I hope she's not going to make a fool of that student; he looks a nice young fellow, as if I thought she was going to, I should declare I'd give him a hint."

"Don't do that," said Charlotte Smith, with some excitement; "don't you meddle or make, Mary Wharton. Let her go her own way; and if—if he marries her, where would be the use of making him miserable?"

"He'll be that without our help," replied the girl with a surprised look at her companion's eagerness. "If I married, I would not be thanking Stella Morton for a thousand a year. I wonder you have taken such a fancy to her, Smith."

"The fancy was on her side first," replied Miss Smith, as they went down stairs, and the subject dropped.

For a month Harry Calcott's days seemed to fly by in a blissful dream. With Stella to fill up his leisure hours, to be by his side in his walks, to preside at his meals and cheer his home he was unutterably happy. And certainly she played her part capitally; always upheld by dazzling visions of the future, and making him think that he had the most adoring wife in the world.

"My mother will forgive me the instant she sees her," he would fondly think as he gazed lovingly at her; and he would picture her filling the place of honour in his home, the envy and admiration of the whole county. At the end of a month, business called him away, and he left the three days from his paradise, and he left his bride with the tears in her pretty eyes and many a protestation of grief on her tongue. His return was quicker than he anticipated; he arrived in Edinburgh in the evening, and taking some hurried refreshment, he hastened to the theatre—not to the stalls or boxes where he was wont to sit; but to the pit, the lounge behind, unseen, to give her a glad surprise when the performance was over; so he strolled into the back of the pit, where young lawyers' clerks lounged and standing. There she was in all her radiant beauty; She had continued at her profession for the sake, as she had told him, of the help it would be in their housekeeping, and he had let her do it willing to keep up the illusion of his poverty till he saw his way clear to set about the disclosure of his marriage. The surprise will be the greater and the brighter for her," he thought to himself as he escorted her night-by to and from the theatre, and he would joyously picture to himself her delight at finding herself the wife of a wealthy country squire, instead of the toiling partner of a poor man. Delightfully he watched her in all her pride of beauty from the dark corner till suddenly he heard his own name mentioned; two young men were conversing together not many paces from where he stood.

"Calcott, did you say?"

"Yes; a young, good-looking fellow he is; I know him by sight, that is all."

"And he has married her?"

"So says report, but report often lies; 'twould be a pity if it were true."

"Why? a man who takes a step like that with his eyes open doesn't want pity."

"But I don't believe his eyes were open—that is, supposing she has entrapped him into a genuine marriage. I have heard a good deal of this Calcott, he does not bear the most enviable character, by the by, though that's no business of mine,) and I believe him to be an honest-hearted young fellow, with no more notion of yonder girl's antecedents than my walking-stick."

Harry Calcott's heart beat thick and fast at the words. What might be coming next; the fair half inclined to take a step forwards and arrow himself, but a strange choking feeling restrained him, and he waited to hear more.

"Poor devil! but what makes you think they are really married?"

"I know she lives with him, and that she is called by his name; and I fancy he is not the sort of man to enter into any equivocal connexion. Depend upon it, she has drawn him in."

"Why don't you enlighten him on the subject?"

"Its no business of mine; and I don't know him; had I been a friend, or even an acquaintance of his, I should have done so. It is a fine young fellow like that go to the dogs through a woman."

"And such a one as that! If she is married, she's carrying on her old tricks as much as ever."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, there was a supper at Archer's rooms last night, and she was there; and they're to have another somewhere else to-night. Archer's to have a cab for her at the door after the performance. I was invited, but I can't stand that sort of thing; I haven't the cash."

"Then she can't be married, that's clear."

A suppressed exclamation of rage and agony broke from Harry Calcott as he listened. And this was his wife!—his love, his darling, on whose purity and truth he would have staked his very existence! But he would find out—he would see for himself; and he strode away from the place, his heart almost bursting with rage and grief. As he passed the young men who had spoken, one of them turned his head.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed.

"What?"

"Why, that's Calcott; there! that passed us just now; he must have heard every word we said!"

Then he'll be pretty well enlightened, I should think; he'll be outside Archer's door ere long, I'm waiting for the lady yonder."

But no such catastrophe happened. Harry Calcott went round to the stage door of the theatre and saw his Stella—his wife of four short weeks—ride away with another man for an evening's entertainment, a man known throughout all the University for his unblushing profligacy,—and he went away to a hotel stunned and bewildered by the suddenness and weight of the terrible blow.

There is no need for us to enter into the revelations of the next few days. Suffice it to say, that he was dissatisfied with the explanation offered him by Stella, that he refused herself upon him, or to bear his name. In these conditions she acquiesced, and without one word of regret for the past; one word to her husband whom her heart she had well-nigh broken, they parted in the writer's office, never more to meet in love or friendship, but to go their several ways in life shrouded and alone!

And so ended a young man's first day-dream before he was twenty years of age; and his lot in life cast, as it seemed, for ever.

* * * * *

The spring of the next year was a lively one at Earlsford; the young possessor of the most important estate in the neighbourhood was to come of age in May and there were to be grand doings at his splendid mansion, and a series of entertainments at all the principal houses in the vicinity afterwards. Mrs. Deane was so well that Nelly was to go to Earlcourt, with some young friends to join in the festivities, to which almost every one was invited.

Mrs. Deane, the mother of the young heir, was a proud, stern woman, seldom unbending to her neighbours, and keeping always down on those whose position in Earlsford she was equal to her own. She was seldom seen in Earlsford, rarely met in society; but on this occasion her house was to be open to all. She was in love with all a mother's adoration for an only child, and she would have all the world to see of what a treasure she was the possessor. Mr Deane had been for years at Oxford, pursuing a most exemplary course, leading so quiet a life as to astonish every one with whom he had to do—a young, handsome man, who might have reigned by every one with all the appliances for a life of pleasure and self-indulgence at his command, he yet shrank from society. He seemed to prefer the seclusion of his splendid rooms or a solitary row on the river, to all the gaieties and amusements which are continually going on during the University terms.

Many were the surmises among the men of his set as to the cause of his strange ways, and all sorts of reports were rife. Some said that he had committed a crime, some that he was ruined, some that he was acting a part for a wager, but none could find out the truth. He kept his own counsel well; not even his valet could discover the cause of his gravity and seclusion.

Of course, all the reports about him reached his ears; there are always plenty of officious people who feel it their duty, and make it their business to acquaint their friends with all the unpleasant things they hear about them, and Beatrice Hartley was not spared. "They have none of them hit the mark," he said, with a sigh, to a friend who was breakfasting with him; "I have never been crossed in love, Dalton."

"Too irresistible, I suppose," laughed his friend.

"Fellows with a fortune like yours, to say nothing of your face, could never be crossed in love."

"Fortune!" said Eustace bitterly; "I wish to Heaven I were as poor as ——"

"As I am, eh?" Well, of all the extraordinary aspirations I ever heard, that is about the oddest. I think six months' experience of poverty would satisfy you. Why, my dear fellow, you've got much unholy wishes as that—what have you done?"

"Sold myself!" he replied, gloomily.

"Sold yourself, to whom, in the name of all the the Fates?"

"The devil!" said Hartley, fiercely, starting up with a bang, which set the cups jingling on the table and striding across the room, while his friend stared at him in utter amazement. "Hark yo, Dalton," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder, "your question must remain unanswered which, if I could, I would bury for ever. I am not mad, though you may think so; I am younger than you, yet my life for enjoyment is over, through my own mad act. Don't ask me why I study hard; 'tis to drown the recollection of a shameful past, which I would bury in oblivion for ever."

"My dear Hartley, forgive me," said his friend; "if I have committed no crime," he answered, sadly; "I had no temptation, but surely you are indulgent in some morbid fancy or other. There is nothing that cannot be atoned for somehow, except crime."

"I am neither forger nor murderer, yet I have wrecked my happiness for much. There is one way of escape," he went on, as if speaking to himself—"one way; but then everything must be made public, and it would break my mother's heart, bring her proud spirit to the dust in humiliation for me. No, mother, no! I will keep my secret, and spare you! I have been very foolish, Dalton," he said, again addressing his friend; "to brood, as you say, and allow regrets to get about; I will do better next time. For the present, count in your allotment, come home with me to Earlcourt next week, and you shall see whether I am ruined or not."

"And share the grand festivities on the coming of age of the heir, the slaying of the fatted calf, and general homage, I suppose?" said Dalton, laughing. "I like these country doings; they are always great fun, and they rarely come singly. A coming of age is generally followed pretty closely by a wedding, Hartley!"

"That will not be my case," said Hartley, gravely; "next week's rejoicings are my mother's doing, not mine; no wedding will follow my majority, Dalton, believe me."

(To be continued.)

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—9-2, 8-55, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-33, 6-57, 9-9. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 6-25, 10-3.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 7-55, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WORKSOP FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-17, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-42, 11-50, 1-46, 5-16, 6-41. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44, 9-55. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate)—7-5, 8-8, 9-40, 10-17, 10-58, 12-39, 1-17, 2-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-47, 7-47, 9-27, 9-59, 10-17. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-56.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-38, 1-3, 1-15, 1-66, 1-38, 2-48 4-53, 4-49, 5-0, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-38, 3-38, 6-15, 8-0, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-10, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52, 9-15. Sundays, 10-22, 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-22, 9-0.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-2, 2-48, 5-0, 6-24, 8-8. Sundays, 9-20, 1C-6, 1-38, 3-38, 6-15, 8-0.

LECTURE BY REV. J. H. WHITAMORE, ON CHARACTER.

On Tuesday last the Wesleyans of Carlton had a Public Tea in the school-room, succeeded by a Lecture on Individuality of Character.

At Seven o'clock the proceedings were begun by singing and prayer. Mr. Cameron, (in the absence of Mr. Keighley,) was then called to the chair, and after a few remarks as to the pleasure he had in being with them, briefly introduced the lecturer.

The Rev. J. H. Whitamore commenced his address by saying that in this trying, pushing age, it was all-important that young men and women should possess a sound independent character, that they should be able to withstand the tide of feverish excitement and pleasure-seeking, and to be led to swim with the stream. Especially would he press this important matter on those who were still quite young, and that unless a good character was formed, the three-fold enemy of good would carry them almost unconsciously down the stream of worldly pleasure and of sin. The popular theatre, the attractively-illuminated music-saloon, the elegant gin-palace, would all be found crowded with people who were carried away with the stream, while the bible-class was attended by a very few, and many empty seats there were to be seen. We see this want of character also in the rage for jewellery, glass pictures, and other things, not because we want them but because other people have them—they are the order of the day. In this age, we want independent spirits—men who have character and determination to maintain them. God has made every man to fill some particular position in society—and that position can be filled by no other being so well as by the man himself. Some people's life is like a complete muddle; they go through life without being any better for it, and without doing anything for the benefit of others. They are like the man who enters the Crystal Palace, and walks carelessly through its thousand beauties and attractions, and takes no real interest in having noticed one of them. Or, like an old Scotchman, Mr. John Clarke, returning home one night, half-drunk, met a girl, and asked her "Can ye tell me where Mr. John Clark lives?" Said the girl, "Why, no, if you're not Mr. John Clark yersel, I'm sure I don't know his mista'en." "Yes, yes, so I am, I believe, but I dinna ken where the house is."

The rev. lecturer then went on to say that is is not the great things of life that makes a man's character, but the aggregate littles, and illustrated the point by the fable of the gimlet complaining of its own insignificance, and surveying the other tools of the carpenters' trade, and showing that the innocent child and the loving, gentle woman were the preparing gimlets, which prevented many a split board in the great acts of life. Everyone has one talent—use it, and use it well, whether it be a talent to rule, or to preach a sermon, or to blast the rock, or to black boots, or to sweep the crossing. What you do, do it well, and with your might, Don't be envious. Don't be conceited, and think if you were in somebody else's position what a deal of good you would do. Imitate the stars—the least of which keeps in its own place, shines as brightly as it can, moves on its own circuit, and is not envious of its brighter brother which shines beside it with ten-fold more brilliancy, let us be willing to be used by God in that way which he pleases. God chooses to work by men, but he can quite as easily work over man.

To have an independent character, it is not necessary to be either stupid or conceited.

Don't be like the man who persisted in the assertion that every person he met had got a black nose, and found on being taken to the oculist, that the spot was on his own eye.

Some people use crack-jaw words and high sounded phrases, instead or ordinary language, the lecturer giving several very amusing instances in point.

While urging the importance of individuality, or having a character of one's own, on the more youthful part of his hearers, he reminded those of middle age that it was never too late to mend, citing Socrates Plutarch, Dr. Hunter, and others, who after being and over 70 Years began and accomplished great achievements, the invincible energy and determination manifested by Allexander the Great, by Charlesmagne, by Napoleon in war, and by Burke and Putt in politics; who, at an early age won world-wide distinction, led the lecturer to press home the necessity of taking the motto "Excelsior" as our constant watchword, and especially to the Christian young people before him would he say:—Use all your powers for the cause of Christianity and truth, and turn everything to good account, and whatever the world may say keep to the old book.

Not one in a thousand gets the world's praise who are worthy of it, fortune is a changeable fickle creature and nugging you to-day and jilting you to-morrow. There are not many either of whom it may be said—"She hath done what she could," but do you strive to work for your master's glory. You have powers, you have a character of your own—take good care of it, let not the world rob you of it—but stand firm to truth and duty.

The lecturer was frequently applauded and votes of thanks were most cordially passed to Mr. Whitmore, and also to the chairman, the ladies, and the choir.

The choir gave four anthems during the evening in very creditable manner.

A collection was taken for the intended new school, the ladies having already raised by their sewing meetings and other means something like £60.

ROTHWELL IMPROVEMENTS.

To the Editor of the "Rothwell Times."

The publication of a newspaper in Rothwell may fairly be considered as the commencement of a new era in the history of our ancient Village. I heartily congratulate you, Mr. Editor, on the very creditable appearance your astonishingly-expected Journal made in its debut to the public on Saturday last. I think it may go on and prosper, and I have no doubt if well-conducted, it will be duly appreciated and attain speedily to the circulation desired; it will afford a convenient medium for the expression of the varied wants and opinions of the people of the district, and if it increases the number of readers, it may tend to raise their appreciation of literature generally, besides causing them to take greater interest in the welfare of their own special neighbourhood. There are many topics of local importance which in my humble opinion, might be discussed in its pages with advantage.—First and foremost, the Sanitary condition of the village, and how to improve it—it is gratifying to find that our Local Board (from the report furnished in your columns) are really beginning themselves, and endeavouring to tackle this very important question; the prevalence of fever in our village, and its fatal results to young life especially, evidently shows there is something seriously wrong in this direction. It has long been a notorious fact that the Ash-pits are, as a whole, in a perfectly disgraceful condition, and to remedy this, the man requires a prompt and systematic method of clearing away and disposing of their contents. I trust our Local Parliament will take vigorous measures to bring this about; the drains, too, are in some places in a shocking condition, and this is a fruitful source of disease; these evils being removed, we may expect Rothwell to become pleasant and healthy, but the inhabitants themselves must also be scrupulously clean in their persons and habits, and so second the efforts of the Board, to bring about this desirable result.

One sign, however, of progress and civilization has lately appeared, namely: the lighting (though with a sparing hand) the main streets of our village at night; happily, now the inability of coming in unpleasant collision with your neighbour's nose, treading on his heels or knocking down some youthful pedestrain is in a great measure obviated.

The water question must next occupy the attention of our ratepayers, the present flimsy and labourious way of conveying this necessary article to our habitations is far too primitive for this 19th century. We have as a rule a plentiful supply of good water, and have reasons to be thankful, when compared in this respect to our neighbours, but we want it to be more conveniently and available. The details of any schem I do not at present go into. All these required improvements will certainly involve considerable cost, but proportionate benefit will necessarily follow, in an increased ratio of health, cleanliness and less liability to infection.

I ought not longer to trespass on your valuable space, but my only object in thus writing is to see our village more thriving and to become in better regulations and general respect, more town-like; rude, vicious manners unknown; less of the brutal and more of the refined, prevail.

I might just indicate other questions for consideration:—The Building of good houses by working-men themselves, a great need in the village, and so avoid over-crowding and its baneful effects. The suitability of the district for manufacturing purposes, the erection of Mills, &c., and the consequent influx of a new race of people, and perhaps new blood, and eventually a Railway communication, all of which if ever attained, would, I contend, be in the long run advantageous to Rothwell and its vicinity.

I have the honour to remain,

Yours, &c.,

November 5th, 1873. A RESIDENT.

MINERS' DEMONSTRATION AT ROTHWELL

On Wednesday last, the Rothwell branch of the West Yorkshire Association of Miners, held their second Anniversary. Unfortunately the weather throughout the day was very unfavourable, and doubtless prevented many from taking part in the proceedings.

At half-past Ten, a procession was formed near the Miners' Arms, which, headed by the magnificent banner of the Branch, and by the Rothwell Model Brass band, paraded the streets of Rothwell and Carlton, returning at One o'clock, to the Rothwell Primitive Methodist Chapel, when a *Service* was announced to be held by the Rev. J. F. Parrish. After singing the 140th hymn and prayer, the 4th chapter of 1st Timothy was read, the band then led the congregation in singing "Am I a soldier of the cross," the Rev. gentleman then gave a plain and earnest sermon on "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which-is to come," 1st Timothy-4c 8v. He commenced his address by stating that this was one of the many sublime truths which are found in the Epistle of the great Apostle of the gentiles to Timothy his much beloved Son in the gospel, the where and when this epistle was written is revealed in history, but these points are of very minor importance compared with the gospel truths contained in it. It was evidently written to guard Timothy from allowing, and to assist him in preventing, the many errors which were creeping into the church, through Jewish teachers who tried to impose the trammels and ceremonies of the law on the free gospel of Christ, assuring him that bodily exercise profiteth little but godliness is profitable unto all things. First the nature of godliness. Godlikeness. In the begining God said, let us make men in our own image, after our likeness, but alas, the Godlikeness was soon lost by the seductions of the great enemy. To regain this we must first have knowledge of ourselves. However dangerous may be a man's position, unless he knows it, he will make no effort to get away. The most difficult task a minister has, is to get men to see their dangerous position as sinful creatures. The next point is to know God, we cannot know Him in His perfections, yet we may know Him so as to love Him, we may know Him as our creator, although some would have us believe the development theory, in which it is sought to show that man has improved gradually from a gorilla, we say to such theorists it is a pity that they had remained so, and thus not have had the opportunity of spreading such degrading notions. We may know Him as a God of providence; there are a thousand influences at work for our good, and which we may see as God's power. We may know Him as a God of grace; this is eternal life, "that we may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent," we may know God as just, merciful, and compassionate. The first result of knowing God is in the godliness, which gradually His love is seen more and more clearly, and then, Godliness becomes a delightful thing, and we begin to love God with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves. While the love of the debauchee the drunkard, the victim lies in the sensual strata, the brute feeling; love to God is to be found deep down in the heart soil, far below the animal feeling. We may love home, wife, child, but above all and more than all should we love God. Another element in Godliness is obedience—"If we love me we will keep my commandments." "Ye are your friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Not only must we refrain from committing those sins which God hates, but we must also do his commandments, and serve his purposes. The last element contained in Godliness is justice between man and man.

A collection was taken for the benefit of the new Sunday-school, and amounted to £3 Gs. 4d, the band playing with capital taste Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.—Singing and prayer brought the service to a close.

THE TEA.

At three o'clock, the spacious hall of the Mechanics' Institute was ready for a knife and fork tea for the miners, their wives, and friends. Plenty was certainly the order of the day here, the following being some items in the catalogue:—135 lbs best of beef, 172 lbs ham, 24 st of bread and cakes, 12 lbs of tea, 200 lbs lump sugar, and six gallons of tea-milk! Everything about was arranged in order, as far as could be seen, well arranged. About 400 persons sat down, between a quarter to three and half-past four, and great praise is due to those who had the waiting and the carving, for the heartiness and good feeling with which they gave their services!

THE MEETING.

At a quarter to six o'clock, the public meeting was commenced by the band playing "The Grand March and Chorus" from Judas Maccabæus, in really first-class style and time.

MR. DIXON then introduced MR. W. LUNN, as an old friend of his and of their's, to be the chairman of the meeting. (Applause.)

MR. LUNN was glad to say that no serious accidents had occurred during the past year in any of their pits, and referred to the great reforms which had been accomplished during the past, and was now reckoned by weight, and not by measure, hinting at the practice of filling up the sides and leaving a hollo" in the middle of the waggon. (Laughter.)

MR. W. DENTON, Secretary of the Rothwell Branch then moved the following resolution—"That in consideration of the numerous advantages obtained by majority, this meeting pledges itself to extend all its principles by all lawful and legitimate means.—He did not need to make any long speech, if even he had prepared one, having Mr. Pickard to follow, who had the advantage of being new to them. No one, however, could look back at their former condition, and see them now without feeling that a very great improvement had taken place. People had done all they could to disparage Trades-Unions, but, he said, it was through that means that they were in their present favorable circumstances! One advantage they had gained was that of shorter hours, they didn't believe now in staying down 10 or 12 hours as they used to do, nor he was sure, did miners had got their eight hours; shorter hours meant better pay; they would never have got more wages had they not been determined to have shorter hours; twelve hours meant glutting the market, eight hours meant keeping things right.—The working principle was another great improvement, and he hoped that before two months had passed, there would be a weighing machine on every pit hill! What thousands of pounds it had cost to get the weighing clause inserted in the Mines Regulation Bill, and yet some were foolish enough not to use its advantages! Not long ago, the bankman had almost unlighted power in his hands, but now there are no coffiscated corves! Many other things he might mention, but as they often heard his voice, he would make way for Mr Pickard, whom they had not yet heard in Rothwell. (Cheers)

MR. LUNN having made a humorous reference to the "peg" for unapproved corves, called on MR. PICKARD, one of the Association Secretaries, who said

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and fellow-workmen, I am heartily glad to see you, I had intended being at your last meeting, but was prevented, and now I am here, I don't suppose I can tell you much that is new, but perhaps coming from one you have not before heard, it may not be altogether useless or uninteresting. (Hear).

Now, about Trades Unions, what are they for? Are they to set class against class?—(No!) Are they to set men against masters?—(No!) No! let employers have their right place, but we, too, are men, and have a right to share in the wealth produced by our labour. Let them keep their fair share to cover the outlay of capital and machinery, and let us have a proportion for our labour!—(Applause.)—We are seeking for nothing but what is fair and right, and honest between them and us—we have not had it hitherto. They have all the power of the country to back them. We cannot help ourselves, single handed—we can do it by union. Shall we wait quietly by and see men wringing out of us our hard-worked-for-earnings? (No! no!) Trades Unions of the past have been capital as setting class against class. We have been called a set of drunkards, thieves, debauchees, vagabonds, and all that is bad! Is it so? (No! no!) We can prove in any public meeting, that the miners as a whole are as honest and sober a class of men as there is to be found in any trade, or even more so We don't deny that there are bad men in our trade, but we do say they are not to be found mere amongst miners than any other working-men. Applause. Let us educate ourselves, our children, have access to promote goodness, sobriety and uprightness; Our Unions try to lift us up to a brighter future; depend upon it, if we let our light shine before men, the world will get to look upon us with a different feeling and no more call us a vagabond lot (Cheers)

Our fathers have tried to clear away the evils that used to exist, and we must follow in their steps in the great benefits we now enjoy—Let us be thankful. Let the people, the working class that blame us for the high-price of coal, take example of us,—and unite as we have done.

Instead of wrangling with deputies we can now go right to our employers, and if that does not answer we can take it to the Joint Committee—Not long ago we used to feel some wrong or abuse—we talked over it—it became exaggerated and by and bye we struck work—Now we wait down, and talk quietly over it and discuss with the masters, advances or reductions and have our wrongs explained or redressed (Hear)

We have now much better inspection, but it is not much inspection in many places as we ought to have, we want steady, hardy men who thoroughly know all about the pit bottom, and who can and will examine every part of the workings once a week. I am glad as our friend has hinted that the coal trade is now conducted on the same principle as the flour trade where the corn is paid by weight, and not by measure by a machine and a check weighman at every pit. (Hear) What thousands of pounds has it cost us to obtain this check, what difficulties has been thrown in the way, and yet, some have been foolish enough to sign this precious boon away, I am thankful that employers in this district are willing to give them, and though some appear to be putting off, I hope they will soon have the machines up and preserve peace.

We still want many acts either striking of altogether or amending, there is the Masters & Servants' Act and the Criminal Ammendment Act. We the employed ought to be placed in an equal position with the employer. Mr. Gladstone has intimated his desire that we in the counties should be placed under the same qualification as people in the borough, and we ought to have it. Are their not as good men, men as able to use their vote aright as ourselves, and obtain a fairer representation of labour than we have had, and thus be better able to cope with the capitalist and the employer. (Loud applause.)

As to managers; he believed there was great praise due to the managers at Messrs. Charlesworth's pits, they had only had to deplore the loss of one accident, he believed since 1840, and no explosions since that time.

Mr. Alfred Stead moved the first resolution which was as follows:—

Resolved, "That this meeting regards the oft recurring and painful struggles between masters and men as calling for some remedy, and believing that co-operation will tend to a great measure to remedy this evil, therefore the Miners of this Association will heartily enter into the co-operative movement and become co-operative stockholders."

Leaving Mr. Dixon to explain the co-operative question, he said there was no doubt they were much better off to day than they were a few years ago, and he hoped they would still go forward.

Owing to press of time and space, we are sorry to be compelled to omit the full report of Mr. Dixon's speech, who spoke on co-operation, in working their own mines, and in supplying themselves with goods, and was well received.

There was a Tea on Thursday, given to the Widows of the village.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The late Sir Edwin Landseer will be buried next Saturday in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Miss Emily Davis does not intend to offer herself for re-election for the Committee of the School Board.

Morton, Rose, and Company have been appointed Financial Agents of the United States Government in London.

The *John Bull* states that Mr. Disraeli's new novel, touching the developments of Socialism, is nearly finished.

Four ship carpenters were drowned on Sunday, by the capsizing of a sailing boat belonging to Messrs. Grainger, Irvine, and Co.

The railway at Richmond was blocked on Sunday for several hours, owing to three empty carriages getting off the rails.

The Rev. J. Wagner, of Brighton, has again announced that he will hear confessions and give advice on certain days.

The Catholics of Hull have determined to erect a new altar at their church, to cost £200, in memory of the late Dean Trappes.

A London Co-operative Wine Association has been formed for the purpose of securing the advantages of co-operation in wine purchases.

A marriage is arranged between the Duke of Hamilton and Lady Mary Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester.

Two priests of the Church of Rome were on Sunday ordained in Exeter Cathedral by the Bishop of Plymouth. There were imposing ceremonials.

Charles Williams, the milkman who shot a comrade at Carnarvon, has been discharged, on the ground that the prisoner's insanity was purely accidental.

Amongst the engagements, according to the New York *Aeadian*, for the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society at Boston, is our Mr. Harvey Lewis, the Welsh Liberal member for Marylebone, has been lying dangerously ill in Paris. So serious were his symptoms that Sir William Gull, who has been Mr. Lewis's physician for several years, was telegraphed for from London, and immediately obeyed the summons. The latest accounts received stated that Mr. Lewis was a little better.

Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.

Saturday, November 8th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. I, No. 3. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON HEARING THAT MISS S. F. SMITH, LATE OF WOODLESFORD, ON HER DEATH-BED WISHED HER BROTHER TO SING "THY WILL BE DONE."

THE youthful maid was lying
Conscious her end was near,
When came her brother trying.
To check or hide a tear:
Serenely calm her brow was,
Death had forgot his sting;
One wish she uttered now was—
"Sing, brother, sing."

Oh, sing as yen and I, love,
Were often wont to do,
In evening hours gone by, love,
Too fleeting and too few.
Brother, the words you know them,
Sweet solace they will bring:
To Heaven it is we owe them,
Sing, brother, sing.

"Thy will be done," oh brother,
Sing sweetly once again;
Call father too, and mother,
To join you in the strain:
And when my lingering spirit
Moves hence on Angel's wing,
Hope's calm may you inherit,
Sing, brother, sing.

EDWARD BURLAND.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads, 6d. two lines—Situations Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c., To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On Monday, November 17th,

A GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

Addison's sublime Play of "CATO,"

Followed by a Concert. To conclude with the laughable farce "Furnished Apartments." With new and splendid Appointments, and under distinguished patronage.

Doors open at Seven, to commence at half-past.

Front Seats, One Shilling; Back Seats, Sixpence.

JOHN BATTY, Hon. Sec.

THE EXTINCTION OF DEBT ON New Wesleyan School, Rothwell.

REV. R. W. STARR, will Lecture on "PETER CARTWRIGHT,"

The Backwoods Preacher; On Tuesday, November 18th, 1873. Tickets Sixpence, & One Shilling, each. Chair to be taken at Seven o'clock.

I, WILLIAM KNEE, of Ouzlewell Green, will not be responsible for any Debts my Wife, Mary Knee may contract, after this 15th day of Nov.

Miners be wise, and put by for a rainy day!

THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.

A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information apply to

JOHN BATTY, Agent.

SALE BY AUCTION OF GENERAL DRAPERY GOODS, &c.,

This Evening (Saturday), Nov. 15th,

MR. WILLIAM LUMB,

Is authorised by Messrs. HOLMES & BATTY, Drapers, Rothwell, to sell by auction, a large miscellaneous quantity of

DRAPERY GOODS,

consisting of Remnants, of all kinds, BOOTS AND SHOES, ready-made Clothing, &c., &c.

The Sale to take place in the Club Room, of the Mechanics' Institute, on the Evenings of the above date, commencing at half-past Six o'clock.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!!

THE MARKET HALL CLOTHING

ARE NOW SHOWING

A CHOICE SELECTION OF

OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN,

OVERCOATS FOR YOUTHS,

OVERCOATS FOR BOYS,

OVERCOATS FOR ARTISANS,

OVERCOATS FOR ALL CLASSES.

THEIR WINTER STOCK is now COMPLETE, and cannot be surpassed in value.

Every Article Warranted Well Made and Durable.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF WOOLLENS, comprising:
CHEVIOTS, NAPS, PILOTS, &c.,
BEAVERS OF EVERY SHADE.

Special Bargains in HOSIERY, WOOL SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, &c.

A Choice Selection of RAILWAY AND CARRIAGE RUGS, BELOW ORDINARY PRICES.

CHEAP RUGS FOR INCLEMENT WEATHER, A Great Boon to the Artisan.

HATS & CAPS of every description. SEALSKIN CAPS, At exceedingly low prices.

LEGGINGS, MACKINTOSHES, AND OVERALLS.

FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.

DON'T MISTAKE THE ADDRESS!
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPANY
NEW MARKET STREET,
ADJOINING CENTRAL MARKET, & OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE, LEEDS.

B. CLARK AND Co.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
ROTHWELL,

Invite public attention to their Stock of pure unadulterated NEW SEASON TEAS. Those deserving special notice as for general use, are their STRONG ASSAM FLAVOURED MIXTURE, of genuine Black and true Green Teas, at 2s. 8d., per pound. Also their PEKOE SOUCHONG FLAVOURED MIXTURE, at 3s., lb.

These really good and cheap Teas are an excellent combination of quality, strength and flavour, and are recommended with the greatest confidence.

LEEDS HOUSE, B. CLARK & Co.

Sale This Day, and Following Days.
SPECIAL SALE OF DRAPERY.

GREAT BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS.

T. E. BRADLEY

Having just bought, under very unusual circumstances, a considerable

STOCK OF DRAPERY GOODS

Consisting of **Jackets, Waterproof Cloaks, Shawls, Muffs, Collarettes, Wool Handkerchiefs, Dresses, Skirts, Blankets, Sheets, Quilts, Wool Shirting, Flannels, &c., &c.,** at astonishingly Low Prices, and, rather than sell them at an ordinary profit, he has decided to give the full benefit to his Customers and the Public generally. As the articles shown will be of such Sterling Good Value, and offered at this time of the year when most people are wanting this class of Goods, they will not fail to be appreciated by all.

The following Special Lots may be seen, and any person doubting the correctness or truth of the statements made of this Advertisement, should bring the Advertisement and ask to see any article named and judge for themselves.

As there are several Manufacturer's Clearing Lots in connection with the Stocks, T. E. B. would urge his regular Customers to purchase early, as they cannot be replaced at less than double the price.

T. E. BRADLEY will undertake to deliver any Parcel, to any part, free of Charge.

FIRST SPECIAL LOT:
A Manufacturer's Stock of Ladies' thick **CLOTH JACKETS,** in Black, Blue, or Brown—such as he has sold from Stock at 21s, 22s, and 23s,—all at one Price, **10s 11d each.** The value never seen before in Wakefield. They cost the maker over 12s, each. Also, other Lots of JACKETS, in Splendid Styles, from 5s 11d to 18s, each, in all colours.

SECOND SPECIAL LOT:
A Large Stock of Ladies' **WATERPROOF CLOAKS,** from 3s 11d, to 18s, in all colours; and Children's in Scarlet and other colours, from 2s 11d.

THIRD SPECIAL LOT:
Is a Manufacturer's Stock of **WOOL SHAWLS**—Splendid Goods—at 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, and 12s 11d, in excellent patterns; and a Remarkably Cheap Lot of **Wool Handkerchiefs** from 10½d. each.

FOURTH SPECIAL LOT:
Upwards of **300 MUFFS and COLLARETTES,** at Prices which will sell them rapidly, from 1s 6d. each.

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A Handsome Lot of New Striped and other **DRESSES,** at 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, and 8/11. A Lot of **WINCEYS,** from 3½d, to 1s, per yard—worth from 5d, to 6d, per yard more.

SIXTH SPECIAL LOT:
A Manufacturer's Stock of Ready-made **SKIRTS,** in new Designs, at 3/11, and upwards.

SEVENTH SPECIAL LOT:
A Manufacturer's Stock of **BLANKETS,** in Large Sizes, at 12/0, 13/0, to 18/- per pair, and will suit anyone.

EIGHTH SPECIAL LOT:
Is a large Stock of **SHEETS,** at 2/11, 3/0, 4/0, and 4/11 per pair—Worth 2/- per pair more; and a large Stock of **QUILTS** at 4/11,—Worth 6/11; and a lot at 5/6, Worth 7/6. See these by all means

NINTH SPECIAL LOT:
Is Four Prices in **WOOL SHIRTING** at 9½d., 11½d., 1/2½d., and 1/6½ per yard—These Goods are certainly worth from 3d. to 6d. per yard more. A lot of white and scarlet **FLANNELS** exceedingly cheap; and **Calicos, Hollands, Hardens, &c.—All Reduced.**

REMEMBER the ADDRESS—T. E. BRADLEY, KIRKGATE CORNER, WAKEFIELD.

SALE THIS DAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

NO DELAY TO BORROWERS.

MONEY ADVANCED at a few hours' notice, from £20 to £500, to private persons Farmers, Tradesmen, and others, on their Furniture or Stock-in-Trade, without removal or publicity if required, in strict confidence, at a moderate rate of interest.—Apply personally, or by letter, to

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CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure For Tic. In 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
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SEANOR & SONS,
WEST-RIDING MATCH WORKS,
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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DEALS, BOARDS, BATTENS, SPARS, &c., in Stock, or Sawn to order at a short Notice.
Circular Sawing for Hire, per Hour or Measurement.
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RUPTURES!!! THE AMERICAN TRUSS IS SUPERSEDING ALL THE OLD KINDS OF TRUSS NOW IN USE.—The Truss has obtained the approval and recommendation of the leading surgeons, and is adopted by the authorities of hospitals and medical institutions.
The American Truss possesses the following peculiar advantages: simplicity & lightness of weight. It affords a perfect support, and allows the various motions and positions of the body to take place with ease and precision. It does not cause pain or irritation by unequal pressure, neither has it any metal springs or pads to rust and get out of repair. The Truss can be worn during any exercise or at night, and is equally applicable for adults of both sexes and for children.
The prices are arranged on the lowest possible scale. The Truss can be forwarded by post on receipt of the size round the body, and Post Office Order payable at Brighton, to WEST & LONG, Surgical Instrument Makers, 19, Middle street, Brighton, from whom only the Truss can be obtained.
A Descriptive Pamphlet, 3 stamps.
A Single Truss..... 7s. 9s. 12s.
A Double Truss..... 12s. 16s. 21s. } Postage free.
RIDING, HUNTING, AND ELASTIC BELTS.
Instruments for the Treatment of Deformities of the Spine, Chest, and Limbs, and every description of appliances for Invalids.

JAMES CLARKE, PROSPECT PLACE, ROTHWELL,
Has a choice selection of
NEW AND SECOND-HAND
PIANO-FORTES AND HARMONIUMS, ON SALE.
Purchasers can depend upon meeting with sound and well-made Instruments, by the best London Makers, at very reasonable Prices.

HOLMES & BATTY,
FAMILY AND GENERAL
DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
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Have a Large and Fashionable STOCK OF GOODS, suitable for the Winter Season.
BEEHIVE BUILDINGS, ROTHWELL.

ESTABLISHED 1841.
C. H. BRAITHWAITE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Near TOP OF BRIGGATE, LEEDS.
Photographs Colored or uncolored in various styles, from Carte Size to Life Size, Photographs copied and enlarged or reduced.

WHEN YOU GO TO LEEDS, GO TO THE PEOPLE'S TEA MART, GEORGE WALKER,
WHOLESALE AND FAMILY TEA DEALER,
Tea 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
COFFEE 9d., 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 4d.
GROCERIES AND DRIED FRUIT of excellent quality.
Note the Address:
LUDGATE HILL, & 62, COVERED MARKET, LEEDS.
Orders attended to with despatch.

LONDON HOUSE, ROTHWELL.
C. WARD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER AND PROVISION DEALER.
N.B.—A Large Stock of New Fruit for the Season.

A. MARSHALL,
PRINTER,
Stationer, Bookbinder,
AND
PICTURE FRAMER,
ROTHWELL.
PAPERS:—Plain, Fancy & Mourning Note, Bill, Foolscap, and Blotting Paper.
ENVELOPES:—Private, Commercial, Fancy, Extra Sizes.
PURSES:—All shapes & makes, very cheap.
Account Books, Shop Books, Memorandum and other Books.
INK on draught & in 1d., 3d., 6d., 1s. bottles. Coloured 1d. Inks, Marking Ink, Gums, Inkstands, &c.
Pens and Holders in great variety, Pencils, Sealing-Wax, Quills, India Rubber, Ink Erasers, Rulers, &c.
Bibles, Church Services, Church and Wesleyan Hymn Books, Prayers, &c.

AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1868.
GEORGE HEUTHWAITE,
Silk and Woollen Dyer, and French Cleaner,
80, Hunslet Road, & 4, Wade Lane, bottom of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
HUNSLET STEAM DYE WORKS, JACK LANE.
Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & Window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner.
Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

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IRON BEDSTEADS, full size from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, complete from - - 21/-

T. BARMBY,
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BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,
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NEWS AGENT,
No. 162, *Briggate, Leeds,*
Supplies the trade with all the WEEKLY
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PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, &c.
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CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.
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SILK BOOK MARKS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

CHOICE of 500 OVERCOATS & REEFERS from 7/6, to 27/6, and Winter Clothing in endless variety, suitable for all ages, all climates, and a seasons, at the GUIDING STAR CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.
GEORGE LAWS, PROPRIETOR.
A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend Law's did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.
The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try Law's Goods for Fit and Price.
STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.
STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.
BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/6; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-
First-class Material; Trousers, Short Jackets and Vests, from 2/-, and every other description of CLOTHING at Prices unprecedented.
Observe the Address:—
GEORGE LAWS,
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GEORGE EXLEY,
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DRUGGIST,
48, HUNSLET LANE, (Opposite Theatre Royal), LEEDS.
Dispenser of Cattle Medicines, all patent and proprietary Medicines always in stock.
Wholesale dealer in Paraffin and Benzoline Oil.
Oils, Paints, and Colors—Shop-keepers supplied.

ROTHWELL LOCAL BOARD.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Local Board was held on Monday last.—Present—Messrs. Sanderson (*Chairman*), Dickinson, W. Hargreaves, Bumby, Kendrew, and S. Hargreaves (*Clerk*).

In reference to certain nuisances reported by Mr. Jowett, it was ordered that notices be served on Mr. John Craven, to provide suitable accommodation to his property; on the owner of two houses in the main street, occupied by Mrs. Bulmer and W. Blackburn, for the same purpose; on Mr. T. Barrett, to abate the nuisance caused by the accumulation of refuse near his house; on Messrs. Charlesworths', for a nuisance at Carr Lane. The Clerk was also ordered to write Mr. Armitage, to submit his arrangements for accommodation to new building erected by him.

The tender of Mr. John Wright for Board Room furniture was confirmed, and he is desired to push on with the order.

During two intermediate meetings, the Bye-Laws have been revised, and made ready for the Local Government Board.

Mr. Dickinson rose to lay a complaint with regard to the conduct and remarks of some of the road-men, who had used most abusive and insubordinate language to him, and towards the Board, charging him and them with using bad materials for the roads, and robbing the ratepayers.—The Chairman reminded Mr. Dickinson that the Highways' Committee had the remedy in their own hands, and the members all bore witness to the attention, economy, and uprightness with which he and his colleagues on the committee had done their duty.—Mr. Dickinson has lately taken a closer supervision of the roads, and assured the Board that in a few days they would find a marked improvement in them.

Mr. Hargreaves gave notice that at next meeting he should move the following resolutions:—

1st—That two horses and carts be purchased for the use of the Board.

2nd—That the services of a civil engineer be secured to examine into our sewage arrangements, with a view to a complete sewage system next spring.

Accounts to the amount of £200 were ordered to be paid.

The meeting, which was only a short one, then closed.

ACCIDENT AT ROTHWELL.—On Tuesday last, a young man, named James Wood, a miner, living at Rothwell, whilst working at his usual employment, at Parcey-Pit, a quantity of coal fell upon him, and broke his leg. He was brought home in a cart and immediately attended by Dr. Heop, and we are happy to say that up to the present time he is progressing favourably.

A RARE OCCURRENCE.—A week yesterday, Maunder's noted Menagerie of wild beasts visited Rothwell. Their arrival was looked forward to especially by the young people, with great expectation. The procession of ponderous vans, drawn by horses —some very fine specimens—and by elephants, caused all upon the route to come out to watch them. By the kind permission of Messrs. Holmes and Batty, of Rothwell, they were allowed to occupy a space of ground hitherto used as a brick-yard. The arrangement of the vans in so limited a space, was a work of great toil and labor, and showed wonderful perseverance on the part of the managers. The show so seldom visiting these parts, attracted many visitors from all the villages about, and the fine band connected with the menagerie was listened to with great pleasure,—the rendering of the pieces, sacred and operatic, was delightful, and almost perfect. The exhibition was well attended, and as far as we could learn, the result satisfactory to the proprietors. By eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the cavalcade was on the road to Leeds Fair.

REV. H. G. HIRD, AT MIDDLESTOWN NEAR DEWSBURY.—On Sunday evening, November 9th, the service in St. Luke's Church, Middlestown, was conducted by the Rev. H. G. Hird, of Thornhill. He preached from Heb. 2c, 18c, when he said that the great danger in the present day was for people to have a one-sided view of the sufferings of Christ, limiting them to the agonies of the cross. Some reckon the temptations endured by our blessed Lord as trifling, and as he resisted these they think they had little effect upon him; but St. Paul says he "suffered being tempted." In the words of the Creed we say and believe that He is "perfect God, and perfect Man," though he has entered into that glory which he had with the Father before the foundation of the world, he has not laid aside his Manhood, but still pities, helps, and saves those whose nature he assumed. The temptations of Christ arose from two sources: ours arise from three—the world, the flesh, and the devil. In holy baptism, we promise that we will "not follow, nor be led by them." But that is not to say that we shall never have temptations arising therefrom, but that we will battle with them. However, after we have done all that we can, we shall fail in resisting those evils in our own strength. It is then that Christ comes to our help for "he is able to succour them that are tempted." The preacher concluded his discourse by saying that the subject should teach lessons of humility, full trust in God, and charity towards those who fall into sin, exhorting the people to fight manfully "against sin the world, and the devil, and continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives' end." Offertories were given for Church expenses.

BOOKS BOUND, AND RE-BOUND, IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE, QUALITY, & PRICE, AT MARSHALL'S, ROTHWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

WATER! WATER!, WATER!

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.)

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you will readily open the columns of your youthful and promising journal for the advocacy and discussion of any subject which may be for the public good. That which now presents itself to my mind as of the first importance to our town, is a better supply of pure and wholesome water. I do not know what the capabilities of the Rothewell were in former times, but I suppose the water must have been very good and abundant; such we know is not the case now, and we are suffering the loss. Your readers hardly need to be told of the excellent quality of the Stourton-well water, a little way up the valley. That spring is now yielding about the average quantity, which I find to be nearly 24 gallons per minute, or about 5,000 gallons per 24 hours, equal to a supply of about two gallons per day for every man, woman, and child in Rothwell. I would earnestly ask the attention of the Local Board and the inhabitants generally to this important matter, which we can no longer treat with indifference.

There was an attempt made some time since to get the consent of Lord Stourton, and to convey this water by pipes into the town for public use, but it did not succeed because of some trifling hindrance. If we would enjoy cleanliness and health, we must have a better and more convenient supply of pure water, and I would respectfully suggest to our Local Board that without further delay arrangements be made with Lord Stourton, and the water conveyed by pipes into two cisterns, capable of holding 8,000 or 10,000 gallons each, one situate near the Gasworks, the other by the foot-bridge near the Gasworks. Then two or three taps be fixed in each cistern if the level will permit, if not pumps, and that two suitable persons be employed to take charge of them, so that none of this valuable drinking water be wasted. I would also suggest that a cistern be provided for holding a reserve supply of the Church-well water, which can be used for many other purposes than drinking, for which it is unfit.

I offer these suggestions, believing them capable of improvement, and hoping the subject will be taken up by more able correspondents. It is vain to say that we ought to have waterworks, and that every house should be supplied; I know we ought, and I hope we shall at no distant time, but for our comfort and healths' sake, let us no longer neglect to avail ourselves to the utmost of the supply of excellent water which we have so near at hand, the benefits of which we may enjoy at a comparatively small cost; the necessity is the more pressing by the fact that many of our pump wells are failing, while some, scarcely ever known to be dry before, are now without water.

The importance of the subject, Mr. Editor, must be my apology for occupying so much of your space.

Yours, &c., CITIZEN.

THE STATE OF "HOB" LANE, OULTON.

To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.

SIR,—I was very glad indeed to see the *Rothwell Times* make its appearance again on Saturday, and trust its career will be a long and successful one. It has a Supplement, a want long felt, and I hope will be the means of effecting a more healthy state of things than at present exist in this parish.

We have had no means hitherto of ventilating our grievances, but now public opinion can be called in to matters, it would have remained in ignorance of, had it not been for your praiseworthy efforts in establishing this Journal.

I now wish to call attention to the disgraceful state of the road leading from the Midland Hotel to Woodlesford Lane, and commonly called "Hob Lane."

This road is flanked on each side by new and valuable property, yet it is never repaired, and there is no such thing as a causeway. Now, Sir, I want to know (and others also) why this road is kept by the Surveyors or whoever has authority in the matter, in the shameful state it is, while certain other portions of the Village are kept scrupulously clean and in excellent repair?

Why do we pay Highway rates?

A short time ago after a great deal of just complaints, a yard or two of flags were laid and a few rough stones thrown on here and there, to induce us to think something was going to be done at last, but no, it was only a ruse to get more rates out of our pockets for the exclusive benefit of other portions of the village, nothing more being done, and the road remains infinitely worse than it was before.

Now, Sir, such a state of things should not be permitted, and if the Surveyors, &c., shew so much partiality and discharge their duties in such a manner, the sooner they are removed the better for all parties.

Apologising for trespassing at such length on your valuable space. Yours, &c., A RATEPAYER.

Deaths.

ARNETT—November 5th, aged 7 years, Fred. Arnett, of Oulton.

BROOK—November 6th, aged 16 years, Mary Brooke, of Rothwell.

DANIEL—November 9th, aged 2 years and 8 months, Andrew Daniel; and on November 10th, aged 8 years and 11 months, Mary Hannah Daniel.

ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of an E.-tertainment to be given on Monday. From what we have seen, we can safely say, it will be the best of the kind ever seen in Rothwell. The entertainment is not strictly dramatic, but an Elocutionary Recital of Addison's play of "Cato" illustrated by the characters dressed in appropriate costume, reciting and apparently speaking their parts. The dresses, armour, &c., are of a costly and elaborate character, the result of considerable expense and research among the best authorities of Roman Antiquities. The play to be represented is the "Cato" of Addison, he has not been before the public for near 200 years, and we think we are correct in saying never dramatically represented in Yorkshire. It possesses fine situations, bringing under review the passions of malice, love, courage, vexation, remorse, virtue, &c., &c., in a very marked degree. The language is sublime, and as it will be uttered by an experienced elocutionist (although an amateur), capable of faithfully delineating the various emotions, we anticipate a high intellectual treat. The concert part will be sustained by a talented company, one lady of whom we know for a fact, has sung solos in the Leeds Town Hall, and before large assemblies elsewhere, and elicited on every appearance, prolonged applause. The entertainment will be closed with a farce, which will be no mean source of amusement. We expect a crowded hall, and also that every one who is absent will be grieved and vexed.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

The two pieces of legal patronage which fell to the disposal of the Government within a few days, have been the subject of much gossip and speculation in the law courts since their re-opening on Monday the 3rd instant. The post of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is one of the great prizes which belongs to the profession of law, and has been filled by some of the most eminent men who ever adorned the Bench. First, of course, comes the Chancellorship, with an income of £10,000 a year, with a peerage and a seat in the Cabinet. Of the sum which I have mentioned, £6,000 is allowed for performing the duty of an Equity Judge, and £4,000 for acting as Speaker of the House of Lords. The latter is not a bad rate of pay, considering that, exclusive of the Easter and Whitsuntide recesses, the House sits only five months in the year, and often meets of an evening only to adjourn. The prize next to the Chancellorship is the distinguished position of Lord Chief Justice of England, with a salary of £8,000 a year. Then come the Common Pleas and the Exchequer, each of the chiefs of these courts receiving £7,000. The ordinary—or as they are technically termed Puisne—Judges of the three common law courts each get £5,000, and so do the Vice-Chancellors. The Lords Justices of Appeal and the Master of the Rolls each receive £6,000. The salary of the Attorney-General, as fixed by a recent order in Council, is £7,000, with fees in addition when he appears in what are called "contentious" cases; the allowance of the Solicitor-General is £6,000, with similar fees. The salary and the fees combined generally make £10,000 or £12,000 a year, and even this is a material reduction from the income of the law officers of the Crown as compared with what it was formerly. Up to the date of the order in Council of which I have just spoken the attorney and Solicitor-General received no salary, but divided between them the fees accruing from the registration of patents. In the year of the International Exhibition, 1862, these amounted to the enormous sum of £50,000—a pretty little plum of £25,000 each for the fortunate law officers of that time—the late Sir William Atherton and the present Lord Chancellor, then Sir Roundell Palmer. But even in ordinary years the Attorney-General never made less than £20,000, and the Solicitor-General from £15,000 to £18,000 out of the patent office fees; so when Mr. Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer he turned the fees into the national treasury, and made the arrangement as to salary to which I have already referred. Future legal advisers of the Crown will, therefore, not be in so good a position, as far as income is concerned, as were their predecessors. Still, even at the allowance as fixed by Mr. Lowe, there are a plenty of able men ready to enter the service of the Crown, for a law officer generally finds his way to the Bench in one capacity or another. It is true that the salary of a judge is not equal to the income of the Attorney or the Solicitor-General, but while the latter may be out of office to-morrow through a change of Government, the judge is beyond the reach of such vicissitudes, and after having served upon the Bench 15 years, is entitled to a retiring pension equal to two-thirds of his salary. The Lord Chancellor, however, receives a pension of £5,000 a year, no matter how long or how short a term he might have held his high office. Thus, the venerable Lord St. Leonards, now in his 93rd year, occupied the woolsack only ten months in 1852, and has had £5,000 a year ever since, a total which, it will be seen, amounts to more than £100,000.

A few nights ago a crowded audience assembled in the hall of the Society of Biblical Archæology to hear Mr. George Smith, who is about to return to Assyria on behalf of the trustees of the British Museum, read a paper "On the Results of his Researches Amongst the Ruins of Babylon." It was curious to note how his discoveries confirmed, in several important points, the records of the Old Testament. So close is the agreement between the Assyrian history and the Biblical chronology from the reign of Ahaz downwards, that all the dates are able to be fixed with a fair amount of certainty, only one of the numbers in the Bible, according to Mr. Smith, requiring rectification, and that is the date of the expedition of Sennacherib against Hezekiah, King of Judah, where Mr. Smith proposes to read "twenty-fourth year" instead of "fourteenth year." Generally speaking, however, the Assyrian history agrees with the Bible, and one very remarkable parallel was pointed out between it and the first thirty-seven chapters of Isaiah.

The Working Men's City, at Clapham, a portion of which was opened by Lord Shaftesbury last week, is an interesting part of London. It is under the auspices of the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Association, and of 1,250 houses to be built, 350 are completed. The habitations are of different classes, have cost from £150 to £300 each in construction, and let at a weekly rental of from 5s. 6d. to 9s. The ventilation is carried out by means of air-shafts in the external walls; there are spacious yards in the rear of the buildings, with forecourts and ornamental railings. The streets are to be planted with trees, there is to be a miniature park in the centre of the town, a gymnasium, schools, library, baths, co-operative stores, and lecture hall. A distinctive feature of this new town is to be the absence of public-houses.

Another undertaking of a different character has just been commenced. It is the building of the National Safe Deposit Company, destined for the safe housing of valuables in the heart of the city. The site is near the Mansion House, and the corner stone was laid one day last week by the Lord Mayor. This erection, which its projectors promise shall be proof alike against fire and thieves, is a veritable fortress. The chambers are far beneath the surface of the ground, so far that in the excavations a remarkable collection of Roman antiquities has been discovered. The lowest floor is 50 feet down. The walls are a yard thick, with an inner shell of 3-inch steel, and there is a patrol chamber, where faithful sentinels will guard the deposited treasure. Indeed every precaution has been taken to frustrate the designs of enterprising robbers; and seeing that the buildings thus commenced are bounded on one side by the west front of the Mansion House, on another by Bucklersbury, and on a third by Queen Victoria-street, there is little doubt that they will make a very material addition to the few architectural beauties of the city.

The munificent gifts of the late Mr. Peabody to the poor of London have long been a subject of remark. The trustees under his will have of late rapidly enlarged their sphere of usefulness. When they issued their last report they had under their first trust—the outgrowth of the original gift of £150,000—groups of buildings in Spitalfields, Islington, Shadwell, Westminster, and Chelsea. Belonging to the second trust, which represented at that time a total of £228,000, there was a large group of houses in the Blackfriars-road, and plots of ground at Chelsea, Stamford street, Southwark-street, and Stockwell. The average weekly rental per room amounted to 1s. 10d., and the annual rental of the whole of the buildings was nearly £9,000. Since the issue of that report the trustees have completed the erection of six blocks of houses in Bermondsey and these accommodate seventy-two families. The site at Stockwell has been let on long building leases. Another block has been added to the already extensive range of buildings in Blackfriars-road, and the erection of two more has been decided on. Each of these contain forty-two rooms, and there can be little doubt that in all the houses the majority of the occupants really are the respectable poor.

The proposal to erect a monument to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith finds much favour. The projectors of the scheme consider that Goldsmith is not sufficiently honoured by the simple slab bearing his profile which was placed in Westminster Abbey, nor by laying a stone on the spot in the Temple which is supposed to be his grave. The 4th of April next will be the centenary of his death, and it is suggested that a commemoration meeting should be held on that day at the Crystal Palace. Dr. Johnson has said of him—"Whatever he composed, he did better than any other man could; and, whether we consider him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian (so far as regards his powers of composition), he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class." Such is the testimony of the great lexicographer respecting an author who, had he never written anything but "The Deserted Village," would have immortalised his name.

London presents in a host of phases illustrations of the struggle for existence which is constantly going on in so immense a place. A few days ago an advertisement appeared in some of the papers, stating that a few temporary boy writers in the Government departments would be selected at once on application at the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster. The ages were to be from 14 to 18, and an examination fee of 2s. 6d. was to be paid. A very large number of youths accordingly presented themselves. Some had quite the look of childhood; others wore a comparatively staid appearance, which in the metropolis is generally associated with early troubles and anxieties. When it is considered that only a few were required, that the employment was but temporary, that the scale of remuneration is a low one, and that a lad is liable to dismissal at a moment's notice, it may easily be conceived that the assembled boys represented a respectable but struggling section of the community; and that, if correct impressions of London life are to be formed, a merely superficial view of our parks, our squares, and our handsome shops will not be sufficient for that purpose.

The splendid home for the Sciences which is being added to the buildings of the Royal Academy at Burlington House is now nearly finished. The extensive suite of apartments in which the Royal Society will henceforth be located is sufficiently advanced to enable it to commence the transfer of its valuable property from its present quarters in old Burlington House. Indeed, the larger section of the new edifice may already be considered occupied. The workmen have disappeared from the handsome Italian staircase, and the library is very nearly completed. Although it may be several months before the other learned societies will be able to occupy the sumptuous quarters which the State is preparing for them, the work is being pushed on with rapidity, and they will be admitted as fast as the artisans leave. Altogether, the place will be a substantial monument of the national appreciation of Art and Science.

A Royal Commission is now sitting to inquire into the alleged grievances of army officers. It has often been contended that nowhere is reform more urgently required than in connection with the cost of uniform and horses. For instance, the dress worn at a review is quite unsuited for a campaign or indeed for work of any kind. The officers are compelled to purchase a suit for State occasions, another for peace use generally, and a third for real soldiering. Another grievance is that when an officer is appointed to the staff, he is obliged forthwith to provide himself with a horse and costly trappings. A captain promoted to be a major gets an additional £80 a year, but by the time he has bought a charger, and paid his share of the increased band and mess contributions, he has little, if anything, left out of his augmented pay. The officers maintain that as the horse is indispensable to the performance of a public duty, it is only just that the public should pay for it. That, of course, is only one view of the case, but whatever may be the result of the inquiry now in progress, there is little doubt that the army, no less than the people, have every confidence in the capacity of the Commissioners, of whom the chairman is Sir W. M. James, one of the most eminent of our Equity Judges.

One of the last official acts of Sir Sydney Waterlow as Lord Mayor was to preside at a meeting of the Court of Common Council, at which the freedom of the City of London, in a splendid casket valued at one hundred guineas, was presented to Sir Albert David Sassoon, the eminent Indian philanthropist. On such occasions the Council Chamber is always especially prepared for the ceremony, the members and officers of the Corporation wear their official robes, and the galleries appropriated to the public are crowded. The freedom of the City does not now confer the substantial advantages upon its possessor which was attached to it in days gone by; still the honour is one which is highly valued even now, and the most illustrious men of modern times have always been ready to record their names amongst the freemen of the first municipality in the world.

If the reports of Captain Shaw on the causes of the various fires in London be carefully read, it will astonish some to find what a number have taken place through gross carelessness in the management of gas. Now gas, like fire, is an excellent servant, but a tyrannous master if allowed to get the upper hand. It is very common to find people so neglectful of the consequences as to search for an escape of gas with a lighted candle. One of the methods by which gas explosions and many fires may be prevented is by turning off the gas at the meter every night at the hour of retiring to rest. The omission of this apparently simple precaution has often worked much mischief.

MR. GLADSTONE AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Lord Mayor's Day in London, on Monday, was observed with the ceremonial intimately associated with the day by immemorial usuage. As on former occasions the line of route was crowded with spectators, although the weather, more especially in the early part of the day, was wet and cheerless. The ceremony at Westminster was followed by a splendid banquet at Guildhall, which was attended by a large number of distinguished guests, including most of her Majesty's Ministers.

At the banquet Mr. Gladstone, in the course of his speech in responding to the toast of "The Health of Her Majesty's Ministers," said:—My Lord Mayor, I heartily wish that we could find the tranquil and the stable conditions of the institutions and the society of this country reflected, as in a mirror, in the state of every other country in Europe. Unhappily it is not so. In some quarters we find embarrassment; in others we find what approaches to political chaos. There have been times when the blind and inhuman superstition has prevailed which has taught the citizens of each country to believe that their own country must be strong and powerful in proportion as other countries were distracted and weak. That superstition at least I trust, my Lord Mayor, we have long cast behind us. It is no pleasure to us, standing on the security of the shore, to see others labouring in the storm. (Cheers.) We heartily and cordially wish to each, whatever for the moment may be their politics—to those who may have been for the moment called to the task of maintaining or re-establishing law and order—we heartily wish them success in their legitimate and patriotic efforts, and the more they can advance in each case the condition of their own country, the greater and the closer the union they can establish among the various classes of their citizens, the firmer the basis they can give to their institutions, the more effective and abundant the development they may secure for their material interests, the greater will be the pleasure and satisfaction with which we shall hear the news of their well-doing. (Cheers.) We have no hope but one—that it may for ever continue and extend. (Cheers.) But I am afraid, my Lord Mayor, whatever our wishes may be be, we cannot anticipate that in every quarter of Europe that state of stable prosperity will rapidly be established which it is our duty to desire; and all that remains to us, in these circumstances, is to see that, never forgetting our primary obligations to maintain the honour and the interests of our own country, subject to that primary obligation our cordial desire will be, in every way that is open to us, to endeavour to promote the welfare of those other countries whom we regard as brethren in the great community of Christendom and of civilized mankind. (Cheers.) Well, my Lord Mayor, it is not very difficult to deal, under circumstances like these, with the foreign relations of this country. (Cheers.) When I turn to its domestic condition, I feel myself in a degree more perplexed; for we are all of us, happily, in this country accustomed to become familiar with the opinions and impressions, not only of all classes of our countrymen, but with the opinions of men of every colour and shade of politics that are to be found germinating in such abundant variety in every one of those classes. (A laugh.) Undoubtedly, my Lord Mayor, very great indeed would be the contrast between the impressions that the "intelligent foreigner"—to make use of a stereotyped expression—would form with regard to the condition of the three kingdoms of Her Majesty, according to the accidental character of those organs of opinion which he might happen particularly to consult. I do not here allude to the pictures which are drawn in journals more or less sympathising with the policy and proceedings of the Government. I will only for a moment allude to those more tragical and dismal descriptions with which I have no doubt many of you are daily familiar (a laugh), which the most wild invention ever concocted. (A laugh.) Well, now, drawing my inspiration for a moment from these hallowed sources, the condition of the country is, I find, not only very far from being satisfactory or perfect, but it is very deplorable indeed—in truth, so deplorable that there is almost something unnatural in the assembling of a thousand of the most distinguished citizens of London, gathering themselves around the festive board of the Lord Mayor, to enjoy themselves, as appears to me, without stint and without reserve, at a time when the country is undergoing such a horrible infliction. (A laugh.) For, according to the intelligence I have received, with which I became acquainted, not confidentially, but in a manner which is equally open to you all—according to these representations, for a good many years past, and particularly for the last five years, the country has been undergoing a discipline of trial and affliction that is lamentable to behold and record. There is not a single interest in the country which has not been threatened; and of those interests, a very large portion has not only been threatened but assailed, and a very considerable portion of those assailed have been fatally mutilated or altogether destroyed. (A laugh.) Gentlemen, you know very well that these are the impressions which some of the intelligent organs of public opinion have formed, and which they have been engaged, with the utmost sincerity and great ability, no doubt, in propagating from day to day. (A laugh.) But is it not a most extraordinary circumstance indeed that all this mischief should have been done without our knowing it? (Cheers.) Because, I must say, although I see constant statements of this kind, I have never been so fortunate or unfortunate, as the case may be, to meet the man who could give chapter and verse of the particulars of the ruin and destruction he described. (Cheers.) What is the sense of "the condition of the country?" When we say that all the interests of the country are assailed, I say the aggregate of the country is made up of these separate interests, and if all these interests are assailed the country in the aggregate must be in a miserable condition—just as if a man had one disease in his right leg, another in his left leg, and another in his right and left arm, if all the various members of his body were the subject of disease, his general condition, you would all agree, must be very serious indeed. How is this general condition of the country to be ascertained? I say if you test it in moral respects, so far as its moral condition depends on its public policy it has not retrograded. (Cheers.) Whether Parliament may in every instance have been wise in every measure it has adopted I will not undertake to say; but I will undertake to say that at no period has the policy of Parliament been inspired by loftier or by wider aims than during the years to which these disparaging references are made. (Cheers.) But if we are to speak of its material conditions, although I should be sorry indeed to be understood for a moment as endeavouring to impress on you that material goods were the chief ends for which man exists; at least they have this advantage, that they can more readily be made the subject of argument and controversy, and vague and random allegations can more readily be brought to the criterion of some conclusive test. (Cheers.) I want to know where are these signs of ruin in the material condition of the country. (Cheers.) No doubt it has been constantly asserted; no doubt it has been pertinaciously prophesied, from the day when I was a child to the day when I am passing to old age—I should weary and exhaust you were I to attempt to refer to the long list of legislative changes which have been boldly prophesied would involve the ruin of the country. Almost all of those changes, with regard to which our prophets have indulged in these dismal vaticinations, have been adopted by the nation's will in an intelligent Parliament, and by a people that knew what it wanted, and how to carry its end. (Cheers.) And where are we now? I ask you, was there ever a time when the institutions of the country stood firmer and more deeply rooted in the popular affections? (Cheers.) I ask you, was there ever a time when the classes that make up a great and civilized community were more firmly united together in the bonds of good understanding? (Cheers.) I am almost ashamed to descend from these considerations and to ask you again if there ever was a time when the trade of the country—when the revenue of the country had exhibited a more extraordinary buoyancy and elasticity than during the recent years during which we have lived? (Cheers.) I will venture to say as the result of the observation for which at least I have had abundant opportunities, that not only have we witnessed a development in which our industry and commerce have experienced an extraordinary extension, but that extension has been attended with this peculiar feature, that along with it there has been a constant confirmation of the basis on which it stands. While it has become wider and larger, it has also become more firm and more solid. (Cheers.) In years which many of us can remember, the disturbance of some great country, the loss of some particular market, the casual occurrence of a bad harvest, was enough at once to throw us into distress, at once to derange the balance of public income and expenditure, and at once to disturb the balance of our trade. But now, on the contrary, so largely have we established our relations, not with this country or with that—not with this market or with that—but with the whole human race, and with the wants of the whole human race, that the particular failure is lost in the comprehensiveness of the relations in which we stand to all the world; and, upon the whole, with a remarkable uniformity of progress, we advance continually in that industry and enterprise, which not only produces what, in my opinion, is a secondary, and in some respects even questionable advantage, of increasing the number of the rich; but in this respect, too, I admit effects have been produced which will be ever memorable in the history of the country by enlarging the resources of the poor man, by enabling the labourer of this country, to whatever class he belongs, to find a more abundant subsistence for his wife and children, and in relieving the conditions necessary too often in the sphere of human existence to attach him more firmly than he otherwise would have been attached to the laws and institutions under which he lives. My Lord Mayor, I may be prejudiced, no doubt, but I think I was justified in meeting as I have met the mournful and lugubrious accounts that are sometimes palmed off on the public as what is supposed to be the miserable condition of the people. (Cheers.) The controversy, I have no doubt, will be brought up in another arena. (A laugh.) We are here met for social and not for controversial purposes. (Cheers.)

A BURNING SHIP IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

About one o'clock on Monday morning a large merchant vessel was seen running for Kingstown Harbour under full sail. As she approached it was observed that she was on fire, and no effort was being made by the crew to shorten sail. The harbour was crowded with wind-bound vessels, and the consternation created by the entrance of the burning ship was intense. Both anchors were let go as she entered the harbour, but they failed to catch, and the vessel drifted. She proved to be the *Nangpore*, an iron ship, bound from Calcutta to Liverpool with a cargo of cotton, jute, and saltpetre. She had taken fire four days previously, and her commander tried to make for Holyhead, but owing to the heavy gale he had to run for Kingstown. The crew were so exhausted with their efforts in keeping the fire under that they were unable to take in sail. The ship drifted towards a heavily laden schooner and struck her with tremendous force, and after a few lurches the schooner sank. The crew saved themselves by jumping into the rigging of the *Nangpore*. Continuing her course she next came into collision with the schooner *Pilot* of Wexford, and, in a few moments reduced her to a wreck. Drifting farther, the burning ship struck the sloop *Echo*, carrying away her mooring, and the captain who ran on deck was blown overboard and drowned before assistance could reach him. The sloop was driven on the rocks of the breakwater, and became a total wreck. The three collisions checked the progress of the *Nangpore*, and she was ultimately brought to opposite the Royal Irish Yacht Club House. The men of the revenue cruisers *Fanny* and *Victoria* were then sent on board, but it was evident there was no hope of saving the vessel, and acting on the suggestion of the chief of the fire brigade the guns of the *Victoria* and *Fanny* were brought to bear, and the ship was speedily sunk.

The fire engines arrived from Dublin, a distance of seven miles, in twenty-five minutes after the alarm was given, but owing to the position of the vessel they were useless. The body of the captain of the sloop has been recovered.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The greatest excitement prevailed in Kingstown all day whilst efforts were being made to keep the flames from spreading from the *Nangpore* to the other shipping in the harbour. Large crowds went from Dublin to witness the sight. It was late in the day when the shots from the cruiser sank her, which was only done after many ineffectual plans had been adopted to scuttle the vessel. The scene of her entrance into the harbour during the night is described as having been terribly exciting, as all her canvas was "drawing" and the wind nearly aft her. To the surprise of the lookers-on there appeared to be no effort made to shorten sail as she neared the harbour going through the sea like a witch with her lee gunwale under water. It was not known by those on shore how terrible was the race which was being run for life, or how great was the peril which every moment brought nearer. Notwithstanding the heavy gale and the spread of canvas on her spars, none of them gave way, though they whipped like fishing-rods under the heavy and surging pressure to which they were subjected. The moon, which had not long risen, clearly revealed the ship in all her weird grandeur as she rushed through the heavy sea in volumes of smoke and spray spreading over her. On opening the harbour she rounded up grandly as the smoke drifted to leeward. On she came, and still no effort appeared to be making to take in the canvas. Now a new terror presented itself. As the burning ship was rushing into the midst of the crowds of weather-bound vessels in the harbour, it was evident that collision and fire were imminent. When about a half a cable's length inside the east pier the burning ship let go her two anchors, and as she rapidly wore to the strain her canvas was taken aback, and she began to draw her anchors and drift to the south-westward. Nothing could exceed the consternation amongst the wind-bound vessels, as destruction seemed to be inevitable to any craft coming in the way of the drifting ship. The crew were so exhausted from being at the pumps night and day, and trying to keep the fire under, that they were unable to take in canvas when she approached the harbour. She first fouled a fine schooner, deeply laden, and after a fearful crash the ill-fated vessel gave a few heavy lurches and sank, the crew escaping by jumping into the bowsprit rigging of the *Nangpore*, which still continued her stern course, till she came into collision with the schooner *Pilot*. In a few moments this also was reduced to a mastless wreck. On the *Nangpore* striking the *Pilot*, Captain Thomas Ellis, who was in his berth, ran on deck, and was blown overboard and drowned before assistance could reach him. The anchors of the ship still dragged, and as she rose and fell in the seaway she carried away the moorings of the trawler *Echo*. This little vessel when cast loose went rapidly to leeward, and in a few moments was broken into atoms by the powerful seas, breaking on the barriers beneath the Coast-guard station to the westward of the harbour—a place where many a sad disaster to life and shipping has ere now occurred. The three collisions which the *Nangpore* experienced had the effect of checking her wild course, and fortunately she came up to her anchors a little to the north-east of the Royal Irish Yacht Club-house. When it was known that she had saltpetre on board, and that an explosion was dreaded, the alarm became very great. At an early hour messengers were sent for the fire brigade, and to request the presence of the Lord Mayor. Within a half hour after the alarm had been given at the brigade station, Captain Ingram, with two engines and a large detachment of his men, was on the jetty. He had no means of shipping the engines so as to bring water to bear or the burning cargo and prevent the flames reaching the jute and saltpetre. He also found that no time was to be lost, and having gone on board the *Nangpore*, he at once came to the conclusion that there was nothing to prevent a further and greater disaster but to "scuttle" the ship at once by any means that could be procured. The only means within reach were the two 6-pounders of the cruiser *Queen Victoria*, which he recommended to be shotted and fired at the *Nangpore* so as to hit her "between wind and water." His suggestion was acted on with the result as already stated.

The body of Captain Ellis has been recovered.

The PROTECTION of WOMEN and CHILDREN EMPLOYED in FACTORIES.

In the case of "Wimpenny v. Brooke," tried before Baron Pollock at the last Leeds Assizes, resulting in a verdict for the defendant, Mr. Field, Q.C., moved in the Court of Exchequer (the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Bramwell and Pollock) for a rule *nisi* for a new trial.

The action was brought by an employé in a factory, aged thirty, to recover damages for injuries sustained in the performance of her duty by reason of her dress having been caught in the machinery. There was considerable discussion between the learned counsel and the bench as to the real scope of the Factory Act, Mr. Field arguing that, except in the case of wilful negligence on the part of the women and children employed, no amount of mere carelessness would disentitle them to recover in case of an accident arising out of the presence of dangerous machinery.

Baron Bramwell suggested that the intention of the Legislature was simply to protect such persons as from age or sex had not complete control of their own actions, but only in cases where they can show that they have not by their own carelessness "contributed" to an accident. In this case the plaintiff was not asked at the trial, nor was there any evidence as to whether she knew that, in stooping to pick up something she had dropped, she was exposing herself to unusual peril from proximity to certain machinery. Upon that ground the court granted a rule, but refused it on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, although Baron Pollock admitted that he was of opinion the verdict was wrong.

A DISEASE-DESTROYING TREE.

M. Gimbert, who has long been engaged in collecting evidence concerning the Australian tree "Eucalyptus globulus," the growth of which is surprisingly rapid, attaining besides gigantic dimensions, has addressed an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences. This plant, it now appears, possesses an extraordinary power of destroying miasmatic influence in fever-stricken districts. It has the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil, and of emitting antiseptic camphorous effluvia. When sown in marshy ground it will dry it up in a very short time. The English were the first to try it at the Cape, and within two or three years they completely changed the climatic condition of the unhealthy parts of the colony. A few years later its plantation was undertaken on a large scale in various parts of Algeria. At Pardock, twenty miles from Algiers, a farm situated on the banks of the Hamyze was noted for its extremely pestilential air. In the spring of 1867 about 13,000 of the eucalyptus were planted there. In July of the same year—the time when the fever season used to set in—not a single case occurred; yet the trees were not more than nine feet high. Since then complete immunity from fever has been maintained. In the neighbourhood of Constantine the farm of Ben Machydlin was equally in bad repute. It was covered with marshes both in winter and summer. In five years the whole ground was dried up by 14,000 of these trees, and farmers and children enjoy excellent health. At the factory of the Gue de Constantine, in three years a plantation of eucalyptus has transformed twelve acres of marshy soil into a magnificent park, whence fever has completely disappeared. In the island of Cuba this and all other paludal diseases are fast disappearing from all the unhealthy districts where this tree has been introduced. A station-house at one of the ends of a railway viaduct in the Department of the Var was so pestilential that the officials could not be kept there longer than a year. Forty of these trees were planted, and it is now as healthy as any other place on the line. We have no information as to whether this beneficent tree will grow in other than hot climates. We hope that experiments will be made to determine this point. It would be a good thing to introduce it on the West Coast of Africa.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

Hearing that the coals were coming down again, a father of a family went down into the cellar and stood under the trap. He was buried on Friday.

Legal Con.—Why is the site of the New Law Courts like misers' wealth?—Because it is a mass of "hoardings."

Who are "waiting for the turn of the *tied!*"—Why, the Divorce Court judges and lawyers.

A Water-spout—A teetotal lecture.

'Tis said that France raised all her money for payment of the German war indemnity by piece (*peace*) work.

Ministers of the Interior—The cook and the doctor.

We have sometimes heard of coal-pit proprietors going on blindly:—they've got their rise, though, now, with a vengeance.

"An Inquiring Mind" wants to know if lamp-black comes from gas-jets. We have had his head shaved.

A Fine Man—A Magistrate.

A Bad Book-marker—A dirty thumb.

There were four horses lately ran at Liverpool, and we naturally supposed the one that came in first would have won, but it seems that the third was the last but one.

Fashionable Intelligence.—Ladies, this winter, will wear the same things they wore last year—if they can't buy others.

New Proverb.—Train up an engine in the way it should go, and when the proper time comes it will run into another.
—*Judy.*

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

Good Security.—We think we have at last found a public company to whose keeping we shall entrust our little savings, when the baker, and the butcher, and the cheesemonger, and the coal merchant, and the dairyman, and the greengrocer, and the poulterer will permit us to put by something for the rainy day—"The National Safe Deposit Company."—*Punch.*

Patents for Inventions.—The report of the Commissioners of Patents for inventions for last year was last week issued in a Parliamentary paper. The number of applications for letters recorded within the year 1872 was 3,970; the number of patents passed thereon was 2,771; the number of specifications filed in pursuance thereof was 2,734; the number of applications lapsed or forfeited, the applicants having neglected to proceed for their patents within the six months of protection, was 1,199; the number of patents void, the patentees having neglected to file specifications in pursuance thereof, was 37. The Act 16 Vic., cap. 5, enacts that all letters patent for inventions to be granted under the provisions of the Patent Law Amendment Act 1852 shall be made subject to the condition that the same shall be void at the expiration of three years and seven years respectively from the date thereof, unless there be paid before the expiration of three years and seven years respectively the stamp duties in the schedule annexed—viz., £50 at the expiration of the third year, and £100 at the expiration of the seventh year. The patent is granted for 14 years. It appears that 27,683 patents bear date between the 1st of October, 1852, and the 31st of December, 1865. The additional progressive duty of £50 was paid at the end of the third year on 7,798 and 19,885 became void. The additional duty of £100 was paid at the end of the seventh year on 2,664 of the 7,798 remaining in force at the end of the third year, and 5,234 became void, so that about 72 per cent. of the 27,683 patents became void, at the end of the third year, and 91 per cent, at the end of the seventh year.

A Good Time Coming.—It is understood that the most advanced section of the Ultra Liberals, consisting of the advocates of social progress to the utmost extent, and in particular to the extent of establishing the community of property, contemplate holding a torchlight demonstration in Trafalgar-square, to demand the Abolition of Purchase in its universal sense, so as to be made applicable to commodities, in order that all persons in want of any may be enabled to help themselves.—*Punch.*

Australian Gold.—A rich auriferous reef has been discovered at the Calliopes, the oldest gold field of Queensland. A crushing machine has lately been erected, and this locality will, no doubt, be soon thoroughly tested. Mining has been recently carried on steadily in all the settled auriferous districts of Victoria, with, so far as can be ascertained, the usual amount of success, but no discoveries of valuable new quartz reefs have been reported. One of the Stawell companies, the Magdela, has sunk the deepest shaft which has yet been put down in Victoria. This shaft was at the last dates 1,225ft. from the surface, and sinking was still being proceeded with. At the Thames (New Zealand) gold fields between May 13 and June 15, 12,523 tons of stone were crushed, the yield of gold being 16,509oz.

"Out of the Frying Pan," &c.—A Melbourne paper gives the following as the latest bushranging gossip:—Recently a certain person was travelling along the road when he heard a great noise and an outcry. Thinking bushrangers were at work, he fired off a pistol to intimidate them, and presently the noise ceased and a scampering was heard. On coming to the open the traveller discovered a man tied to a tree. "Oh! sir," cried the victim, "I am so glad you have come. I've been attacked by ruffians, and they were robbing me when they heard your pistol." "And couldn't you get loose, my friend?" asked the traveller. "No; they tied me so very tightly." "And did they rob you of everything?" "No; only of my watch. They had not time to search for my money, which I placed in my left boot." "How fortunate," observed the traveller, "was the sum considerable." "Over a thousand, thank Heaven," said the poor man. "Are you sure they are gone?" asked the other. "Oh! certain." The new-comer looked round and round, and seeing the coast clear, said coolly, "Well, as they're gone, I think I'll finish the job myself," and he proceeded to rob the unfortunate victim.

United States' War Pensions.—The pension account for the fiscal year 1872-73 shows the following number of pensioners on the roll:—Revolutionary half-pay, 1,557; invalid, 99,804; widows and others, not including children, 112,088; war of 1812, 23,319—total 236,763. One thousand four hundred and seven pensioners have received artificial limbs, and 9,497 have received commutation in lieu thereof. The amount paid to army pensioners during the year was 28,958,852 dols.

A Bread and Cheese Banquet.—A Freemason writes to us (*Pall Mall Gazette*):—A Masonic banquet took place on Saturday evening at the Cannon-street Hotel, London, which deserves notice. After the usual lodge work was done, the members of the "Great City" Lodge of Freemasons adjourned to their banquet-room, where, instead of the accustomed sumptuous dinner, there was spread a frugal meal of bread and cheese and ale. The Worshipful Master presided, and all the officers and visitors partook of the repast; and, when the cloth had been removed, the president explained to the visitors that the lodge had determined to give up one banquet (which cost between £50 and £60), and to give the amount thus saved to the charity fund of the lodge. Most of the visitors spoke, and expressed themselves as highly delighted with the novel banquet, and the members were so gratified at the unexpected success of the experiment that it was proposed to give up four out of the six monthly banquets, and so increase the charitable fund to the extent of about £200. The proposal was well received, and after the usual toasts had been duly honoured the list went round for individual subscriptions to the Masonic Benevolent Institution, when about £30 was subscribed and more promised.

Stonewall Jackson.—When the war broke out, Jackson was a professor in a military college; his appearance to the last had more about it of the scholar than the soldier; he used to ride at the head of his troops with head bent down, in a shabby uniform, on an ill-groomed horse, and with stirrups absurdly short. His death appears to us to have been the real turning-point of the war. The subsequent Confederate advance into Pennsylvania was only due to the unexhausted impetus which their army still derived from his victory at Chancellorsville; and the irremediable character of his loss was seen at Gettysburg, where Lee shattered and demoralised his army by direct attacks upon the Federal lines, which Jackson, had he been alive, would probably never have consented to. For that he did assume the responsibility of disobeying an order of Lee's which he thought ill-judged, is a fact which stands on record; at Antietam, for instance, he refused compliance with Lee's order to attack the Federal right, after he had ascertained by a reconnaissance that the enemy were too numerous and strongly posted to permit of the attack being made with a reasonable hope of success.—*Cassell's Illustrated History of England.*

Anecdote of Sydney Smith.—Lord Houghton, in his "Monographs Personal and Social," just published, gives an amusing anecdote of the Rev. Sydney Smith, for the authenticity of which, he says, he will not vouch, but which seems to him good enough to be true. On being settled in a small living in Yorkshire, Sydney willingly assisted his neighbours in their clerical duties. On an occasion of this kind, he dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. "I am very glad that I have amused you," said Mr. Sydney Smith, at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow." "I should hope I know the difference between here and at church," remarked the gentleman with sharpness. "I am not so sure of that," replied the visitor. "I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the squire. "Take you," replied the divine. Next day, the preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the name Ker-shaw several times, in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognise his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse, and won the bet.

New Army Boot.—(From the *Army and Navy Gazette.*)—The reports upon the Palliser boots, which have been tried in various regiments for the last twelve months, having proved quite satisfactory, we understand that about fifty thousand pairs will be ordered next April. A further improvement lately introduced by Sir William Palliser consists in placing two thin slabs of cork, reaching from toe to heel, underneath the inner sole of the boot, which renders the sole quite impervious to wet. The object of employing two slabs is in order that the cork in one slab may cover any flaw which may exist in the other. It is expected that these waterproof soles will confer a great boon upon all branches of the service; for there is no doubt that the cavalry soldier, having wetted his feet on dismounted duty, often suffers severely from cold when mounted. The advantages to soldiers generally, and the improvement in their sanitary condition, which would arise from dry feet need not be enlarged upon. The present infantry ankle boot costs about 12s. 6d., whereas the Palliser ankle boot costs only 10s. 6d.; and, as about 400,000 pairs of boots are purchased every year for the army and militia, the saving to the country by the use of the Palliser boot would be about £40,000 a year.

A New Rat-trap.—A new manner of catching rats is, according to the *New York Tribune*, exciting great interest among householders. A barrel is filled half full of water. A layer of powdered cork is laid on its surface, and over this a layer of corn meal is sifted. A chair and a box or two are placed unobtrusively in the neighbourhood, whereby the rat gains the edge of the barrel. He sees nothing but the meal. He has no innate ideas which teach him to beware of the treacherous foundation on which that tempting surface rests. He sniffs, he leaps, and goes gently down through meal and cork to his watery grave. If any of his friends see him disappear from the edge of the barrel, they hasten after him to get their share of the probable plunder, and are in turn taken in by hospitable death.

Mr. Arch.—The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says, "Mr. Joseph Arch, the English working man's representative, remains in Canada, where he is said to be making arrangements to divert, if possible, in favour of Canada the tide of emigration from England to America. Several working men's organizations in the United States have sent invitations to Mr. Arch to visit them, but to all these he seems to have returned the uniform reply, that while he is obliged for the courtesy, and intends at some time to visit this country, he is unable to say at what particular time he will do so. Mr. Arch's undertaking is zealously seconded by the Dominion authorities, and the Parliament will probably increase the bounties given to arriving immigrants. At present the immigrants pay but five dollars passage money, the remainder being furnished by the emigration societies. The Government gives an advance of six dollars to each immigrant, and it is proposed not only to increase this, but also to pay all the passage money. These inducements are much better than those given in the United States, where the little that is done comes entirely from private sources, and it would not be strange if they should result in swelling the volume of Canadian immigration. There is, however, so strong a tendency on the part of the immigrants who arrive in Canada to settle ultimately in the United States that Mr. Arch's movement may probably in the end enure to the benefit of this country."

The American Cabman.—A new York cabman recently received a wholesome lesson. An English gentleman arrived at Jersey city, and drove with his baggage to a fashionable hotel. "What have I to pay?" he inquired of the Jehu. "Just thirteen dollars," promptly replied that politician. Now, a custom prevails in London, pursuant to an Act of Parliament, that in case of any dispute with a fare the cabman must drive to the nearest police court. The Englishman, reasoning by analogy, and luckily in this case, told the man to drive to a police office. Arriving there, the gentleman stated his case, explaining that he was a stranger, and simply wished to pay what was right, according to the recognised tariff. The justice said to this moderate-minded cabman, "You will drive this gentleman to his hotel. Your fare will be altogether three dollars, but before you go you will have to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the expenses attending this most proper application."

Death of M. de Metz.—The *Birmingham Post* reports that the venerable M. de Metz, the founder of reformatory system, has just died in Paris, of cholerine, in his seventy-seventh year. It is now nearly forty years ago since M. de Metz began his labours in the reformation of young criminals. In 1836 he went to the United States to study the penitentary system, and in 1840, on returning to France, he resigned several lucrative employments in order to give himself entirely to the great work of his life. Soon afterwards, in conjunction with M. de Bretiguère de Courteilles, he established the reformatory school and agricultural colony of Mettray, near Tours—the model of all similar establishments on the Continent and in England. He began with ten boys; at the end of the first year he had 300, and this number soon increased to 600. Since then many thousand children have passed under his fatherly care at Mettray. In these noble labours, so far as England is concerned, M. de Metz was intimately associated with Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, and with others who laid the foundations of the English reformatory system. While the body of M. de Metz will be buried near the graves of his family at Dourdan, his heart will be deposited in the chapel of his beloved Mettray.

A Heroic Fisherman.—In the May of this year, 1695, a spirited little sea-fight took place off the port of Poole, in Dorsetshire. William Thompson, a fisherman of that place, in a small smack, with only a man and a boy on board, was fired upon by a French sloop privateer, armed with two guns and several small-arms, and manned by sixteen hands. Thompson had on board but two small guns, probably swivels, and three muskets; yet, notwithstanding this extraordinary disparity in force, he actually maintained a two hours' combat with the privateer, killed and wounded several of her men, after which she struck and became Thompson's prize. He took her into Poole, and Schomberg records that "the Lords of the Admiralty presented him with a gold chain and a medal of the value of £50."—*British Battles on Land and Sea.*

Landseer's Animals.—Animal-painters appeared—in other countries, if not in our own—before him Rubens, Snyders, Desportes, Morland, and others, painted animals, but not as did Landseer—his are essentially his own. Yet, however much one may admire his deer, and even horses, it is the dog, that "friend of man," with which his art is most closely identified, and on which he seemes to have exhausted all the resources of his great genius. Marvellous is Landseer's delineation of this favourite creature, and marvellous the character with which he endowed it. His dogs are not mere portraits only, they are thinking, almost rational, creatures, wanting only the gift of speech to hold converse with us. We believe the canine race never had, as a teacher of humanity, one who has so well befriended them as the painter whose loss we are, unhappily, called upon to record; and never did artist place on canvas a subject more poetic and more deeply pathetic than his "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," now in the Sheepskanks' Collection.—*Art Journal.*

A Supposeed Earthquake.—The real cause of the late disaster near Nancy, which was erroneously attributed to earthquake has now been discovered. At Saint-Nicholas, the point where the principal damage occurred, are some very extensive salt-mines, worked at a depth of nearly 200 yards. Through them runs a stream of water which becomes saturated with the saline matter in its passage, and is pumped up to the surface and there utilised. Some little time back the volume of water increased to a considerable extent and then suddenly disappeared. The event caused great uneasiness to the engineers, as fears were entertained that this subterranean current had changed its course, and might do great damage. Those apprehensions were unfortunately only too well founded, for on the day in question the galleries which had been worked suddenly gave way, and an immense mass of the superincumbent soil sank, and that with such violence that its effects reached Nancy, ten miles distant, and there led to the belief that an earthquake had taken place.

The Demand for Panoramas.—A writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, in describing the scenes in the streets of London on Lord Mayor's day, remarks:—

> Never was there such a demand for panoramas of the procession. The constant cry was deafening, "Who'll buy a 'rammer?' Who'll have a penny rammer, iley coloured, and three yards long, with a correct portrait of Lord Mayor Lusk?" The great demand for this article tempted at least one hawker to attempt a swindle of the most barefaced character on a credulous public. There was one fellow who had brought out his unsold stock of the City progress of the Shah of Persia. "Why, that's the Shah," said a woman to him, as she was on the point of parting with her penny; "that's his portrait, I'll swear." "Course it is," returned the audacious vendor with the utmost gravity, "he's Lord Mayor this year." "Good gracious me!" said the good creature; "he's worked his way up to that, has he?" "That was his objick in comin' over here, mum," whispered back the artful one with the most confidental of winks; "keep it dark, cos there's not many people knows of it as yet." And she paid her penny and went off delighted with her prize.

National Characteristics!—The Viennese have expressed their opinion of the leading nations of Christendom in a series of caricatures by no means calculated to minister to the vanity of any. It says:—"Prussia, a haughty dame resting upon a sword, represents Pride. England is a scrawny female seated on a cotton bale, and is called Avarice. Russia goes skating and scowling by, under the name of Envy. Turkey lolls on a sofa, a fat odalisque as Luxury. France with a man's hat in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other, dances a *décolleté* cancan, and is called Immodesty. Spain is a wild petroleuse, and represents Anger. Scotland is a bonnie lassie dropping to sleep on the mountain-side as Laziness. But America has an eighth capital sin invented to characterise her. She sits on a pile of pub. docs., scribbling furiously; the iniquity she represents bears the uncanny name *Zeitungschreiberei* (newspaper scribbling). The Austrians have left themselves out. It may therefore be said that they have in every sense forgotten themselves.

Ramsbothamiana.—The Dowager Ramsbotham says her Grandson is now at the University studying medicine. His course is to draw draughts, and read Cicero's Epidemics in three volumes.—*Punch.*

Soldiers' Clothing.—An annual allowance of £8 15s. 3d. per man is granted to the Life Guards for clothing, and of £8 4s. to the Horse Guards; but out of this allowance the Colonel is obliged to provide also accoutrements and saddlery, arms and cuirasses being supplied by the public. The estimated annual cost of the clothing of soldiers, rank and file, is given as follows to the House of Commons' Committee which inquired recently into the system of purchase of materials by our public departments:—Royal Horse and Foot Artillery, and Cavalry of the Line, £3 5s. to £3 6s.; Royal Engineers, £3 18s; Foot Guards, £3 10s.; Infantry of the Line, £2 14s. 6d. It is not quite clear whether these sums include the great coats. They do not include under clothing; a soldier is supplied with shirts and socks at the public expense on first enlisting, but afterwards he must keep them up himself. He is allowed a great coat every fourth year. He receives a tunic every alternate year, and a pair of summer trousers also every other year; a kersey frock every year, and a pair of thick trousers, and two pairs of boots. All the old regimental clothing is the property of the soldier after it has been worn the regulated period, and he can then dispose of it; but the general clothing is the property of the public. Accordingly, the great coats, after being worn the regulated period and condemned, are sold by auction; a great coat, which originally cost 21s., is sold (by the department) for about 4s. 6d., after being worn four years.

President Grant on Banking.—In an interview with a newspaper correspondent at Washington, on the 12th of October, President Grant stated that if he were now writing his annual Message to Congress, he should favour an absolute prohibition of the payment of interest on deposits. There was, he said, no question but that much demoralizing and injurious speculation and gambling were caused by the accumulation of capital in large centres during a portion of the year when money is not required for the moving of products, by the payment of interest on deposits. This leads country bankers, merchants, and others to deposit in city banks, principally in New York, to make this money earn something during the period when they do not wish to use it. Banks paying interest on deposits cannot afford to hold the money idle. Hence gambling in fancy stocks, millions of which as an investment would not support a family, even in the most economical manner; the building of railroads which are not wanted, and which cannot for years pay running expenses, &c. Such gambling and speculation had, he trusted, received a blow from which, he hoped, they never would recover. The President said that, unless his mind should undergo a change, he would recommend a post-office bank. This would give an institution in which everybody would have great confidence, within the reach of every one who can approach a money order post office. He should recommend the payment of four per cent. to depositors, and the conversion of deposits, either into outstanding United States bonds or into new four-and-a-half per cent. bonds and the taking up of a corresponding amount of those outstanding.

THE CHARGE OF SHOOTING AGAINST A MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS.

The charge of shooting which has been preferred against Mr. Henry Reginald Corbet, J.P. of Dale Ford, Tarporley, Master of the Cheshire Hunt, was heard on Saturday before the magistrate for the Eddesbury Hundred, in the Oakmere Court-house. In some previously published reports, it was stated that the person shot was a boy, but this was an error. The prosecutor is a man apparently twenty-five years of age, or more, and his companions, at the time he was shot appear to have been persons of different ages between eighteen and twenty-eight. The charge against Mr. Corbet was that of unlawfully, maliciously, and feloniously shooting John Tomlinson, of Marton, on the 1st of November. Mr. Corbet was apprehended on the 5th of November, taken before Lord Combermere on the same day and remanded, and on Saturday he surrendered to his recognizances before Mr. Wilbraham (chairman), Mr. Hayes, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Jones. Mr. Cartwright, of Chester, prosecuted, and Mr. Swetenham, barrister, appeared for Mr. Corbet. The complainant Tomlinson appeared very pale and weak, and had to be assisted to his seat, being unable to use his injured leg. The circumstances out of which the charge arose were stated by Mr. Cartwright, who explained that the prosecutor and his companions were going about according to a Cheshire custom on Hallow E'en to visit houses near midnight, and sing there. It was called "souling." It having been mentioned by Mr. Cartwright that Tomlinson communicated with the police after being shot, and that, though Mr. Corbet had made some payment to Tomlinson, the offence was indictable, and therefore could not be compromised, Mr. Swetenham at once observed that they were agreed upon that.

In answer to an inquiry from Mr. Swetenham, it was then intimated by Mr. Cartwright that the charge he would go upon was that of unlawfully wounding.

Mr. Swetenham: I thought the result of your interview with your client would have been that you would have taken it on another ground.

The evidence of the prosecution was then taken:

John Tomlinson said he was a farm labourer, and resided at Marton. On Saturday, the 1st of November, he in company with eight other men, went to Mr. Corbet's house, which they reached a little after half past eleven o'clock. On All-Hallow E'en it was the custom of the rustics to go out singing or "souling," as it was called, and for the gentlemen whose houses they visited to give them something. After singing two songs some of the party rang a bell. Mr. Corbet and several men rushed out, and he and his companions immediately ran away. Mr. Corbet had a gun in his hand. As the witness was getting off the grass plot he heard Mr. Corbet say to one of the men, Hodgkinson, "What the devil do you want here?" and Hodgkinson replied that they "had only come a-souling. He thought there was no harm in that." Mr. Corbet then said, "If you don't run away I'll shoot you," and Hodgkinson, said, "I will run." Just as he (witness) reached the highway Mr. Corbet shouted out, "I will shoot." Shortly afterwards Mr. Corbet fired at him and shot him in the leg. He at once cried out, "I'm shot," and one of his companions, Barlow, returned to him. Mr. Corbet and one of his servants went up to them, and Mr. Corbet pushed him and took him back to the gate leading to the house. The other man took Barlow back and they were given in charge of other men, by whom they were taken into the mess-room. He told Mr. Corbet that he was shot, but did not know whether he understood him or not. The other men were also taken to the mess-room and Mr. Corbet took their names after they had been there some time, and then told them they might go as he was going home. He told his companions that he was shot, and they struck a match and examined his leg. They afterwards assisted him home. On the Monday following he went to see Mr. Okell, surgeon, who had been attending him ever since, and as he returned home one who was with him informed the police of the occurrence. He had been suffering considerable pain ever since. In cross-examination he said that he knew Mr. Corbet was a Shropshire gentleman, but he did not know what the custom was in that county on All Hallow E'en. Before they went to Mr. Corbet they had been dancing at a public-house, and had some drink, and none of them were the worse for it. Hodgkinson was little in drink, but was "not worse than usual." Mr. Garfitt called to see him and said he came from Mr. Corbet to express sorrow for what had happened. Garfitt called again the same day, and on the Tuesday Mrs. Corbet gave him some food and other necessaries. Mr. Corbet also called and expressed sorrow for the accident, and in consideration of his sufferings gave him £25. He also promised to pay his doctor's bill, and to see that he was well attended to. Since that time he had had everything he wanted from Mr. Corbet's house.

Re-examined by Mr. Cartwright, he said that when he received the £25 he signed a paper. The document was put in by Mr. Swetenham, and was as follows:—

"I, John Tomlinson, hereby acknowledge the receipt of £25 from H. Reginald Corbet, Esq., as compensation in full for damage done to me by gun accident on the morning of Sunday, the 2nd November, 1873, between the hours of twelve and one a.m., in consideration of which sum I further agree to withhold from prosecuting Mr. Corbet in the said case, or suing in any court of law.—(Signed) John Tomlinson. Witness, George Garfitt."

Mr. George Okell, surgeon, said he found 18 or 19 shot wounds in the left thigh and leg of Tomlinson. He was now progressing favourably.

Cross-examined: He was not permanently disabled, and had not suffered grevious bodily harm. He had been attending him at Mr. Corbet's expense, and had been told by that gentleman to spare no expense to ensure his recovery.

Thomas Barlow, one of the men who were with Tomlinson on the night in question, said when Mr. Corbet and his servants rushed out, Mr. Corbet said, "Give it to the devils." He ran away, and when he got into the road he heard Mr. Corbet say, "If you don't stop I'll shoot you." Tomlinson made no complaint whilst he was in the mess room.

Cross-examined—The words used by Mr. Corbet were not. "I'll frighten them if they don't stop."

David Hodgkinson Gardner, another of the men, also spoke to Mr. Corbet using the words, "If you don't stop I'll shoot you."

William Lightfoot said he also was one of Tomlinson's companions on the 1st of November. Mr. Corbet struck him in the mouth as soon as he rushed out of the house, knocked him down, and knocked one of his teeth out. His lip was swollen yet in consequence of the blow. Whilst down he was struck or kicked in the back. He had since received £2 from Mr. Corbet.

Samuel Challiner and Thomas Challiner gave corroborative evidence. The former said he was struck by some one ten or twelve times about the head.

Sergeant Hone deposed to the apprehension of Mr. Corbet, who made no answer to the charge.

This was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Swetenham, in addressing the Court for the defence, said no one could regret more than Mr. Corbet what had occurred or the condition in which the prosecutor was, but Mr. Corbet had no idea that the man was hurt until he heard about it in the hunting field, and then he sent at once to inquire the truth. Mr. Corbet, some eighteen months ago, discharged some stable helpers, who threatened him, and he, being under the impression when he heard so much noise outside his house that they were come to carry out their threat, called assistance and went out. He thought that they were persons so dealing with his property that he had the right to arrest them. He put them in the mess room, sent for a policeman, and when the messenger returned with the statement that the policeman was out, Mr. Corbet took the men's names with a view to prosecute. Mr. Corbet, when he went out, took his gun with him, and the words he uttered were not, as had been said, "If you don't stop I'll shoot you"; but, "I'll fire the gun and frighten them." That occurrence was acknowledged to be an accident, and that Tomlinson considered it to be so was shown by his having sent up to Mr. Corbet's house for food and other things he required. The gun was fired without the least intention to shoot any one and without taking aim. In order to make out a case of felonious shooting the Justices must have proof that the gun was fired by the person charged, and that he had in his mind an intention to murder, maim, disfigure, or do grievous bodily harm, or some other of the things mentioned in the statute. In this case there was not a tittle of evidence that the gun was fired by Mr. Corbet, or that he put it to his shoulder, or pointed it. The magistrates must ask themselves whether there was the smallest probability of a jury finding Mr. Corbet guilty of the charge preferred.

Mr. Cartwright said that a charge of misdemeanour was also put in, and Mr. Corbet could be convicted of the minor offence; but this was for the jury to decide, and not the magistrates.

The Chairman, after a brief deliberation, said the Court would like to hear the evidence for the defence.

Mary Lumbus, lady's-maid to Mrs. Corbet, said she was awakened on the night in question by hearing some one singing and a violent ringing of the bell. It was rung fifteen times. She saw several of the men, and they appeared to be in liquor.

John Edwards, butler to Mr. Corbet, said he also was awakened by the violent ringing of the bell and some singing. The men were making a great noise, and knocking each other about. When they went out of the house Mr. Corbet knocked down a man who was at the door, and he (witness) had a tussle with another man, whom he overpowered and held until Mr. Corbet came up.

Cross-examined: Mr. Corbet knocked a man down without making any inquiry.

Henry Robarts, valet to Lord Cole, said he was staying at Mr. Corbet's house on the 1st of November, and he went out with that gentleman and his servants. Mr. Corbet said he would frighten the men by firing the gun, and he did fire it, but to the left of, and certainly not at the men, who were running away. He heard no one call out "I'm shot."

George Garfitt, land agent to Lord Delamare, said he informed Mr. Corbet on the Monday morning, when in the hunting-field, that Tomlinson was shot. Mr. Corbet appeared to be surprised, and asked him to go to Tomlinson and compensate him for his injuries. He first offered to give him £20, and at that time he knew that the police had been in communication with him.

The magistrates refused permission to Mr. Cartwright to address them on this evidence, and after retiring for a few minutes it was announced by the Chairman that the case would go for trial on the minor charge—that of unlawfully wounding—as a misdemeanour.

Mr. Cartwright submitted that the Bench could not control the indictment by saying which charge should be preferred. He also wished the case to be sent to the assizes. A conversation ensued upon these points. Mr. Swetenham said Mr. Corbet was perfectly ready to meet the case anywhere. Ultimately the Chairman announced that the case would be sent to the adjourned quarter sessions at Knutsford, which commenced on the 25th inst.

After being cautioned in the usual manner, Mr. Corbet said: I have a short statement to make of the plain facts of the case. On the night in question I went to bed at half-past ten o'clock, and after I had been asleep for some time, I should say up to about two o'clock, I was awakened by a great noise, and my front door bell was rung violently and continuously for some time. As I had been threatened by some discharged stable-keepers, I thought they were coming to fulfil their promise. I had never heard of this so-called "Souling." I called to my assistance the butler, and he called to other men. The door was opened, and I saw a number of men there. I had my gun in my left hand. With my right I knocked down the two first men that met me. My butler, Edwards, had another man down. As some of the other men were running away, as I intended to apprehend them, and as I thought it would frighten them, I discharged my gun without taking any aim or intending to hurt them. I heard no one call out he was shot, and I had no idea anybody was injured. I went to bring the other men back who had run away, and with assistance brought three men back. When I got to the gate, I heard a voice, as I thought, calling my name, and a big man appeared from the direction of Sandiway Head. I went up to him and he met me. I said, "You are one of them, and must come with me." I took him by the arm or the collar. He said in a very thick drunken voice. "Oh, I'll come; you can do nothing to us, for it's Christmas time." The men were then taken to the mess-room, and I despatched a groom on horseback for a policeman, when he returned saying the officer was from home. I allowed them to go after taking their names. At no time did I hear Tomlinson complain, nor that he had complained of being hurt, nor had I the slightest idea that anybody was hurt until Mr. Garfitt informed me that such was the case, on the Monday morning following. I at once requested Mr. Garfitt to go the injured man, and to remunerate him for any suffering he was under. I gave him £25, promised to pay his doctor's bill; I told him he should have anything he required from my house. I had no notion that he had put the case into the hands of the police. Mrs. Corbet has visited him at my request, taking him food, linen, and other necessaries, in addition to which he has had anything he required ever since. That is all I have to say.

Mr. Corbet was admitted to bail in his own recognizance of £200, and two sureties of £100 each.

Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., and Major Littledale were the sureties.

The hearing of the case occupied seven hours and a half.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

In London, on Saturday afternoon, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, George Wilson, aged 54, who was described on the charge-sheet as of no occupation, residing at 35, Catherine-street, Islington, was charged with feloniously murdering his son, Thomas Wilson, aged 10 years, by striking him on the head with a chopper, at the above address.

Mr. James William Oxley, a clerk in the post-office at Vere-street, Oxford-street, said: I reside in the next house to the prisoner. This morning about five minutes to nine, I was in my bedroom, about to wash myself, when my son, who was in the back garden, called me. I hastened out, and saw him looking over the rails that divide the two gardens. I looked, and saw prisoner's wife at the back window of prisoner's house. She was screaming out, "Come to my husband, Mr. Oxley; he has murdered my son Tom!" I jumped over the rails, took up a broom, went upstairs, and in the passage I observed prisoner clutching his little boy, who was on the ground. He had his arms entirely round the body of his son, and he was right over him, being on his knees. I seized hold of the right wrist of the prisoner, and at that moment he dropped an axe from his right hand. The axe dropped on the right-hand side of the body, the prisoner holding the body up with his left hand. I pulled the prisoner away with great force, for the prisoner still clutched the body, and groaned and cried fearfully. The eldest son, who had just previously been having his bath, came up naked. With his assistance I pulled the prisoner away from the murdered child into the parlour, and put him on a couch. I then went back to the child, and put the axe under the mat to hide it. I opened the street door, called for assistance, and sent for a medical man and the constable. With assistance we put the child into a blanket, and into a cab, when we were met by Dr. Slater, who had the child removed into a chemist's shop and examined it. I observed that the child was completely deluged in blood, and had severe cuts on the head. Prisoner when he was placed in the parlour was restrained from leaving. I worked with the prisoner eighteen years since, and he was a most affectionate father; in fact, he doated on his children, and would not allow a hair of their heads to be injured. The prisoner has been out of his mind for months.

The prisoner, in answer to the magistrate, said he had no questions to ask.

Dr. Slater, of 1, Thornhill-crescent, Barnsbury, said—This morning I was called to the prisoners' house, and when I got there the injured boy was being removed. I examined him, and found him suffering and bleeding profusely from an incised wound just above the left temple, about three inches long. There was also a fracture of the skull. There was a little posterior to the first wound, a small lacerated one. There was a fracture of the skull about five or six inches long. The boy lingered until about half-past eleven this morning, when he died.

The Magistrate: Nothing could be done for him?

Dr. Slater: Nothing, but to keep him quiet and to stop the bleeding. The axe produced a (nearly new one) might have caused the injuries. Both the blade and the back of the axe appeared to have been used. The boy was going to school, and his cap was covered with blood.

William Wilson, brother of the deceased, said: I was in the back kitchen of the house this morning about nine o'clock, having a bath, when I heard my mother scream. Immediately after she ran down to me, and said, "Father has killed Tom." Before that my mother had locked me in the room, as she was afraid father would do something to me. She unlocked the door, and I ran upstairs, meeting Mr. Oxley. I saw him trying to pull my father away from my brother Thomas, who was lying in a pool of blood, and beside him was an axe. We got my father away, and he then exclaimed, "I have done it! I have done it!" My father has been in a desponding state of mind for some time, and has attempted to commit suicide. We have been in treaty for his removal to an asylum.

The Magistrate: Has he always been a kind father?

Witness: Oh, yes; he has been one of the best of fathers until he went out of his mind.

Inspector Bavy here asked for a remand.

The Magistrate said there was sufficient evidence at present, and remanded the prisoner.

An inquest has been held, when the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder."

"THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE TENANT FARMER."

On Saturday afternoon the Duke of St. Albans presided at a meeting of the Notts Chamber of Agriculture, and read a paper on "The Present Prospects and Position of the Tenant Farmer." His Grace said that the farmer must not expect the larger profits which accrued to those who were engaged in a less healthy and more risky trade. He scarcely thought the rents of those who held farms in Notts could fairly be expected to be lowered. He would point out to English farmers that rents in Scotland were immensely greater than in England. He thought that English farmers were not behind their Scotch neighbours. England was equally prominent in agriculture, and the proof of that was that foreign countries came to us to buy their stock. Referring to the labour question, his grace said he agreed that it was to the interest of landlords to attach the labourers to the occupation by building them good houses. It was, however, he need scarcely say, ruinous work building them, nor did he see why the farmer should be expected to house his man well whilst no such moral claim attached to the manufacturer. They must not disguise from themselves why successive Governments seem to favour commercial interests, it was because they represented greater wealth in a larger population and more perfect combination. He believed there was another reason, namely, that there was a general feeling that the landed, and not the agricultural interest, was represented in Parliament. There was plenty of room in the House of Commons for more tenant farmers. The noble duke went on to say that he had always felt strongly opposed to the repeal of the malt tax; he was informed that the abolition of that tax would come to about twopence per gallon on beer. Who was likely to gain by that? He did not think the consumer would get his glass cheaper, and he doubted very much if the farmer would get any more for his barley.

EARL GREY ON THE ASHANTEE WAR.

Earl Grey's second letter on the Ashantee war filled nearly three columns of Saturday's *Times*. He examines in detail the evidence afforded by the papers laid before Parliament of the undecided character of the policy pursued by her Majesty's Ministers on the Coast of Africa, and of its bad effects, and thus concludes:—

The nation would have been disgraced for ever if we had allowed the tribes we professed to protect to be destroyed by the Ashantees. The Government was obliged to put forth its power, and we learn from the newspapers that measures have been taken for carrying on the war upon a very large scale. The information open to the public does not afford the means of judging whether the wisdom of these measures is equal to their energy, or whether her Majesty's Ministers may not be trying to make up for their past supineness and want of foresight by the superfluous vigour they are now displaying. From some symptoms which may be observed, it is difficult altogether to resist the suspicion that the latter may be the more correct explanation of their conduct. I trust it may be otherwise, and that no more is being now done than prudence demands. But if the costly exertions now being made are really necessary, it does indeed afford a striking proof of the want of wisdom displayed in the petty economy that prevented the adoption of measures which, if steadily pursued during the last ten years, would have rendered these exertions needless. For the pennies saved by that economy we must now be spending pounds at least; and, unfortunately, the waste of money is not the worst consequence of the mistakes that have been made. The lives of many thousands of human beings will have been sacrificed in battle, by savage butchery, and by disease, before the war can be brought to a close, and, however complete our success in it may be, it cannot leave behind it a state of things so favourable to a judicious attempt to raise the inhabitants of Western Africa to a higher social condition than that which existed when it began.

SINGULAR ROBBERY BY A PAGE.

The county magistrates of the Home Division, sitting in Petty Sessions at Canterbury, on Saturday, concluded an inquiry into a remarkable robbery, committed by a boy named George Henry Lippingwell, who was in the service, as page, of the Rev. P. B. Collings, vicar of Sturry, near Canterbury. The following facts were deposed to:—

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., the vicar, his family, and some female domestics, quitted the house for afternoon service in the parish church, about half a mile distant, leaving Lippingwell in sole charge. On their return the servants found the page lying on the hearth in front of the kitchen fire apparently insensible. A silver teapot belonging to the house, very much battered in on one side, was upon the floor, and the apron worn by the lad had many spots of blood upon it. Attempts to arouse the boy having proved ineffectual, Mr. Collings was apprised of the state of things, and believing that his house had been robbed, and his servant injured, instituted a search. It was found that a sideboard in the drawing-room had been broken open, and the silver teapot and the contents of a wine decanter abstracted. Four money-boxes kept for missionary and other charitable objects had each been removed from their accustomed places, broken open, and their holdings likewise taken away. Upstairs a scene of almost indescribable confusion prevailed. The contents of a jewel-case, drawers, and wardrobes were scattered upon the floors, affording evidence that the object was plunder. Meanwhile the boy had been aroused, and in answer to questions stated that during the afternoon a tramping man called for a Mendicity Society ticket, which he gave him, and he took his departure. Shortly afterwards, however, he returned, thrust himself into the house, and struck him (Lippingwell) senseless by a blow from the silver teapot. The local constable was called in, to whom the youth repeated his story, and both journeyed to Canterbury in search of a man whom he described as having been guilty of the robbery and outrage. They, however, did not succeed in meeting with any one whom the page would recognise, although it is understood that the Canterbury city police apprehended a man the same night answering the description. On the following day the superintendent of the division (Mr. Walker) paid a visit to the vicarage, and made certain inquiries and an investigation, which led him to direct the apprehension of the page. The superintendent found that the indentation in the teapot was such as could not reasonably have been produced by coming in contact with a person's face; and moreover, that the money-boxes had been opened by great force, as though from repeated kicks. Indentations of the heel of a very small boot appeared upon them, which were found to correspond exactly with the size of boots worn by the prisoner. Shortly after the boy was locked up he asked to see his master, to whom he admitted that the whole of his statement was a fabrication; that he committed the robbery, and in order to attribute it to a stranger made his nose bleed, battered in the teapot, and feigned insensibility. The contents of the money-boxes were found concealed in a place he described. To perfect, if possible, the artful proceeding, the boy had actually taken a mendicity ticket from its repository, tore it into pieces, and threw them outside the door of his master's house. The magistrates sentenced the prisoner to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and regretted that his age (just over 16 years) prevented them ordering him to undergo a sound thrashing.

DEATH OF ABD-EL-KADER.

Several of the Paris journals announce the death, at Mecca, of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, aged 66. This great African chieftain, who for many years checked and beat back the progress of French conquest in Algeria—but when beaten and overthrown became in time the firm and attached friend of his generous captors—was the third son of a Marabout chief named Sidi-el-Hadji-Meheddin, and was born in the environs of Mascara, in 1807. When Charles X. of France undertook the Algerine expedition, Abd-el-Kader, who, though young, was famous for his powers of mind and body, was elected their chief by some of the tribes in the neighbourhood of that city, in the hope that he would deliver their country from anarchy. He was shortly afterwards proclaimed Emir of Mascara, and declared a religious war against the French, who, finding that it was more convenient to have the Emir as a friend than as a foe, concluded with him a treaty, which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with a right of the monopoly of the commerce of the entire country similar to that exercised by Mehemet Ali in Egypt. However, desiring to extend his dominions, he soon found himself again at issue with the French, who attacked him, but with doubtful success, though they forced him to evacuate Mascara. For more than ten years he continued in arms against the French invaders, whose generals he baffled in a desultory warfare, until, Dec. 23, 1843, when he was defeated by Marshal Bugeaud, to whom he capitulated on the faith of a promise that he should be allowed to retire to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre. Instead, however, of fulfilling this promise, the French authorities imprisoned him in the Castle of Pau, whence he was transferred, in 1848, to the Chateau d'Amboise, near Blois. Here he remained until after the proclamation of the Empire in 1852, when he was released by the late Emperor Napoleon III., and swore upon the Koran never again to molest the French rule in Africa. A liberal pension was at the same time granted to him. With the sanction of the French government he went to Boursa, where he designed to take up his permanent residence, but the town was destroyed by an earthquake shortly after his arrival, and he proceeded thence to Constantinople, finally settling in Damascus. In 1863 he paid a visit to the Suez Canal and Egypt, and made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He scrupulously observed his promise to the late Emperor of the French, and never again directly or indirectly troubled French rule in Algeria. During his residence in the East he was always the steady friend of the Christians, and rendered great service to humanity during the Syrian massacres of 1860. For his services on that occasion he received a decoration from Napoleon III.

CANON KINGSLEY ON THE TRUE RULE OF LIFE.

In both sermons on Sunday at Westminster Abbey, Canon Kingsley proceeded with the consideration of the 119th Psalm, and in the afternoon spoke at length on the grounds of the Psalmist's confidence, and of his hopes for future salvation:—

He saw that all things come to an end, said the preacher; good times, and bad times, and all times pass over, according to the old proverb; and, still more, bad men, they all come to an end, and pass away like a dream in the morning. The one thing that will not come to an end is God's word. In that you will find guidance and counsel for all time. Truly has it been said that there are shallows in the Bible where a lamb can drink, and depths where an elephant can bathe, for there are no possible circumstances of life either among young or old where you cannot find direction in God's word. His commandments are exceeding broad, broader than the casuists of the Middle Ages thought, broad enough for man, aye and for woman too, and to each and all they say: "This is the way, walk ye in it." Such was the testimony, the life experience of a true hero of old, of him who wrote the 119th Psalm. No great statesman was he, nor conqueror, nor financier, passing millions through his hands and fancying that they were the gods who governed the world. He made no noise in the world, though the world made a noise at him when he refused to walk in its ways, just as the dog barked at poor Christian when he went through Vanity Fair and would not buy its wares. I picture him to myself, continued Mr. Kingsley, as a poor miserable old man, with his visage marred more than that of any other no comeliness in him, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief even as his master was after him, and all he has left behind him was this one psalm, which is as it were the pith and marrow slowly gathered together of many years of struggling and humility. I say humility, for there is not a taint of self-conceit in it. Yes, with magnificent humility he wrote. He never gave way. He felt his only chance was to keep his honour unspotted. He felt he must do right, and all would be well at last on this or on that side the grave, and his cry was not lost, for there was in this man an eternal treasure—the spirit of God. By that spirit he saw who made these laws—the eternal word of God; by that spirit he saw his only safety was to keep them; by that spirit he kept them; and, when he failed, by that spirit's help he rose again and went on with his warfare. And where is he now? Where those will never come—let false priests and false preachers flatter as they may—who think they'll get to heaven without being good; where they will never come who, when they are in trouble try to get out of it by false methods, poor fools, worshipping the devil when they ought to worship God. He is with the Word of God, Jesus Christ, who endureth for ever in heaven, who bore the cross and despised the shame in order that He might do the will of God and keep to the uttermost his law. Into his presence, said Mr. Kingsley, in concluding may we all come, but we shall never come thither unless we keep our honour bright, our courage unbroken, unless we keep ourselves unspotted from the world, for then, and then alone, will be fulfilled in us the sixth beatitude—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

MR. BRIGHT ON "FREE LAND."

Mr. Bright has addressed the following letter to Mr. G. W. Sanders, of Stockton-on-Tees, in reply to an inquiry from that gentleman as to the meaning of the term "free land:"—

Rochdale, Nov. 2, 1873

Dear Sir,—I have often explained in my speeches what is intended by the term "free land." It means the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the limitation of the system of entails and settlements, so that "life interests" may be for the most part got rid of, and a real ownership substituted for them. It means also that it shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy or sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as it is in Australia and in many or in all the States of the American Union. It means that no legal encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play, as they have with regard to ships, and shares and machinery, and stock-in-trade, and money. It means, too, that while the lawyer shall be well paid for his work, unnecessary work shall not be made for him, involving an enormous tax on all transactions in connection with the purchase and sale of lands and houses. A thorough reform in this matter would complete, with regard to land, the great work accomplished by the Anti-Corn Law League in 1846. It would give an endless renown to the Minister who made it, and would bless to an incalculable extent all classes connected with and dependent on honest industry.—I am, respectfully yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. G. W. Sanders, Stockton-on-Tees.

WILLIAMS v. THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

The above cause has been heard in the Court of Exchequer, and was an action tried before Mr. Justice Keating at Ruthin, North Wales, to recover damages in respect to injuries sustained by a child four years and eight months of age, in consequence of having been run down by a train of the defendants, owing, as alleged to the negligence of the defendants. The plaintiff was nonsuited.—Mr. Morgan Lloyd, Q.C., for the plaintiff, the next friend of the child in question, moved pursuant to leave given, to have the verdict entered for the plaintiff, with £250 damages, or for a rule for a new trial. The accident occurred at a level crossing between Wrexham and Rhos, a populous part of Denbighshire, at a point on the railway 200 yards from the residence of the plaintiff's father, where there was a carriage way and footway. The accident occurred last year, the boy having got on the line, when he was knocked down by a passing train and sustained serious personal injuries, losing one half of a foot. The contention on his behalf was that the accident happened in consequence of the defendants neglecting to fence their line at that point, as they were required to do by statute. There were no gates on the carriage-way across the level, and no stile across the footway, nor any official of the railway company in charge of this crossing.—Rule nisi granted.

QUAKER TO COSTER.

Friend, crying "Warnuts ten-a-penny!" cease.
Walnuts, not, "Warnuts," offer men of peace.—*Punch*.

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

An Indiana jury recently returned a verdict of "blode to pieces by a biler bustification."

An American paper quite in a tiff says:—"There seems to be no end to the number of planets in the solar system. Five new ones were discovered last year."

A New Yorker advertised an umbrella which he had found, the other day, and a morning paper sent a reporter to interview him, and gives the public all the points about the extraordinary man.

An American contemporary mentions that a near-sighted hen which mistook sawdust for Indian meal and ate heartily thereof, then laid a nest full of wooden bureau knobs, and in three weeks hatched out a set of parlour furniture.

"Is this seat engaged?" said a gentleman to a young lady at a concert the other evening. "Yes," was the quick reply; "and so am I, thank you" He was equal to the occasion, and hummed into her ear, "Nobody asked you, miss, he said."

An Indiana paper thus politely expresses an opinion of a judge:—"He knows just about as much of law as a mule does of mineralogy—the chances being in favour of the mule."

A man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper, asking, "What are the most advantageous additions to dried grasses for winter ornament?" The editor replied briefly, "Sir—Aerocilinium roseum, A. alba, Gomphrena globosa, and G. globosa earnea—Yours truly—The EDITOR." The querist answered, in a passion, that he had never been so much insulted in his life by the use of bad language.

During the examination of witnesses in a recent liquor prosecution at Montpelier, Vermont, before the Grand Jury, a former well known landlord of an hotel was interrogated as follows:—"Do you know of any liquor being sold in Montpelier, of your own personal knowledge?" "Yes," bluffly responded the ex landlord; "I have sold liquor to eight of that jury that sits before you." The prosecution considered him a "too willing witness," and told him he could go, although he was ready to answer further on the subject.

AMERICAN STYLE OF ADVERTISING.—One of the sweetest and most affecting of old English ballads is that of "Ben Bolt," and a verse that strikes a common cord in the hearts of all of us, is that in which the memory of the long-past school days is so touchingly invoked. But how wonderfully greater will be the pleasure of the old boys when they learn that by the new rein, invented by Messrs. John and Stephel, of Ward-street, no horse can bolt.

ANOTHER HEN STORY.—The most mysterious, extraordinary, and astounding hen story yet! A staid and respectable female fowl in Pulaski, Tenn., has for years—the story says fourteen—laid and incubated with admirable success. Now she has indeed suffered a change. She is growing to look exactly like a rooster. Her comb has become greater and brighter. Her tail feathers are growing out with a brilliant luxuriance. She struts about with all the importance of a juvenile rooster, and although she has not yet found voice and crowed a shrill clarion, such a demonstration is expected by everybody every morning. Is this one of the results of the agitation of the Woman Question?

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The *Union* announces the arrival in Paris of General Tom Thumb, with his five children, in a state of ill-health.

A circular issued in London has been largely distributed in Italy, inviting subscriptions to a loan of 10,000,000*l* to promote the cause of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, and of the Bourbons in Spain and France.

The Hon. Admiral Howard, of Castle Howard, Malton, has been raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Lannerton, taken from the Naworth estates, belonging to the Howards, in the north of England.

The Athens correspondent of the *New Free Press* of Vienna relates that so impartially are the quarantine laws observed in Greek ports that even Queen Olga, happening to arrive in one from Italy, was not allowed immunity, but had to submit to five days' detention on board ship. The Austro-Hungarian Minister, Baron Pottenburg, was also compelled to go through the ordinary quarantine at Salamis.

During the week ending last Saturday, 5,322 births and 3,901 deaths were registered in London and twenty other large cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The natural increase of population was 1,421. The mortality from all causes in these towns was at the rate of 27 deaths annually to every 1,000 persons estimated to be living. In the metropolis 2,458 births and 1,832 deaths were registered, the former having exceeded by 48, and the latter by 296, the average numbers in the corresponding period of the last ten years. One person died from small-pox 116 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 7 from diptheria, 49 from whooping cough, 35 from different forms of fever, and 18 from diarrhœa; thus, 243 to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class, 243 deaths were referred, against 171, 209, and 231 in the three preceding weeks.

Saturday was a great day at Turin. The monument erected to the memory of Count Cavour was unveiled in presence of King Victor Emmanuel, the Princes of the Royal family, the members of the Cabinet, deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the members of the Diplomatic Body, the civil and military authorities of Turin, and deputations from the Municipal Councils. The King, on his arrival, was received with enthusiastic cheering. The weather was extremely unfavourable, and the illumination had to be postponed. At the banquet given in the evening by the municipality to 500 guests, the British Minister, Sir Augustus Paget, assured the Italians of the sympathy of England with the Italian cause and its high admiration of the great statesman who insured its success. Sir Augustus went on (says a telegram to *The Times*) with a touching allusion to his predecessor, Sir James Hudson, the old friend of Cavour, who had always admired, loved, and supported him throughout his glorious career. Sir Augustus concluded by a cry of "Vive l'Italie!" which roused a loud response of "Viva Inghilterra!" The enthusiasm raised by the British Minister's speech was immense.

The "Bath chair" has been introduced into Shanghai, and a company formed to manufacture them.

A lady passenger on board the French brig *Myrtle*, which has arrived at Queenstown, shot herself on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

Dr. Beke informs the *Athenæum* that there is every prospect of his being soon able to start on his proposed expedition to Mount Sinai.

This year the value of steam-engines exported was £2,473,757, which was a large increase on the preceding year, when the amount was £2,106,917.

A man has surrendered to the police who is accused of assassinating Monsignor Verez, the Bishop of St. Pierre, a small island near Newfoundland.

At this week's meeting of the Liverpool School Board a statement was submitted, showing that during the three years of its existence the sum of £95,025 had been drawn from the rates; or an amount equal to a rate of only a little over a halfpenny in the pound.

"On the 23rd Sept., 1873, murdered, near Belen, New Mexico, U.S., while on a tour through the States, Francis Thoresby Worsley-Benison, second son of the late Henry Worsley-Benison, Esq., of Mowbrick Lodge, Bristol."—Obituary of *The Times*, Nov. 11.

John C. Heenan, the antagonist of Sayers in the memorable international prize fight, died on October 26 in a town on the Pacific Railway, by way of which he was proceeding to California for the benefit of his health, which has been impaired ever since his fight with King.

A telegram received in Liverpool announces that the Cunard steamer *Abyssinian*, on the 3rd of November, when in lat. 45 10, and long. 63, discovered the American vessel *R. Robinson*, laden, with cotton and grain, without a crew. A crew was put on board the derelict vessel, and she was taken safely into Halifax.

Strong reprobation is expressed in America against the Spanish authorities who ordered the summary execution of General Ryan and other revolutionary Cubans captured on board the blockade runner *Virginius*. No diplomatic action will be taken, however, until fuller information is forthcoming.

There was a large increase in the importation of both unmanufactured and manufactured tobacco and snuff this year compared with 1872. This year the declared value of manufactured tobacco was £2,392,596, against £2,264,883 last year. In 1872 the value of manufactured tobacco and snuff was £917,511, and this year £1,182,299.

Mr. Pim, one of the members for Dublin, has refused to sign the Home-rule requisition, but he has written a letter, in which he says the movement is not to be ridiculed, and statesmen must deal with the complaint that Irish affairs are neglected in the Imperial Parliament.

On the 5th of November nearly ten thousand words were "wired" from the Lewis post-office, recording the doings in the town on that day. Two days after a large limb fell from a tree under which the wires pass, and direct communication was cut off for some time, and waiting its repair part of the distance is done by cable.

The long-pending claims of the late Lord Dundonald upon the Brazilian Government have now been satisfied by the arbitrators, who have awarded to his lordship's representatives a sum amounting altogether to about £40,000.

The monster requisition in favour of a Home Rule conference in Dublin has now received some 20,000 signatures, including those of the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Ross, and between twenty-five and thirty members of Parliament.

A telegram to the *Hour* from Berlin says that Dr. Hessel, who was falsely accused of the Coram-street murder, has returned from Brazil, where the climate did not agree with his wife, and has settled at Heidelburg as University Teacher of modern languages.

A Berlin telegram states that the Emperor William is still weak, though the rhumatic pains have somewhat abated. He will not under the most favourable circumstances be able to leave his room for a fortnight. The present attack has been unusually severe and obstinate.

On Sunday night, a largely-attended meeting of railway servants of various parts of South Yorkshire was held at Barnsley, when resolutions demanding an advance of 6d. per day and the forwarding of the memorial from all railway servants to directors of various lines were carried. Representatives were present from Derby, Leeds, and Doncaster.

William Renfold, a fireman in the service of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, expired in the accident ward of the Sussex County Hospital on Saturday. It appears that the deceased was working on the line near the Three Bridges Station when a passenger train came up, and ran over him.

A gathering, under the auspices of the Sheffield Reform Association, was held on Tuesday evening in that town, at which Mr. Mundella, M.P., and Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., were present. The latter spoke strongly in favour of extending household suffrage to the counties, and declared that if the leaders of the Liberal party gave their followers work which was worth doing, there would be a hearty response from the country.

Eight or ten well-armed brigands stopped the train from Lisbon to Madrid, at nine o'clock on Saturday night, close to the little station of Cinadas, near Ciudad Real, and robbed every passenger, first, second, and third class, of everything on their persons. Mr. Robbins, a Queen's messenger, lost his watch and chain, and over £20 in money. The luggage on the train was not broken open, nor was any personal violence offered.

A gendarme was conducting two prisoners to Zurich by railway. One of them jumped out of the train, and the gendarme, confiding the other to the guard's care, also jumped from the train in pursuit of the fugitive. The latter took refuge in a wood, and eluded the official until a peasant with a dog aided him in the search. They found and captured the prisoner, for which gallant act the gendarme received a reward—seven francs.

The Paris journals announce the death of Admiral Trehouart in his 76th year. The deceased admiral entered the French navy as a midshipman, and took part in the combats which distinguished the close of the First Empire. He was promoted to the rank of admiral of France in 1869. He was created a senator by the late Emperor on the 13th of August, 1859, and in the following year was promoted by imperial decree to the rank of Grand Cross in the Legion of Honour.

According to the report of the Commissioners of Patents, just published, the stamp duties in lieu of fees last year amounted to £135,769 5s. 10d. It also appears from the report that last year the fees paid to the Attorney-General (Sir J. D. Coleridge) on patents amounted to £5,538 15s. His clerk had a fee of 5s. on 1,966, on provisional and complete specifications, amounting to £491 10s. No fees have been paid to the Solicitor-General on patents since November, 1871. It is understood that the fees will not be payable to the new Attorney-General.

Application for a writ of summons against the South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways, to show cause why an injunction should not be granted to compel them to cease giving preferential facilities of traffic to Ramsgate, Margate, Deal, and other towns, to the prejudice and disadvantage of Dover, was made on Monday by the Corporation of that town, under certain clauses of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of last session. The Railway Commission, to whom the application was made, decided on granting it.

The Wesleyans are erecting a new chapel at Green Lanes, Highbury New Park, London, on a site presented by Sir Francis Lycett; cost, £7,250. This is the fifth chapel erected since 1856 in the district known as the "Highbury circuit," each chapel being arranged to accommodate 1,000 worshippers. Within the same period day schools, with an attendance of 500 children, have been provided at Highbury. These structures represent an outlay of over £40,000. A sixth chapel is to be built forthwith on a site near the Finsbury Park gates, at a cost of £6,500.

A gang of sharpers last week induced simple-faced countryman, who was apparently lost at a London railway terminus, to accompany them and have some agreeable, choice, and extensive refreshments. At the end thereof they wanted to show the countryman how to take care of his money, then to play at cards, and then at skittles, all of which the rustic declined. Thereat they were rude and overbearing, and demanded "his card." He gave it—Sergeant C——(detective), &c., &c.

The French war indemnity was, the *Eparyne Française* says, paid in the following manner:—1. In cash 750 millions taken from the bullion in the Bank of France, and 1,600 millions drawn from the circulation of the country and replaced by bank-notes. 2. In German coins 750 millions, which the German armies had spent in France. 3. By the cession of the Eastern railways 325 millions. 4. By the export of goods from France to Germany 775 millions. 5. By the sale of foreign stock 800 millions.

The meeting of the Local Executive of the British Association was held on Monday at Bradford, and the financial account, which was submitted, showed the total expenses of the late meeting in that town to amount to about £3,000. The Guarantee Fund subscribed amounted to £5,200. A call of 50 per cent. upon this sum was made a short time ago, and it was resolved to make a further call of 1s. 6d. in the pound to meet the deficiency subsequently to the next meeting of the Executive, and the payment of the few outstanding accounts. The balance-sheets will be printed and forwarded to each subscriber.

"We see that Barnum is still not happy about ballooning, and thinks it can be arranged yet to cross and recross the Atlantic. We beg to offer the following as a classical solution of his difficulty:—Alexander the Great wished to visit the firmament, so he yoked two griffins to a basket; then with a portion of meat on the end of a staff, he held it above their bills, and so they constantly rose and rose, endeavouring to reach the temptation. By reversing the process he was able to descend."—*Court Journal.*

A newspaper Correspondent at Versailles announces that the Committee of Fifteen sat for six hours on Tuesday discussing the proposal for extending Marshal MacMahon's powers. The minority would make no concessions. The majority voted that the prolongation of the President's powers should date from the passing of the Constitutional laws, and that they should merely last during the existence of the present Legislature and the next, no definitive term of years being fixed. The Correspondent also says that the Right seems determined to yield nothing, and the Bonapartists will now vote with it in order to prevent the establishment of a definitive Republic. Many practical men will, however, support the proposal of the majority in order to put an end to the present provisional Government.

A rather ludicrous incident happened a little while ago in a well-known London church, St. Lawrence Jewry. Just as the clergyman had begun the Communion Service, and had got as far as "Our Father who art in Heaven," he was astonished by the apparition of a quaintly robed and furred functionary, who advanced to the communion rails, and said in a loud official voice, "I am commanded by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor to invite you to dinner on (naming the day). St. Lawrence Jewry is the Lord Mayor's parish Church, and it seems that it is an old custom to give these invitations publicly after morning prayer. The Rev. Mr Walrond, who was not aware of this, had hard work to preserve his gravity.

At the Glasgow Sheriff's Court, on Saturday, William and Marian Swan sued the North British Railway Company for payment of ten guineas each, as *solatium* and recompense for injuries sustained by them on the 6th of September last, through having been thrown to the ground with great violence, and cut about the head, face, and other parts, by being obliged to leap from the compartment of a carriage which was on fire, *en route* from Helensburgh to Glasgow. For the defence, it was contended that the fire originated from no negligence on the part of the company; and that, had the plaintiffs stood upon the footboard of the carriage, instead of jumping out rashly, they would have suffered no injury whatever. The court, however, considered the plaintiffs' case established, and ordered the company to pay the amount claimed.

The Leeds overseers have increased the poor-rate 4d. in the pound. The rate is now 1s. 3d.

Both the Midland and Lancashire and Yorkshire engine drivers are agitating for an advance of 3s. per week.

Advices received in Washington from Cuba state that eighty insurgents, captured in a recent engagement there, have been shot by the Spanish commander.

It is rumoured that a well-known firm of picture-dealers has offered £50,000 for the artistic contents of the late Sir Edwin Landseer's studio.

The importation of eggs increases. According to the official table, just issued, the declared value imported in the last ten months was £2,105,681, against £1,545,931 in the preceding year, and £1,093,391 in 1871.

Since the death of Sir Edwin Landseer several of his most celebrated pictures, including "Dignity and Impudence" and "Diogenes and Alexander," have been placed in the National Gallery.

A bachelor at a banquet in Newcastle gave the following toast:—"The women and coal of Durham county—O how desolate would the fireside be without them!"

The thirty-second birthday of the Prince of Wales was officially celebrated at Windsor on Monday, where the Royal standard was displayed upon the Guildhall, salutes of twenty-one guns being fired from the guns in the Long Walk, Fort Belvedere, and the *Royal Adelaide* frigate at Virginia Water.

From April last to the 8th inst., the Exchequer receipts amounted to £42,926,286, as compared with £41,297,396 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £48,135,222. On Saturday last the balance in the Bank of England was £1,341,359, and in the Bank of Ireland, £524,540.

Dr. Hancok, in his tenth annual report on the judicial statistics of Ireland, states that between 1864 and 1872 there was a diminution in the yearly aggregates of indictable offences from 10,865 to 7,716 cases. Against this, however, he has to place an increase in the number of riots and of crimes against human life.

The Peruvian Amazon exploring commission have made a report on their work. Diseases prevailed largely among the natives, both adults and children, through an extraordinary tendency to yield to a desire to eat earth. It was common also to find children of three years smoking, and not averse to native rum.

On Saturday afternoon Sergeant Gordon, on the staff of the 3rd Royal Surrey Militia, Kingston, died suddenly in the street. He was out recruiting, and when within a few yards of the barrack gates was seen to stagger and fall. When picked up he was dead. Heart disease is the supposed cause.

Denmark has now, the German papers announce, fulfilled its part of the Treaty of Prague, by delivering up to Germany the archives of the duchies of Sleswick and Holstein. These archives are so bulky as to fill eighty-seven packing-cases, and they constitute the entire cargo of a ship which has just arrived at Sleswick.

A boy named John Williams has died at Hanley from injuries received on Guy Fawkes Day. A cannon which some boys were firing, and which was charged with powder and stone, rebounded and fractured Williams's thigh in two places, causing his death on Saturday night.

A Naples correspondent writes that "some interesting discoveries have been lately made at Pompeii. A shop, supposed to be a tanner's, has been excavated, and a number of tools used in the manipulation of leather found. It is somewhat singular to remark the strong resemblance these tools bear to those used at the present day.

At a meeting of railway servants held in Edinburgh on Saturday, a proposal was made on the part of the *employés* to have a Bill introduced into Parliament for the purpose of restricting the hours of labour of railway servants to ten per day. Mr. M'Laren, M.P., and Mr. J. Miller, M.P., who were present by invitation, promised to give such a measure their support, and expressed their conviction that a large number of accidents were caused by the overwork and exhaustion from which railway officials in many cases suffered.

A young actress at the Casino of Marseilles, named Mdlle. Chabanier, aged 21, has just lost her life under painful circumstances. She had entered her room to prepare for the evening's performance, when a piece of burning paper which she had thrown on the ground after lighting the gas, set fire to her clothes. The flames were extinguished after a time by persons whom her screams had brought to her aid, but she had received such fearful injuries that she expired a few hours later.

A French journalist gives an amusing account of the actions of railway travellers in France. He says that when the train is ready a rush ensues; the first tenant of a carriage endeavours to prevent any one else sharing it with him: the second tenant, who has perhaps only got a seat by virtue of superior strength, joins with his former antagonist to prevent a third from entering; and so on. All of which goes to prove that there is a great deal of human nature among mankind, in France, as well as elsewhere.

The long-projected conference of the members of the Society of Friends was opened on Tuesday morning at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate street, London, to take into consideration and to deliberate on the condition of the body, and in particular, to inquire into the causes which are retarding its increase and producing a marked diminution in the attendance at many of the meetings." There was a very large attendance. The deliberations were conducted in private.

The Civil Service Commissioners have given notice that an open competitive examination for the appointment of assistant schoolmaster in her Majesty's Dockyard at Sheerness will be held in London on Monday, the 15th of December, and following days. The regulations under which the examination will be held are those that were published in the *London Gazette* on the 24th November, 1871.

In view of the forthcoming collection in aid of the Roman Catholic University, a pastoral from Cardinal Cullen was read on Sunday in all the Catholic churches in the diocese of Dublin. In this document the Cardinal strongly enforces the necessity of upholding religious education, and deprecated the growing indifference to religion which was manifested, more especially in the columns of a "licentious press."

On Tuesday the Belgian Chambers were opened by the King, His Majesty, in the speech from the Throne, said that the foreign relations and the finances of the country were in a very satisfactory state, and that among the Bills to be introduced was one for limiting or suspending the issue of silver money.

At an adjourned meeting of the Anti-Coal Ring Association, held in London on Clerkenwell-green, on Tuesday night, the chairman reported that no answer had been received from Lord Dudley to the inquiries of the association about his alleged promise to sell half a million tons at a reduced price for the London poor. It was now proposed to apply to Parliament to impose an export duty of 10s. per ton, and to fix a maximum price. Resolutions in this sense were adopted by the meeting.

A co-operative soirée, to celebrate the opening of the new Central Stores by the Leeds Co-operative Society, took place in the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday night. About 4 000 persons were present. The society numbers over 10,000 members, and made £4,000 last year in profits. The new stores have cost £11,000. The society possesses several smaller stores in different parts of the town. Since the commencement of the society the profits have been nearly £73,000.

The Secretary of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society, affiliated to the National Chamber of Trade, has sent a circular to the consignees of milk to the metropolis, in which he draws their attention to the chief provisions of the Adulteration Act of 1872, and expresses a hope that the strictest personal attention will be given to the subject, so that the milk may leave the consignees' hands "as it is drawn from the cow."

According to the *New Free Press* of Vienna the slaughter of horses for food in July last amounted to 203, in August to 184 and in September to 221. In the entire quarter, therefore, no less than 608 horses were converted into food. The "forequarters" are quoted at from 12 to 14 kreutzers per lb., the "hindquarters" at from 14 to 16 the ribs and loins at from 16 to 18. Fat sells at from 18 to 26 florins the cwt., and bones at 1 florin and 30 kreutzers.

The revisers of the authorised version of the New Testament met on Tuesday at the Jerusalem Chamber, and revised the translation of the 25th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The members present were the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (in the chair), the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dean of Westminster, Dean of Rochester, Dean of Lincoln, Master of the Temple, Archdeacon Bickersteth, Archdeacon Lee, Canon Kennedy, Canon Lightfoot, Canon Westcott, Professor Eadie, Professor Moulton, Professor Newth, Dr. Scrivener, Dr. Vance Smith, Mr. Humphry, and Mr. Hort.

The Liverpool branch of the National Lifeboat Institution met on Saturday, in the Mayor's Parlour, Liverpool, his Worship presiding, to present a handsomely framed testimonial to Mr. Fothergill, of Low-hill, Liverpool, for his efforts in assisting to save the lives of the crew of a smack named the *Hero*, which was wrecked off Douglas, Isle of Man, on the 14th September. In making the presentation, the Mayor expressed his regret that the National Lifeboat Institution had not received the support at the hands of the Liverpool public to which it was entitled.

An accident, by which two men were instantaneously killed and one injured, occurred in a coal pit near Rutherglen, a short distance from Glasgow, on Tuesday morning. Four miners named Maxwell, Spiers, Latta, and Mecue were being lowered, and when the cage was about half way down the shaft the rope slackened. Two of the men, Maxwell and Spiers, were thrown to the bottom of the pit and killed. Latta was severely injured by being crushed between the cage and the side of the shaft. Mecue escaped unhurt.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., in laying the foundation-stone of a new set of unsectarian schools at Lenton, a populous suburb of Nottingham, on Saturday, said England, with all its wealth and grand advantages, was, in respect of education, the worst Protestant country in the world. He had recently made a tour in Switzerland, where it was difficult to find a child at twelve that could not read and write, and go through arithmetic with perfect facility. With regard to the financial conditions of the country, he said he would not affirm we were secure against any change in our commercial prosperity, but he believed we had much more hopeful times before us if only we made use of our advantages.

Among the appointments that were thrown open to public competition by Mr. Lowe, shortly after his transfer from the Exchequer to the Home Office, was that of inspector of coal mines. The regulations under which persons will be allowed to compete for these appointments have now been published, and last Friday's *London Gazette* contains a notice, stating that a competitive examination for two situations as inspectors of coal mines will be held in London shortly. This competition will be open to all persons between the ages of 23 and 35, who, within the last five years, have been employed for two years underground in a coal mine. The subjects of examination include "a theoretical and practical acquaintance with coal mines and mining," and "a knowledge of metalliferous mines," as well as elementary subjects—such as reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Mr. Lloyd Clary, editor of the Cumberland *Daily Times*, Maryland, was shot in his office, on the 27th ult., by a young man named Resley, son of the clerk of the Circuit Court. In the *Times* of that morning had appeared an article in which certain apparent inequalities in the manner of computing the milage and pay of jurymen in a recent case tried in the Circuit Court were pointed out, the orders for the money being made out by Mr. Resley, or one of his deputies. At two o'clock in the afternoon young Resley went into the *Times* office, armed with a revolver, and meeting Mr. Clary in the hall at the top of the first flight of stairs, he put to him the question, "Did you write that article?" at the same time drawing his pistol. Clary exclaimed, "John, give me a chance!" Resley said "No!" and immediately fired two shots, the one passing through Clary's neck, and the other entering his chest just below the heart, inflicting a fatal wound. Mr. Clary died in the evening. Resley surrendered himself.

SECRET MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER WITH THE RED WAFER.—CLARA MALCOLM.

Mrs Hartley and her son sat at breakfast in a pleasant room at Earlecourt. The windows were open, and the pleasant summer air wafted in the fresh fragrance of the flowers of the partterre outside, and the sound of the songs of the numberless birds in the trees of the adjacent park came agreeably in through the sunny silence. The young man had arrived from Oxford on the preceding evening, to spend a few days with his mother before the advent of the houseful of visitors who were expected to celebrate his coming of age. There was not much business to be done: the lady had been an exemplary guardian to a good son, and there were none of the complicated accounts which so often attend the majority of young gentlemen of property. She was full of joy at her son's return, so handsome and so manly—so worthy to be the master of Earlecourt; and it was with all a mother's pride that she greeted him in the morning; but there was something she could not tell what—a shadow, a coolness—which seemed to have risen between them; her son was change', he was not the merry, light-hearted Eustace of former days.

"Are you sure you are quite well?" she asked him as he pushed aside his almost untasted breakfast, and turned from the table.

"Quite, mother mine—never was better in my life," he replied, with an attempt at cheerfulness; "what makes you fancy I am ill?"

"You look so pale, so distrait," she said—"as if you had something on your mind."

"So I have mother dear. Look at the formidable array of books and papers in the library yonder, and think of the solemn interviews in store for me with old Matthews. That's enough to make a fellow look pale without anything else."

Mrs. Hartley sighed; she was not satisfied, but she could ask no more; her son was a man now, grown out of confidences in his mother. The days were gone, never to return, when her curly-headed boy used to make her the repository of all his troubles and perplexities; when he could feel that in her circling arms there was a shield from all juvenile cares; and the tears rose to her eyes as she thought how soon the place she held in his heart might be filled by another,—how soon Earlecourt might know another mistress, younger and fairer than herself. A servant entered with the post-bag, hesitating a moment between his master and mistress, as if doubtful which to present it to.

"To you, master, James," said Mrs. Hartley, significantly.

The man advanced, and, with a bow, laid the bag by the side of Eustace.

"Four days too soon, mother!" he said, smiling; "your jurisdiction does not end till the 20th, remember."

"It ended the moment you came back," she responded, with a loving look; "but come, let us see what is inside 'the Squire's bag,' as they call it at the post-office."

"There you are!—a whole budget," he said, laying a heap of letters before his mother; "there's enough there to occupy you all the morning."

"Answers to the invitations, I expect," said Mrs. Hartley; "that's a formidable looking package of yours, Eustace," she continued, as he drew out a parcel.

"That's from Dalton, one of the fellows I've asked down here; you'll like him, mother. I told him to send me all the letters that came, yesterday; they seem tolerably numerous. There's his note."

The letter, written in a clear, gentlemanly hand, he handed to his mother, who read its contents—

"Ch. Ch. College, Oxford, May 21st.

DEAR HARTLEY,—I enclose all the communications which have arrived for you up to this time. Verily, their name is 'legion,' if particulars admired the epistle with the red wafer. Make my respectful compliments to your lady-mother, to whom I hope to have the honour of an introduction on the 24th inst. My Gyp is venting his impatience in a stampede outside the door; so I'll save the post, and close my letter.—Yours unalterably,

"HARRY DALTON."

"Not bills, I hope, Eustace," said his mother, when she had read the note, and saw the contents of the parcel.

"Not one of them," her son replied; "I haven't a bill that I know of."

He was reading a dirty, badly-written epistle as he spoke; the contents of which made his cheek burn and his eye flash. The envelope lay beside him, with a red wafer.

"Is that the letter your friend speaks of in his note?"

"Yes mother."

She made a slight gesture, as if she would stretch out her hand to take it; he saw it, and crushed the paper in his fingegs.

"I cannot, mother," he said; "not even to you."

"I am sorry you have a secret from me," she said, sadly.

"It is no secret, mother; that is—it is a demand —"

"A demand for money?"

"Yes, mother; and one which I must pay."

Mrs. Hartley looked frightened.

"Is it a large one?"

"Oh, no, mother! set your heart at rest on that score—£50 will suffice. There, let us talk about something else; I am sorry the letter came this morning."

"So am I; however, order Matthews to pay this mysterious demand, and let there be an end of it."

"I will pay it myself," her son replied. "I have money enough with me; do not trouble Matthews about it—it is something he will not understand."

"Very well," said Mrs. Hartley; "as you please; and now to see who are coming."

She opened letter after letter of gratified acceptance, and read the contents to her son.

"The Smithsons will be here, and the Burnets, and the Greys, and,—oh, here it is! The Colwells! Yes, they will be most happy! I am always glad to receive them, they are such nice people—among the wealthiest in the county. Mrs. Malcolm is Lady Earlsford's cousin, as well as ourselves, and then, Clara."

"Clara!"

"Yes, their daughter."

"Oh, yes, I remember; she is a little girl, is she not?"

"A little girl! My dear boy, what are you thinking of? Clara Malcolm is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies I know. Little girl! Why, she is eighteen! She was presented at court last season."

"True, I had forgotten," said Eustace; "it must be years since I saw her"

Yes, they were abroad a long time; and since their return you have been from home. You will be delighted with Clara; I intend to see a good deal of her; there are to few one can associate with; and in short"—

"In short, mother mine, you think Miss Clara Malcolm, with her riches and her beauty, would be a very eligible match for your seignegrance of a son! Was not that your plan, my sagacious of matchmakers, to marry me to the lady, and unite the estates in a ring fence?"

"I am afraid I must plead 'guilty,'" Mrs. Hartley replied. "I do so long to see you settled Eustace."

"Then every mother that is so anxious to resign her sway," he said, with something of sadness in his tone and look. "I am afraid I shall give you cause for anxiety on that score for a long time. I do not intend to marry."

So says many a young man of your age; but they alter their minds, notwithstanding. I do not despair of seeing a fair lady and a houseful of children in Earlecourt yet."

"It is impossible, mother!" said her son, almost angrily; "that is I mean"—

"Have you come back to me without your heart, my son?" she asked, timidly. Does your mother hold a second place already?"

"No mother; I'm heart-whole, believe me; but do not talk to me of marrying; give me time. My studies are not over yet; I am going to Oxford to carry off all the prizes, and come home covered with honour, and overwhelmed with distinction. Then I must travel:—see the world! You shall come with me, mother. I can't part with you; time enough to talk of marriage a dozen years hence!" And kissing her lightly on the forehead, he left the room.

It was a lovely domain that called Eustace Hartley master. The old mansion, dating back from the time of Elizabeth, stood in a park of rare beauty, planted with avenues of trees—coeval with the dwelling some of them—and swelling into hill and vale, wood and lawn, till it mingled with the landscape beyond the sunk fence, and gave the beholder the idea of unlimited territory.

The lord of all this walked on moodily, a dark cloud upon his face, and his head bent upon his breast. In his hand he held the crumpled letter that had caused him such annoyance.

"Will the end never come?" he muttered to himself; "must my whole life be an atonement for a boy's act of folly? O mother, mother! with all your pride in your son, how would you feel if you could see the writer of this cursed letter; if you knew that"—

"If you please, sir, Mr. Matthews is in the library," said a voice at his side, breaking in upon his meditations. He turned and saw his valet.

"Very well," he replied; "tell Matthews I will be with him immediately."

The man touched his hat, and retired.

"I must ride over to Selcrys, and send that money," he said to himself as he went in; "it would never do to send it from here; it's a tolerable demand; that will make all up six months, besides the regular allowance. But for my mother; they should so shave no further explain ourse; but' would break her heart. No! for her sake, they may try even to beggar me, as for as my private means are concerned, before the story of my shame shall be told. I must not remit it from this place, though; I must run the risk of letting ages in my life's history turning up for every one to read: it is shame and misery enough to have to look back to it myself."

The morning of the 25th of May rose upon Earlesford clear and bright, as if summer itself had dawned earlier than usual upon the world in honour of the young heir. There was, and merry peals rang from the old churches, for Mr. Eustace Hartley owned a great part of the city, and all were ready to do homage to their prospective landlord.

Nelly Dane was early at her simple toilet. Her grandmother was better than she had been for some time, and her prospect of pleasure was unclouded. Many a neighbour helped her to dress, for her young companions were waiting in laughing impatience down stairs, and every minute she delayed seemed to them an hour.

"You'll do now, Miss Nelly," said the old serving-woman, bestowing a kiss upon the cheek of her foster-child. "You look as fresh as a daisy, that you do!"

And, truly, it was a fresh, pleasant-looking picture that Nelly saw as she gave her little mirror a parting glance,—the soft white folds of her muslin dress, the little silk jacket, the broad-brimmed hat, (furbans and pork-pie hats were not in those days,) the face flushed with happy excitement, the brown curls falling on her shoulders,—all made up as pleasing a *tout ensemble* as you could see anywhere. Many a jaded city belle would have given a good deal to have looked as that young girl looked at that hour in the morning.

She bounded into her grandmother's room.—

"Well, grandma! What do you think of me? How do I look?"

"Like a flower, my darling; like a fresh innocent flower," returned Mrs Deane, embracing her "Take care of yourself, my child."

"I'll take the best of care, grandma," said Nelly. "But are you sure you are well enough for me to go?"

"Quite sure, my dear; there, run away, don't stop talking to me. Kiss me once more Nelly. God bless you, my darling!"

Years afterwards, amid far different scenes, the remembrance of the passionate embrace in which her grandmother held her on that morning was fresh in Nelly's mind; now, however, it did not strike her particularly, and with a cheery kiss and "good-bye" to her dear one, she left Earlecourt was literally alive with vehicles of all sorts, equestrians, and foot-passengers. The party of young people belonged to the best-named party of the throng, for the distance was short, and the day was fine. Carriage after carriage passed them on the road, from the occupants of many of which came a greeting to the Malcolms among the rest, that of Dr Browne. There was a delay at the turnpike, and both the doctor and Andrew, who had come to bring his master, to be always did on visits of ceremony, recognised their young protegee. The merry group of girls were very close to the carriage, and the doctor put his head out of the window to greet his little favou-ite. "Well, little girl!" he said, "going with all the world, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Nelly.

"Ha! so am I. Pack of foolery, all of it. No such doings when I came of age!"

"And the doctor sighed, as if there were some memories still treasured in his heart of his youthful days.

"Take care of yourself, mind," he said, as the carriage moved on;" don't get lost in the crowd or lose your heart to the young heir's handsome face." They laughed, and the girls went their way, speculating much on what young' Mr. Hartley was like, what he would say in his speech, what would be done during the day and so on.

At Earlcourt all was bustle and magnificent preparation. Carriage after carriage set down their loads of well-dressed and congratulating aristocracy; while the more plebeian portion of the visitors poured in from every side in an unbroken stream till house, lawn, and spacious park seemed alike full; till the college friends of Eustace, who had heard the reports of his poverty, and perhaps joined in the whispered conjecture of his name, were alike surprised and pleased at the signs of almost unbounded wealth and unlimited power by which he was surrounded.

"You are a lucky fellow, Hartley," said Herbert Dalton, as they stood on the terrace and watched the arrivals; "I had no idea, when I saw you pouring over your books at Oxford, that you were the master of a place like this. I thought you were a recw—hard-up, poor as Job!"

"You have queer ideas of poverty, Dalton. Why, my room coat—I am ashamed to say what, and one does not live as a gentleman commoner for nothing."

"Oh, that goes for nothing. Many a silk gown is worn the better to hide an empty purse. Why, your predecessor in those very rooms hadn't a penny to bless himself, and yet he flaunted them up in the splendid style! In his day those fine gilded doors often shut in empty cupboards, if his Gyp was to be believed."

"I don't keep empty cupboards!" said Eustace, laughing. "However, I'm going to reform next term. I'm only a freshman yet, you know!"

"That's another thing about the careless our fellows," said Dalton; "why you have been only one term at college. Many men are leaving at your age, decidedly with your fortune, and here you are just beginning a course of study, and working as if your life depended on fitting yourself for a fifty pound curacy, or a tutorship at a country academy."

"What have your guardians been thinking about, or where have you spent the flower of your youth, that your studies are not exactly twenty-one?"

A shade passed over the young man's face, as he replied gravely.—"I never had any real guardian but my mother; my cousin, Lord Earlsford, the only appointed director of my affairs, left everything to her, and I had my own way pretty much."

"And you have grown wise with yourself in your youthful years—since your Eton days? Reynolds —a reading man of Corpus, a red-haired fellow—but you won't know him, he's not in our set—reverses he saw you two years ago at"—

The colour faded out of Eustace Hartley's face, till his very lips were white, and his voice was hoarse and low as he said, "Where?—*where* did any one see me two years ago that's at Oxford now?"

"No very terrible place, my dear fellow; he says he met you several times—once he remembers particularly—walking with a young lady"—

"Eustace! Eustace!" the voice of Mrs. Hartley behind them; "do come in, the Malcolms are here, and your absence will appear strange."

A thorough gentleman she looked, as she passed her arm through her son's, and led him away. She wore a dress of dark satin, with a white lace shawl, and her face was flushed with gratified pride and true motherly love.

Dalton gazed after them, as, with a slight apology, they walked slowly along the terrace.

"How like they are," he said to himself; "as handsome a mother and son as can be seen any day. And yet I'm very much mistaken if there's not a secret locked somewhere. What has Hartley been up to, I wonder?"

He slowly followed to the front door, where he found Dalton receiving the congratulations of a distinguished-looking party.

There was a handsome man, middle-aged gentleman, a lady possessing the remains of great beauty, two very young gentlemen—boys in fact, though they would have been highly indignant at hearing such an epithet applied to them—and a young lady, whose back was towards them.

Introductions began. He learned that the lady and gentleman were Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm, that the young gentlemen were the Masters Burnet, their nephews, and the young lady their daughter.

She turned round at Mrs Hartley's words—"Miss Clara Malcolm,—Mr. Herbert Dalton, a friend of my son's."

Dalton bowed to the tall bending figure, before he raised his eyes to the face; when he did so, there flashed upon him a vision of such exceeding beauty he remembered that first look to his life's end.

To be continued.

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS.—8-25, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 1-45.) Sundays, 10-25, 8-40, 10-5.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD.—7-15, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-20, 7-55. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD.—10-25, 1-17, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-50, 11-47, 1-46, 5-16, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON.—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-40, 4-45. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate).—7-5, 8-8, 9-40, 10-17, 10-58, 12-23, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 9-9, 10-17. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-56.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-23, 8-9, 9-22, 10-5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-58, 2-18, 4-35 4-49, 5-0, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD.—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 10-5, 1-2, 2-48, 5-0, 6-21, 8-8. Sundays, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

THE following cases were heard in the West Riding Police Court, at Rothwell, on Monday last, before L. R. STARKIE, Esq., W. H. LEATHAM, Esq., R. B. MACKIE, Esq., DR. HOLDSWORTH, DR. KENDALL, and J. H. WESTHEAD, Esq.

CARLTON COLLIERS CHARGED WITH GAMBLING.—ANIMATED "PASSES" BETWEEN THE BENCH, THE BAR, AND THE CIVIC POWERS.—Four young men, named Thomas Bullock, Wm. Sidebottom, Robert Ellis, and Frederick Hodson, all of whom are colliers at Carlton and working at Gotts, were charged at the instance of Police-Constable Atkinson, with having, on the afternoon of Sunday the 1st instant, played at pitch and toss, on a highway near the township of Lofthouse-with-Carlton, to the annoyance of passengers.—Mr. Ferns, of Leeds, appeared for the whole of the defendants, and, in accordance with his application, the witnesses on either side were ordered out court.—Police Constable Atkinson stated that he had reported the defendants for gambling in a public place in Carlton, about three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday week, in consequence of information received. He had not himself witnessed their sport, but having received complaints from at least half-a-dozen persons concerning the nuisances, consequent upon this improper practice of Sabbath-gambling by colliers, and he had previously cautioned three of the defendants.—Mr. Ferns, (whose ready wit and legal accumen, had frequently been exemplified in this court) interposed an objection to the use of the "official red paint-brush for the purpose of embellishing the case," and after a little squabbling, the constable left the box in favour of the next witness, a collier, named Lake, who stated that while walking along the "Middle Butts," he observed the defendants playing at pitch and toss in North-field. He only saw one of them throw up a penny, but heard no observations.—Mr. Ferns, in cross-examination facetiously inquired, "Are you a witness thus:—"They call you 'Lake,' don't they." Witness: "Yes."—Mr. Ferns: "not Wenham Lake, I suppose?" (Laughter.) Witness: "Oh no."—Mr. Ferns: "I thought not, you're not quite old enough for that!" (Renewed Laughter.) Well, Mister, tell me who put you on as a detective amongst the colliers?" Witness: "No one, that I am aware of."—Mr. Ferns: "Then when did your morality and religion assume such a conspicuous form as to particularly exhibit itself as prompting you to become a common spy and informer against your collier friends?"—Witness: "Only on that day." Laughter. Mr. Ferns: "Who accompanied you during your morning and afternoon ramble?"—Witness: "No one."—Mr. Ferns: "What were you, like Hamlet's ghost, sent in the morning air?—(Renewed laughter.)—Witness: "I have told you that only four persons—myself, John Howe, Thomas Howe, and Joe Thackeray were there."—Mr. Ferns: "Is this your first appearance in Court?"—Witness: "Yes."—Mr. Ferns: "Are you quite sure that you have never been here before?" — Witness: "Yes."—Mr. Ferns: "Well, that's very creditable to you, considering you are a collier!" (Laughter.—By the desire of the Bench, Police-constable Atkinson was recalled, and stated that the road upon which the men had been observed playing led from Rothwell and Rothwell Haigh to Robin Hood, also from Carlton to Rothwell Haigh.—The next witness called and informed against was Joseph Howe, who deposed that he had seen the whole of the defendants playing at or engaged in, the past time, at the bottom of the highway, called "Middle Butts. Sidebottom and Bullock were tossing, and the other two were betting.

—Mr. Ferns: "You have been in this court before, believe I?"—Witness: "Yes, I have."—Mr. Ferns: "Upon a charge of murder?"—Witness: "Yes."—Mr. Ferns: Is that the only charge upon which you have been here?—Witness: I was once here for assaulting the police.—Mr. Ferns: You are certainly very fortunate that you deserve credit.

—In the course of further examination, this witness differed with the previous witness in his assertion that Howe was one of the party, and he added that if Sala had said so he spoke falsely.—Thomas Newsom, another collier, was called to prove that he had seen one of the men throw up a coin; but, beyond this, and a lively cross-examination, which failed to effect a change of opinion, nothing worthy of record took place.

Mr. Ferns then proceeded to address the Bench on behalf of his clients, and remarked that the rule had hitherto been with the magistrates of Wakefield, as well as of other towns, in instances where an attempt was made, from the sewer of common filth, to produce a symptom of clean-handed justice, to treat the matter with the contempt which, in the dignity of their official capacity, they would ever exercise. Mr. Ferns was proceeding to remark: "Now, look at that person who has been called before you; he says he has been tried for murder, and who can't not deny that he has been in this court for other offences than murder," when—Mr. Superintendent Hall, rising from his seat, remarked "Really, gentlemen, I must intercede. The term murder, which has been so freely used by Mr. Ferns, is a most frightful one, and a word totally misapplied in the present case."—Mr. Ferns: "Will you kindly allow me to proceed?"—Mr. Superintendent Hunt: "When I have made my explanation. I must state to the Bench, and for your information, that eight persons were arraigned at the assizes for manslaughter, and not for murder, and moreover, there was no evidence whatever against Thackeray, who was discharged."—Mr. Ferns (to Mr. Hall): "Are you in your place now, or out of it?"—Mr. Superintendent Hunt: "I am certainly not doing amiss when I vindicate a person's cause."—The Chairman: "You are perfectly justified in doing so."—Mr. Ferns: "I bow to your superior wisdom, but I question the authority of any officer to interpose between the Bench and the Bar in such a manner."—Mr. Superintendent Hall: "I have merely endeavoured to remove a wrong impression, and to preserve a man's character from the foulest blot which could be made upon it." (Heard.—Mr. Ferns then proceeded to address the Bench at considerable length, contending that Mr. Superintendent Hall had risen simply for the purpose of playing *bathinage* with him, and that it rested with him to show, by whatever means he could, the character and the status of the witnesses, and thus to damage the case for the prosecution. That there had been an evident *suppressio veri* on the part of the witnesses for the prosecution, and that their "fencing" was unmistakable evidence to their disadvantage. It was very rarely indeed, he observed, that they saw "hawks picking out hawk's eyes," and but for the witnesses on behalf of the police having some malice, this case would never have been brought within magisterial jurisdiction. The fact was that, some week or two since, the witnesses' friends had been sentenced to fine or imprisonment by that court, and this case was simply a sett-off. After hearing the evidence, and argument, the Bench imposed a fine and costs amounting to 10s. each, with the alternative of seven day's imprisonment. —The money was paid.

CAUTION TO TURNIP STEALERS.—A young man, named David Sykes, who stated that he was employed as a labourer at Messrs. Ingham's nail works, and lives in Church Street, Hunslet, was charged with having stolen two turnips, valued at 2d., from a field at Rothwell Haigh, in the occupation of Mr. James Goldthorpe, farmer. — Police-constable A. Balfour deposed that whilst on duty on the Pontefract and Leeds Turnpike-road, about half-past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he saw the prisoner enter the prosecutor's field, and pick up the two turnips. He was apprehended, and taken to Mr. Goldthorpe, who refused to look over it, in consequence of the great loss he had sustained from time to time.—The defendant, in reply to the Bench, expressed his regret at having taken the turnips, adding, that he was hungry, and fancied that he could relish one.—Mr. Goldthorpe informed the Bench that he had sustained very serious loss, his produce being constantly stolen by persons living in Hunslet and the vicinity. It was high time that he made an example of someone in order to put a stop to it.—The Chairman remarked that some people seemed to have an idea that they might take anything which they observed growing in a field. Such pilfering would be put a stop to, and if any other persons were brought before the court for similar offences, they would be made an example of.—The defendant was then fined 13s. 5d. altogether, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A CARLTON SHOEMAKER.—A middle-aged man, named Livesey Hampson, boot and shoe maker, Carlton, was charged with having been drunk and disorderly on the premises of Mr. Cheesebrough, the Prince of Wales' Inn, and with having refused to leave the same when requested.—The case occupied some considerable time in hearing, and the facts elicited were exceedingly disputable. — Some short time since, the defendant figured in this court as defendant in an affiliation case, a Miss Thackeray, of Carlton, charging him with being the father of twins, to which she had recently given birth. The Bench made an order upon him for the payment of a moderate weekly sum, notwithstanding the positive denial of the paternity, and this fact seems to have given unlimited satisfaction to the villagers, who have pretty freely taunted Hampson, and congratulated him upon what he considered a very ill-luck." On the 31st of October, about half-past nine o'clock at night, he went into the Prince of Wales (his face being at the time very black) and accosting Mrs. Elizabeth Cheesebrough, the landlady, asked "Don't you know me?" Why, I'm old Timmy Thackeray's son-in-law!" He then asked where Mr. Cheesebrough was, and upon being informed that he was in bed, he went to the foot of the stairs, and called out, "Poor old Riley! Silly old Riley!" and re-entering the room, he said Mrs. Cheesebrough "Are you pleased that I have got the twins fathered upon me?" The lady interrogated did not mince matters, but replied: "I am, indeed—I'm very glad, and I think it's only right!" Hampson thereupon became exceedingly plaintive, and, at length, remarked that "everybody appeared to be pleased at a fellow's downfall," and then made use of some most disgusting and unmanly epithets, calling her a thief, a perjurer, and even worse names, which we decline to repeat. Several witnesses were called, and testified to the truth of the above statements. The defendant admitted that she had given the defendant some provocation by remarking that "he was reckoned to be a teetotaler, but that he was drunk," and by expressing the pleasure she felt in his conviction on the 24th ult. Several witnesses, named Cheesebrough Dobson, and Henry Bell, miners, living at Carlton, who gave a similar version of the affair.—The defendant then called upon Police-Constable Atkinson to state if he was,as alleged, drunk at the time in question.—This officer stated that he had occasion to call at the Prince of Wales at the time of the altercation between the defendant and Mrs. Cheesebrough. His face was blackened, apparently with work, and he was not drunk, but appeared to be very much excited. Mrs. Cheesebrough charged him with being drunk, whereupon witness recommended her "Well, if he is drunk, you are filling him beer, and that is an offence against your licence.—The complainant (to Bench) "He has acknowledged to Mr. Gill, of Rothwell, that he was beastly drunk, and did not know what he was saying or doing —Defendant: "It's false."—Hampton then made his statement to the Magistrates, saying that directly he had entered the house and taken a seat on the long-settle, Mrs. Cheesebrough commenced striking the table with her hands and saying "I am so pleased, I am so pleased that you have got those twins put on you, as if you were to give me I don't know how much." He acknowledged that he had made use of improper language in a moment of excitement, but would not have done so but for the provocation received. He also denied that he was drunk.—The Chairman observed that the Bench were of opinion that some provocation had been given, and would simply order the defendant to pay the expenses, which amounted to 14s. 6d.—The money was immediately paid, and the parties left the court.

HAPPINESS NOT GAINED WHERE WEALTH IS OBTAINED.—A respectable-looking man, named Wm. Nee, was summoned on a charge of having assaulted and threatened to kill his wife, Mary Nee, and she prayed that he might be bound over to keep the peace towards her.—Mr. Burton appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Gill for the defendant. —In addressing the Court, Mr. Burton said that the defendant lived at Ouzlewell Green, and carried on business as a market gardener, the parties were married some years ago, and unfortunately the complainant had certain monies in her right, and this seems to have bred innumerable quarrels, both had families by previous marriages, and there had been constant disputes between them, and on the first inst., the defendant turned the complainant out of her house, everything being hers, without anything except the clothing on her back, and her children with her, since then very unseemly scenes had taken place between them. On the 2nd inst., complainant went for clothing and other articles that she required for herself and family, when the defendant turned her out saying she should not have anything there, some angry words took place between them, upon which the defendant commenced beating her shamefully and to the extent that she was almost black all over her body, and also being threatened by him she asked that he may be bound over to keep the peace.—Mr. Gill, in reply to Mr. Burton, said that the source of the quarrels which had taken place between the parties was the fact that each one had brought into the home separate families, and that each one having worked hard and contributed to the general stock of money, &c., the dispute was, whose children took the most keeping, and who had the most right to certain monies which accrued from certain sources? —After some discussion between the counsel on each side, it was arranged to adjourn the case with a view to an amicable settlement.

DRUNKARDS FROM ROTHWELL.—George Priestly, a miner, Robt. Ward, a joiner, and Wm. Wright, a miner, were summoned for being drunk at Rothwell, on the 6th instant. Police-constable Gill proved the case, and Priestly who is an old offender, was fined £1, and the others 5s. each, with the expenses 16s. being divided between them.—Thomas Brown, a collier, who, according to the statement made by Sergeant Denham, was sworn to have been drunk at Rothwell on the 2nd inst., had 14s. to pay.—Samuel Green, Jno. Rawson, match-makers, Jno. Hall, miner, and Richard Rawson, boot-maker, were charged with a similar offence at Rothwell, on the 3rd inst. Hall did not appear, and Police-constable Gill proved the case, when they were ordered to pay 14s. 8d. each.—James Speight, for having been found guilty of being drunk at Rothwell on the 2nd inst., was fined 5s and with expenses he had 14s. to pay.—Jno. Clapham, for also being drunk at the same place on the 1st inst., with costs and expenses he had 19s. to pay.

DRUNK AND RIOTOUS.—Joseph Calverley was brought up for having been drunk and riotous at Woodlesford, and was fined with costs, 14s.

ASSAULT AT CROFTON.—A miner, named John Copley, was summoned for assaulting Rachael Lovell, a married woman, living at Crofton, on the 1st inst. The parties met at the "Royal Oak," at Crofton, when the defendant's wife and the complainant had a quarrel in which several others took part, and whilst they were settling their differences with their fists, the defendant came up and struck the complainant against the wall, and beat the head of the complainant against the causeway. Several witnesses were called on each side, and the evidence given being very contradictory, the Chairman said he was satisfied that a savage assault had been committed, and ordered the defendant to pay £2 2s., included in which was an allowance of £1 to the complainant.

DRUNK AND LETTING OFF FIREWORKS.—A copper-coloured man of middle age, was brought up in charge of being drunk on the 9th inst., at Woodlesford, and with having wantonly let off a cracker on the highway there. The case having been stated by a police-constable, the man pleaded guilty, and was ordered to pay for the first offence 5s., and the latter 19s., or in default 14 days' imprisonment.—Israel Clayton, a lad aged 13 years, was summoned for having wantonly discharged a cracker, near his father's house, at Bragg-lane-end, on the 1st inst.—Police-constable Hall said that he saw the offence committed, and that there had been numerous complaints from a gentleman residing in the vicinity.—The lad's father contended that the road where he lived was a private one, but was ordered to pay, on behalf of his son, 14s.

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Saturday, November 15th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

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Silk and Woollen Dyer, and French Cleaner,
80, Hunslet Road, & 4, Wade Lane, bottom of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
HUNSLET STEAM DYE WORKS, JACK LANE.
Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & Window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner.
Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

NICHOLSON AND COMPANY,
BOTTOM OF
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IRON BEDSTEADS, fullsize from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
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No. 162, BRIGGATE, LEEDS,
Supplies the trade with all the WEEKLY
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CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

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C. H. BRAITHWAITE,
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Near TOP OF BRIGGATE, LEEDS.
Photographs Colored or uncolored in various styles, from Carte Size to Life Size, Photographs copied and enlarged or reduced.

GEORGE SMITH,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c.
(NEAR DR. BEATS),
MITCHELL'S YARD,
ROTHWELL.

J. C. DOBSON,
RENT AND DEBT COLLECTOR,
ROTHWELL,
NEAR LEEDS.

WINTER FASHIONS.

MILLINERY-
JACKETS, BONNETS, AND HATS,
CHEAPEST AND BEST.
4, NEW MARKET STREET, LEEDS.
ESTABLISHED 26 YEARS.

B. CLARK AND CO.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
ROTHWELL,
Invite public attention to their Stock of pure unadulterated NEW SEASON TEAS. Those deserving special notice as for general use, are their STRONG ASSAM FLAVOURED MIXTURE, of genuine Black and true Green Teas, at 2s. 8d., per pound. Also their PEKOE SOUCHONG FLAVOURED MIXTURE, at 2s., lb.
These really good and cheap Teas are an excellent combination of quality, strength and flavour, and are recommended with the greatest confidence.
LEEDS HOUSE, B. CLARK & CO.

WEST-RIDING POLICE COURT.

FRIDAY.

Yesterday, two miners, named James Emery, and John Parfit, were charged before the magistrates at Wakefield, with using abusive and threatening language to Mr. Lavecrack, landlord of the John O'Gaunt Inn, who, on noticing that they were intoxicated, took away from them a glass of whisky which he had supplied.—The charge having been supported by Thomas Crossley and Charles Cryer, and acknowledged by the prisoners, they were sentenced to pay 5s. and costs—being 14s. each in all, or fourteen days' imprisonment.

A man, named James Floyd, who has been in the employ of Mr. John Jackson, proprietors of the Fleet Corn Mills, Woodlesford, was summoned for having violated the terms of his engagement by leaving his work without having given the requisite fourteen days' notice.—Mr. Gill prosecuted. Complainant stipulated with the whole of his employés that they should give fourteen days' notice in the event of their desiring to leave, and he likewise agreed to give them fourteen days' notice, except in the event of gross impropriety.—The defendant did not give Mr. Jackson satisfaction, and he was therefore given the customary notice to leave, but after working seven days, he left, and had not since returned.—As the defendant had expressed his willingness now to fulfil his agreement, the bench ordered him to pay the expenses, 13/-, and return to his work, or to go to prison for fourteen days.

We recently gave an account of an assault by a party of Beeston colliers, upon Sergeant Woodcock, near a beerhouse kept by a Mrs. Mary McCrees, near Leeds. Three of the prisoners have been already dealt with, and two others, John Wood and Richard Broxup, miners, living at Beeston, were yesterday brought up under warrant and committed to the House of Correction with hard labour for one month, with the alternative of fourteen days' further imprisonment in default of paying 16s. 8d. costs.

WATCH THIS.

WATCH THIS!

WATCH THIS.

Birth.

BATTY.—November 20th, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. John Batty, draper, Rothwell, of a daughter.

Deaths.

HANDFORTH.—November 18th, aged 4 years and 4 months, Arthur Handforth, of Rothwell.

BRITTAIN.—Nov. 15th, aged 1 year and 10 months, Charles Brittain, of Rothwell.

MINERS' NATIONAL CONFERENCE AT LEEDS.

THE delegates from the various associations met in the Civil Court, Town Hall, on Tuesday last, and have continued their deliberations till yesterday.

The National Conference represents 110,924 miners in England, Scotland, and Wales. Towards this number, West Yorkshire contributed 10,000, but according to Mr. Dixon's statement, the figure at the present time as 12,000, and the capital of their association was £8,000. Mr. A. McDonald, the president, congratulated the members on their satisfactory position, and said that no strike or difficulty of any importance had occurred during the year. An interesting and lengthy report was read by the Secretary, on "Wages and the high price of Coal," which rebutted the statement that the advance had been caused by the miners, and plainly set forth the mens' side of the question. On Wednesday, the President passed in review the history of the Association during the ten years of its existence, and rejoiced in its present proportions and power. Mr. McDonald urged the most perfect unity of action, and advised moderation in their movements. He also supported the establishment of Courts of Arbitration, instead of strikes and lock-outs. We are glad to note the influence the Association has exerted in making men more intelligent and respectable, and that the power which they have gained is guided by education and reason.

Various subjects of importance have been discussed, notably "The Masters 'and Servants' Act. The working of "The Mines' Act," and the representation of workingmen in Parliament.

Referring to the selection of inspectors, the President insisted that they should be chosen by merit, and was happy to say that during Mr. Bruce's term of office, an improvement had taken place in this respect. Mr. Dixon complained that the weighing clause has been practically abolished, and a resolution was passed that any case of the violation of the Act should be laid before the secretary, within 14 days, and the matter brought under the notice of the Home Secretary.

The total repeal of "The Criminal Law Amendment Act," was unanimously resolved to be the only satisfactory arrangement of the statute.

The Conference hailed with pleasure the recent appointment of Mr. Henry James to the Attorney-generalship, and of Mr. Vernon Harcourt as Solicitor-General, and took it as an indication of the intention of Government to deal with working-men's questions in a fair and impartial spirit.

The representation of labour in Parliament was next discussed,—all the delegates being in favour of the movement. Two ways were proposed for the defraying of the expenses—by using the funds of the Association, or by means of a special levy, of say 3d. per member.

Yesterday, a resolution was passed deciding "that we assist working-class representation, wherever desirable."

A resolution was also passed in favor of stipendiary magistrates.

The following six delegates were elected to attend the Trades' Congress, at Sheffield, in January, viz.: Messrs. McDonald, Burt, Crawford, Dixon, Normansel, and Coledge.

ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

(Kindly contributed by Mr. JOHN SMITH.)

STANG RIDING.—In former days, when the wife was the better-half, in more senses than one,—if the husband didn't please her, she used her physical strength to show her superiority. Unfortunately for Reuben Booth, an old pensioner, living at Rothwell, near William Blackburn's, in the Main Street, he had been blessed (?) with a strong, muscular wife, who frequently beat the old man, and shamefully misused him. On hearing of these matrimonial squabbles the stang was ridden by a young man, with a tin can placed before him, walking three times round the Church, beating his can, and chanting

Me ran tan, tan,
This is the sound of my old tin can;
Reuben and Matty's been fighting again;
The folks in the town all cry "shame,"
Matty raced Reuben into the garden,
And there she beat him to a farden";
Upstairs and back a'door,
There she made poor Reuben roar.

This occurred in 1,804.

THE STOCKS.—The last time the stocks were used in Rothwell, was on a Sunday, in the year 1,801—when the Churchwardens, who were on the look out, caught three men gambling in a field, during Church-hours; and, having secured them, placed them in the stocks till after the service was concluded.—The stocks were fixed near where the cross now stands

MAY-POLE.—The last May-Pole in Rothwell was erected in 1,802, about seven feet from where Miss Hinde now resides. It was a long pole, fresh painted every year—red, white, and blue, with a pair of horns about half way up.

GILLETT BRIDGE was built by Mr. Edward Walton, and Mr. Jas. Moore, surveyors, in 1,791. Before this date, horses had to wade the beck, while a wooden bridge was thrown across for the use of foot passengers.—Also, at Gillett Land-end, gates were hung (of which two posts remained till 1,802) to prevent the cattle straying into the village from Rothwell Haigh—then an unenclosed common.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS IN ROTHWELL CHURCH-YARD.

"Here lies within this porch, so calm,
Old Thomas,—pray sound his knell,
Who thought no song so like a psalm,
No music like a bell."

Thomas Flockton, better known as Old Thomas, was for many years the parish sexton. The epitaph was written by a Mr. Taylor, the curate in charge—a facetious sort of parson.

OF JESSE HAIGH'S WIFE'S TOMBSTONE.
"Here lies here, one who was,—was what?
Think what a wife should be, and she was that."

A CATHOLIC PEER AND ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.

The London correspondent of the *Western Morning News* says:—The Marquis of Bute has caused great indignation in Cardiff by refusing to sell or lease a site for a new church in that populous town. It appears that St. Mary's parish contains a population of 30,000, and church accommodation for only 2000; that the inhabitants have subscribed £3000 for a new church, and that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have sanctioned the formation of a new district. Everything seemed to be going on smoothly, when, to the disappointment of the people, the Marquis, after long delay and several applications, declined to allow any part of his land to be used for the purpose, a decision which, as he holds almost the whole of the parish, is fatal to the scheme. It would appear that the Marquis has lately resolved that none but extreme Ritualists shall have the churches in his gift, and as the existing churches at Cardiff have been given to clerics of this school, the sturdy Welsh Protestants wanted a church and pastor more after their own mind. It is probably for this reason, and not through any parsimony, that Lord Bute has declined the request just made to him. It is said that property has its duties as well as its rights, and I should have thought one of the duties which all on reasonable terms land for churches and chapels, without respect of creed, wherever it could be shown that there was spiritual destitution.

COAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—According to the advices from Panama, extensive coal fields have been found in the middle of the Isthmus, between Panama and Aspinwall, and in communication with the Atlantic by the Rio Indio, in contradiction of the theories of Humboldt and other geologists, that "coal does not exist in volcanic regions." Coal is found on both sides of the Isthmus water-shed. A hill entirely composed of coal has been found not many hours' sail from Panama, on the Pacific coast. This cropping out of coal strata is not far from the town and river of Villa de los Santos. The attention of the people and authorities there was called to the existence of this hill of coal by its having taken fire from the farmers there cutting down the timber and setting fire to it. The fire communicated with the coal, and it burned so long and tenaciously that the people became frightened, thinking that the combustion was fed by subterranean fires.

THE SPREAD OF CHEAP LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—The *Daily News*, referring to this subject, remarks that it would not be too high an estimate to consider that at present at least a fourth part of our population find their chief recreation and pleasure in reading. Reading has become the chief pleasure of the nation, and the demand for cheap literature which shall amuse and not instruct is taxing almost beyond their powers publishers and writers. For it is no longer enough that the people's literature is cheap; it must also be good. The cheap periodicals which swarm on every paper stall must give plenty for the money and of the best quality. The fiction, the essays, the sketches, the verse, must be as good as those of the dearer magazines, and to make them as good, the conductors take care to have them written by the same authors. The ablest novelists, divines, and poets now think it no shame to write for a penny magazine, and not a week passes without some paper appearing in the best of these written by a man of the foremost rank. Here, at least, is fair proof of improved taste, because those penny weeklies which are the best written are said to have the largest circulation; only it must be remembered that it is no proof of an increased desire for real study, because the whole object of the periodicals is to amuse. Even the Sunday magazines find it necessary to have their fiction; and one fears that their readers, after devouring the tale, may refuse to look at the sermon. What has been done, in fact, is not to have made the nation studious, but to have raised the general standard of literary taste, and to have driven the lower forms of popular literature down to deeper depths. It is a great work, but it is not so great as some would make it out.

A serious dissension has arisen between the executive of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union and the Gloucestershire district, the Executive have issued a circular repudiating the acts of the district secretary, who it is alleged has expended the funds collected by him without authority from the Executive. The district meeting denounced this circular as libellous, and threaten if it be not withdrawn to form a district organisation independent of the National Union. The Executive on Monday resolved to adhere to the circular, and a considerable secession seems likely to occur.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—The Church of England is, says the *Times*, valued justly for her liberality and her comprehensiveness; but not only is there a large number of Englishmen outside her communion, but her own members are divided into hostile camps, and regard one another openly as enemies. It is in this fact, as we have said, that her greatest danger lies. It is not a fatal objection in itself, but it may lead easily to attacks or to secession—which will one day be fatal. It may be enough if High and Low and Broad can agree upon anything, and can present one front to any common enemy. If they cannot, it is less easy to see what is gained by calling them all by one name, and compelling them all to profess allegiance to the same formularies. Unfortunately for Reuben Booth, an old pensioner, living at Rothwell, near William Blackburn's, in the Main Street, he had been blessed (?) with a strong, muscular wife, who frequently beat the old man, and shamefully misused him. On hearing of these matrimonial squabbles the stang was ridden by a young man, with a tin can placed before him, walking three times round the Church, beating his can, and chanting

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"THE GARLAND."
EDITED BY WILLIAM ANDREWS.
Comprises articles on sports, pastimes, local customs, folk lore, village tales, legends, local sayings and proverbs, notices of eminent persons and remarkable characters, examples of old ballads and poetry by Yorkshire authors, epitaphs, epigrams, &c., &c.—And work that tends to illustrate the thoughts and habits of our forefathers ought to be welcomed; we have, therefore, pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the above excellent periodical, about to be published with this idea. It is under the able editorship of Mr. Wm. Andrews, of Hull, a promising and painstaking compiler and commentator, a gentleman thoroughly imbued with the antiquarian spirit. We have had the opportunity of repeatedly reading very interesting articles from his pen, on curious and amusing subjects, and therefore have no doubt that "The Garland" will be found, from the extensive scope and number of subjects named at, a valuable and worthy contribution to antiquities and historic information, and second only to such works as Chamber's "Book of Days," and Hone's well-known "Every-day Book;" we hail with pleasure its appearance in the literary world.

GEORGE W. NETTLETON.
(Opposite the Black Bull,)
ROTHWELL,
Will have a carefully Selected Stock of GARDEN SEEDS, for 1874.

London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

One of Mr. Dickens's characters—I think it was Sam Weller—once described Consols as "those things that keep on going up and down in the City." Well, the City, that is to say the commercial community of London, has spent a very anxious time lately, and with a nine per cent. Bank Rate, there were those who went about the streets predicting a crash similar to the disastrous panic of 1866, when, however, the Bank rate remained at ten per cent. for two months. Fortunately for us, our trade is now on a sounder basis than that upon which it rested seven years ago, and the mercantile world has stood with comparative safety the strain of a nine per cent. rate. For the late depression on the Stock Exchange, and the consequent fall in many descriptions of securities—although the adverse effect upon Consols was very little—there are several explanations. First, it may be remarked that at the close of the war between France and Germany, a spirit of speculation seemed to take hold of men's minds, for the financial horizon was then apparently clear of all political clouds, and there was an undue inflation of prices, accompanied by sanguine expectations of widespread and long-lived prosperity. Then came the German demand for gold, consequent upon the introduction of their new currency, after which ensued the crisis upon the New York Stock Exchange, which could not but have the effect of diminishing the value of securities held in this country. Again, there was the wild reckless financing carried on upon the Paris Bourse, arising from the success with which the war indemnity had been raised and paid off. Still we have to congratulate ourselves that the late temporary pressure left us comparatively unhurt, and we have now only to guard against undue speculation leading to an inflated credit in the present, and to hazardous financial commitments in the future.

The appointment of Mr. Justice Mellor to be one of the election judges for next year on the part of the Court of Queen's Bench would seem to indicate that the dignitaries of the law do not expect the Tichborne trial to last much beyond Christmas. It is to be hoped for the learned judge's sake that the general election will not take place very early in the year, for even with the ballot in operation it is not improbable that there may be the usual crop of petitions, and after sitting so many months over one long and monotonous case, Mr. Justice Mellor and his two learned colleagues will be very glad of a holiday. The appointment of Mr. Baron Martin as the Court of Exchequer election judge for 1874 would also appear as though the rumour of his intended retirement from the Bench was at least premature. The learned Baron has been a judge far longer than any other now in the discharge of judicial duties. He was born in 1800, and was appointed one of the Barons in her Majesty's Court of Exchequer during the Ministry of Lord Russell, in 1850.

The Duke of Edinburgh's marriage to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovina of Russia, which, as already announced, is to take place next January, is exciting some interest here. His Royal Highness enjoys a fair degree of popularity as our "Sailor Prince," and he appears also to have made himself very agreeable in Russia, where he has lately been travelling. From the likeness of the Grand Duchess, which may now be seen in almost every photographer's shop window, her expression of countenance is most pleasing, while the testimony from the Russian court is that she is gentleness and amiability itself, and thoroughly domestic in her tastes and character. The marriage will take place in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, the modern capital of Russia; and the Dean of Westminster, by command of the Queen, will attend for the purpose of performing the Protestant service. The Princess Imperial of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain) will represent her Majesty on the occasion, and not unlikely the Prince and Princess of Wales will also be there. As a rule, the illustrious pair will reside in the Duke's renovated residence, Clarence House, St. James's.

In the month of April next a gathering of rather a singular character will take place in London. On the 6th of that month an International Congress of Orientalists will be opened, and its sittings will continue five days. Already the success of the undertaking seems to be assured, and the Committee of Management look hopefully forward to the financial as well as to the philological results of the Congress. It has been ascertained that not less than fifty members from France will attend, and there is every expectation that the number will be increased to a hundred. It is feared, however, that Germany will not contribute a proportionate number of members. Up to the present time about seventy English scholars have given in their adhesion to the scheme.

It is now nearly a century ago that a clergyman named Hetherington gave a sum of money to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, to be expended in annuities to blind persons who, "having been in a better situation of life, are, or may be, disabled from maintaining themselves." The following classes are excluded from the benefits of the charity; day labourers of every denomination, common soldiers and sailors, militiamen, domestic and menial servants, journeymen in any handicraft trade, persons who live by turning a mangle, a polisher's wheel, or other like employment, mendicants, and persons receiving alms or allowances as paupers. The classification of the excluded ones has been compiled by the governors of the hospital, and is not that of the benefactor. There is a singularity about it, inasmuch as it assumes that none of them could ever have been in "a better situation of life." Many of the callings which cannot partake of the advantages of the bequest are respectable enough in their way; and it has been strongly urged in the city that industrious men, and those who risk their lives for their Queen and country ought not to be classed with beggars and paupers.

November is proverbially a month of fog and gloom in London, and the sight of a few flowers, as if to remind one of brighter days to come, is at such times refreshing. It is in the month of November that the annual show of Chrysanthemums in the Temple Gardens is one of the attractions of the metropolis. This year it is of more than average excellence. While writing upon the subject of the Temple Gardens, I may say that the unsightly hoarding, which has for so long a time nearly hidden them from the gaze of passers-by along the Thames Embankment, is now being removed, and an elegant iron railing is rising in its place. Another improvement is the removal of the artificial division separating the gardens of the Inner from those of the Middle Temple, thereby avoiding the circuitous *detour* which was previously necessary in order to get from one to the other. There is a famous tree in the Gardens, under whose boughs Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith were wont to sit in days gone by, and a new seat has just been placed beside it for the accommodation of those who in the pleasant times of summer, contemplate from that spot the ever-shifting panorama presented upon the rapid tide of the Thames.

Passengers in the river steamboats have noticed upon the southern bank of the stream, about opposite the Houses of Parliament, a gloomy, irregular pile of brick buildings, its old towers bearing the look of antiquity, as though the storms of centuries had beaten upon them. That is Lambeth Palace, and in it a long succession of Archbishops of Canterbury have lived. In the interior are numerous chambers, amongst which are spacious halls, with gothic roofs of oak. There are also a library of 25,000 volumes, many valuable manuscripts, a picture gallery containing portraits of the more famous of the Primates, and an ancient chapel with richly-stained windows. Below the floors of the Palace are dark vaults and dungeons, which tell of other times and of darker days. The most remarkable part of the building is known as Lollard's Tower, and this is 450 years old. The Palace gateway has for some time been undergoing restoration, and as it approaches completion there is a marked improvement in its appearance. Every succeeding Primate who occupies the ancient structure leaves, in one form or another, his name upon the history of the venerable pile. The greatest of the modern improvements were made by Dr. Howley, who occupied the see of Canterbury during the agitation which attended the passage of the first Reform Act. He expended the large sum of £60,000 in rebuilding and embellishing the private portion of the edifice. The present Archbishop resides in Lambeth Palace only a few weeks in the year, for the neighbourhood is now a densely-crowded one, and the air is often heavy with the smoke which ascends from the adjacent manufactories. Yet Dr. Tait has contributed his share towards preserving one of the few historical mansions which now exist in London. There is, however, one suggestion which his Grace might entertain with advantage, and that is to render Lollard's Tower, the Picture Gallery, the Guard Room, and the Chapel more accessible to the general public. When her Majesty is not at Windsor Castle the State apartments are thrown open; and, as the Primate and his family reside only occasionally at Lambeth, there seems no reason why those portions of the Palace of which I have spoken should not be thrown open to the inspection of those who cared to visit them.

Harsh as may seem some of the penalties under the Adulteration Act, our forefathers had more peremptory ways of dealing with this class of offences. An interesting record has just been made public, and from this it appears that more than 550 years ago, the pepperers or spicers, who inhabited Soper-lane, enacted that no one of the trade should mix old wares with new, or new with old, "whereof the good thing may be impaired," under pain of forfeiting certain privileges which were then highly valued. No one was to dub any manner of wares so as to convey the impression that it contained a better article than was really the case. Moistening ginger or saffron so as to increase the weight or deteriorate the quality, was also to be guarded against. Prosecutions of the pepperers for infractions of these regulations were not uncommon, and in case of conviction the delinquent was pilloried, and pelted with the articles which he had adulterated. Then the pie-bakers had their ordinances for protecting the public against imposition. One of these prohibited the passing off of beef pasties for venison, a fraud of which complaint is made by Pepys in his diary. In those days prices were to a great extent regulated by the authorities. Committals for overcharges were not uncommon, and in one case we read of two women having been sent to prison, one having sold four woodcocks for twenty pence; the other had refused to take twelve pence for two partridges, contrary to the proclamation of the mayor. They were, however, released the next day, with a warning that in future they must sell their fowl according to regulation price "on pain of imprisonment, from which, without great chastisement, they should not escape." Perhaps nothing more forcibly illustrates the contrast between those far-off times and the present than the quaint and stilted language in which these chronicles are given.

Those who have had occasion to run the gauntlet of the busy crossing between the bottom of Fleet-street and the foot of Ludgate-hill may often have noticed two obelisks, the base of each forming a place of refuge for many a pedestrian waiting for a break in the rush of vehicles. The monolith at the south side is intended to perpetuate the memory of John Wilkes, a very prominent man in the political world during some of the stormy times in the reign of George III. The obelisk on the north side is erected to the memory of Alderman Waithman, who was a City celebrity half a century ago, and who, with Brougham, Denman, and Sir Matthew Wood, was a popular advocate of the cause of Queen Caroline. The shop which now stands at the south-west corner of Ludgate-hill, and is covered with announcements of its speedy removal with a view to the completion of Ludgate-circus, was that in which Waithman made a fortune as a linendraper. To many of the older inhabitants of London the spot is still known as Waithman's corner. The alderman took a very active part in the politics of the City of London, and made his name as a friend of the people by constantly pressing forward social and political reforms. A few days ago his daughter, Miss Maria Waithman, died at an advanced age, and there is a pretty little story attached to her name. When her father carried on his drapery business, a poor crossing-sweeper established himself in front of the house. There he was in all weathers, and Miss Waithman often took compassion upon him, showing it in a substantial manner by giving him food and fourpenny pieces. At length time and exposure told their inevitable tale; one morning he was missed from the crossing—he was dead. It was then found that he had made a will leaving a handsome fortune to the young lady who had so often befriended him.

A BUSH FIGHT IN AFRICA.

The following extracts are from a very interesting sketch by the Special Correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Cape Coast Castle, Oct. 15:—

Captain Glover, on arriving at Accra, set to work with his usual energy, levying native troops and opening negotiations with the Chiefs of the interior. The most powerful of these is the King of Akim, who can put 20,000 men into the field. He came down to Accra with a gun-flint in his mouth, a token of war, and said he did not want any money or pay for his men, but only muskets and powder and flints and lead bars—for cutting up into slugs. A fortnight ago the King of Ashantee sent to Akim, his hereditary foe, a message of love, proposing an exchange of prisoners, and declaring he had no palaver with him, but only with the people of the sea. Such is the policy of the Ashantee; they make peace with one people when they wish to make war upon another; but they make war upon all in turn. There is not a precept in *The Prince* of Machiavelli which they have not put into practice; however, they are now beginning to be understood. Fifty years of fair promises, followed by furious invasions, have taught the neighbouring tribes to place no faith in the friendship of this crafty and ambitious people. Akim replied that if the King of Ashantee had no palaver with him, he had a palaver with the King of Ashantee. Of the four messengers, he killed two, sent the third back to Coomassie, and the fourth on to Glover at Accra. This envoy is now at Cape Coast, and asserts that the King is marching in person upon us, and intends to take this town or perish in the attempt, his principal object being to recover the bones of his uncle, the late King of Ashantee.

It is a custom of that country that if a King dies without having being on the war-path and the battle-field he may not be buried in the family vault. The late King of Ashantee came to this miserable end, and his pious descendant, Calcalli, determined to remove the stain upon his memory. Quahôo Duah was dead, but yet he should go to the war: his bones should be borne across the Prah. In a certain battle early in the present year the Ashantees, as usual, gained the victory; but the Royal remains were captured in the fight, and are treasured as a trophy at Cape Coast—at least, so the Ashantees suppose. According to their religious belief, the soul of this unfortunate King is now a prisoner. Far down below the earth is a shadowy land where the Kings of Ashantee, richly apparelled, covered with gold, surrounded by their nobles, attended by their slaves, reign as they reigned on earth, in a kingdom that shall have no end. But one throne is vacant. Exiled from his brethren, a Royal spirit, solitary and forlorn, hovers over its captive corpse in the Castle of the white man on the borders of the sea.

Captain Glover has now gone on to Addah, at the mouth of the Volta, and the tribes on the other side of the river, the proper left bank, are allies of Ashantee. Through the seaports Jella Coffee and Quitta these people, the Awoonas, obtain munitions of war, and send them on through a tribe called the Aquamoos to the Ashantee frontier. The arrival of Glover threatens this trade, so both tribes have collected in force, and a few days ago there went forth a rumour that Glover was hemmed in. Next day all Cape Coast was in a stir. The West India detachment which garrisons this town had been ordered on board the *Barracouta*. I went over to Government House and obtained permission to join the expedition, whatever it might be, and was informed that Glover required reinforcements, and that the General himself was going with them to Addah. At 9 p.m. Sir Garnet Wolseley came down to the beach, and surf boats took us off to the sloop. I thought the hour rather late if we were going to Addah, which is more than a hundred miles to the east, and as soon as we were on board the truth came out. Our destination was Elmina. . . .

This, our newest colony, is also the oldest one we possess outside the Straits of Gibraltar. Its castle, St. George, was built before America was discovered, and was visited by Christopher Columbus when a sailor in the Portuguese service. *La Azurina Chronica de Guiné* is an interesting account of its first settlement. It was here the Portuguese first met with gold in Negroland, and hence its name, Elmina, or "The Mine."

Sir Garnet has placed Elmina under charge of Colonel Evelyn Wood, V.C., a most energetic officer, who soon found out what was going on. He also ascertained that an Ashantee Captain, with his company, was residing at Emsaman. On these facts being reported at head quarters the General sent a messenger to the head men of Ampenee and Emsaman and other villages, ordering them at once to appear at Elmina and give an explanation of their conduct. If they refused, he would punish them severely. The head men sent to the Ashantee camp for instructions, and were ordered not to obey the summons. Ampenee might be destroyed, but Emsaman was in the bush, and they need not be afraid, for white men could not fight in the bush. Accordingly the head men returned an insulting message, and Sir Garnet made his preparations. He determined to surprise Emsaman, and therefore kept his plan of operations a secret. In Cape Coast Castle it was known only to three men besides himself, in Elmina only to Colonel Wood. These precautions were not superfluous, for Cape Coast Castle and Elmina are full of spies. Cape Coast was, therefore, thrown on a false scent by the story of Addah, and during the night policemen guarded every exit from Elmina.

Only regular troops were employed, and the force was considerable. As I mentioned in a previous letter, Commodore Commerell had left instructions that the Marines on board the *Simoom* were not to be employed, except in defence of the settlements; but the last mail brought to Captain Freemantle, the senior naval officer, power to act on his own responsibility, and he at once placed not only his marines, but also his seamen, at Sir Garnet's disposal. A certain number of bluejackets were disembarked to garrison Cape Coast, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, R.M.A. The detachment of the 2nd West India Regiment were embarked on board the gunboat *Decoy* and landed before our arrival at Elmina. The marines and bluejackets of the *Barracouta* being stowed in three large troop boats, were towed in a steam pinnace to the margin of the surf, and were got on shore after some difficulty and delay. This was the only part of the business which did not work well; however, no harm was done. As soon as the men were landed the columns were formed, and at five a.m., the march began. . . .

It was a clear, calm morning, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, and as the sun rose above the horizon birds sang sweetly from the bushes which covered the plain. We marched in single file along a footpath, which was sometimes of red clay, sometimes of golden-coloured sand; at one moment we dived into a thicket deep and dark, and the next passed out into green meadows with tall tufted grass, and large white flowers bathing in sunlit dew. But then came a quagmire of mud, black as registration ink, and giving forth an odour compared with which the Thames at low-tide is rose-water; and never have I seen such abominable hamlets as the two through which we passed on our way. The country was at first tolerably open, and we could see far ahead the Houssas running along thickets and copses, to and fro, on the right and on the left, like a pack of hounds, their officers, in Elwood helmets, and shining white puggarees, plainly to be seen, and always well ahead of their men. One or two shots were heard, but still it was by no means certain that we should find the enemy. We had marched about three miles, and I was beginning to fear that the day would be blank, when of a sudden we heard a tremendous fusillade, and a strange gleeful yelling cry, prolonged and incessant—the Houssas giving tongue. As we pushed on we found that the jungle was before us, stretching away on both sides as far as the eye could reach. In the midst was a hill, also covered with jungle, except that on its summit was a clearing or plantation. Some men were seen crossing this patch, and Lieutenant Eyre "dropped" one at 300 yards, which probably astonished the natives. A little to the right of this clearing, and also on the top of the hill, was the village. The General and his Staff, who were well in front, pushed on with the gun and rocket tube, while Colonel Wood took up a strong position in the rear. The Ashantees and their allies, as usual, employed flanking tactics, and for some time front and rear were equally hard at work; but in half an hour they were driven clean away in spite of the thickness of the bush. The 7-pounder was brought to bear on the village, and Lieutenant Allen set some houses on fire with rockets, making admirable practice. Brackenbury and Charteris were the first to enter the village, with some Royal Marine Artillery, while Crease cleared the bush on its right. Afterwards, passing through the village, he saved a child from a burning house; and, throughout the severe march which followed, the Marines disputed as to who should "carry the kid." The native axemen did their work with great pluck, and Captain Buller, who was surveying the road upon the march had a slug lodged in his leather compass case. The first shot was fired at Lieutenant Graves, and lodged in his gaiter. The wounds caused by these slugs were as a rule slight, but Colonel McNeill had a bad wound in the wrist, similar to those which are caused by fragments of shell. Two Houssas were shot in vital parts, and have since died. Captain Fremantle was hit by a slug, which passed clean through his right arm, but he went through the whole day's work; and Captain Forbes, of the 2nd West India Regiment, was wounded in the hand. Much praise was bestowed on Surgeon Adams, R.N., for his skill and promptitude, and it is prophesied that this young man will rise high in his profession. At 7.13 the heavy firing began; at 7.50 the village was taken, and the enemy driven from the bush; at 8.30 the Assembly was sounded; and at 9.45 the march was resumed.

It is difficult to describe the human tornado which raged for half an hour over half a mile of African bush. The enemy were on all sides, and the firing incessant. The air was all flame and smoke, and filled with various sounds—the booming of the guns, the whizzing of rockets, the cracking of Sniders, shouts, groans, laughter, the whistling of slugs, the Houssas chanting verses from the Koran, English cheering, and then, as the village began to burn, the roaring of flames, explosions of powder, and blazing of rafters. The enemy fought in silence, they offered a steady resistance, but were surprised and discomfited, and had not a yell left in them. Their loss cannot be even approximately estimated, but must have been severe. Among the dead bodies found was that of a Houssa, probably an Ashantee slave.

While we were at breakfast we heard big guns. This was the *Decoy* bombarding Ampenee. We marched through a thick jungle, almost without opposition, to Amquena on the beach, and destroyed that village. Amquena lies between Elmina and Ampenee. The wounded in twelve hammocks were sent home with an escort, and as we had already made a severe march, only volunteers were accepted for the weary trudge along the beach to Ampenee. As we approached that village, surf boats came off from the *Decoy*, and landed a case of claret, some lockers of water, and some bottles of brandy, for which we were not ungrateful, and the following officers landed:—Commander Luxmoore, of the *Argus* (having recovered from the wounds received at Chamah), with Lieutenants Young and Burr, Staff Surgeon Lucas, and Sub-Lieutenant Sanderson. From the *Decoy* came Lieutenant Hext and Surgeon Fisher, with a boatswain and twenty men. We found that two villages were before us—Akimpfoo, which was destroyed without resistance, and half a mile further on Ampenee, which had hoisted a flag of defiance. On the beach in front of this village lay the corpse of some unfortunate Fantee, with the head and right arm severed from the body. Ampenee was burnt to the ground, but contained nothing except cats, bats, and rats, which, especially the last, came out of the flames in great numbers. The enemy attacked the extremity, and exposed themselves to a volley from the blue-jackets of the *Decoy*, which laid many of them low; they then tried the other end, but were again beaten off with loss, and wounded only one of our men. They had some rifles among them, as we could tell by the peculiar sound of the bullets in the air. These were probably Enfields.

The General would not allow a pursuit into the bush, the sun being low and the men fatigued. At 4.25 he embarked on board the *Decoy*, and I was kindly offered a passage. We arrived at Cape Coast Castle at seven p.m. The list of the wounded is as follows:—Three officers, viz., Colonel McNeill, Captain Fremantle, and Captain Forbes; 16 Houssas, two of whom died, two marines, two blue-jackets, and three labourers.

Let us now consider what is the value of this affair. In itself merely a day's skirmishing, it is raised to much importance by the experience it has yielded and the moral effect it has produced. The Fantees are rejoiced to find that the new Governor will lead them to battle himself, and they also admire the style in which he carried out his enterprise. The attack on Emsaman was a genuine surprise; the natives had no time to remove their powder, their corn, their sheep, and their rum; muskets and drums and powder belts were found in the village; a mother ran away leaving her child behind. Thus the Ashantees, who deal in surprises were beaten at their own cards by the white men. It was also a complete day's work. Altogether six hostile villages were destroyed. What is the consequence? The Fantees are now willing to fight; they have confidence in the man who is to lead them. . . .

THE MURDER OF A NAVAL OFFICER AT ZANZIBAR.

Details have been received by the *Western News* of the murder of a naval officer at Kinahan Kiunga, about forty miles north of Elamoo. It appears that two boats of her Majesty's ship *Daphne*, in charge of Sub-Lieutenants M'Causland and Hockin were left cruising for slave dhows whilst the ship proceeded to Aden. On Sept. 15, Mr. M'Causland was on board a dhow flying our flag, when a messenger came from the village inviting him to come and smoke with the chief. He did so, accompanied by the interpreter and master of the dhow, and was sitting down talking, when a native ran him through the body with a spear, the weapon entering his stomach and coming out at his kidneys. The interpreter and dhow master ran to the beach, pursued by the natives and gave information to Mr. Hockin, who landed with his men. The natives retired inside the walls, taking the dead officer's body with them. Mr. Hockin hacked away at the gate with his sword, and his men kept up a fusillade with the natives, who at length gave up Mr. M'Causland's body, which was buried on an adjoining island. The boats then went south, and communicated with Lieutenant Phillpotts, in charge of the *Briton's* boats. They all proceeded to Kiunga, and partially destroyed the place. It is supposed that the murder was committed in revenge for the abolition of the slave trade. Had the interpreter not made good his escape, it is believed that the crews of the boats would all have been massacred. The *Briton* is going to Kiunga with Dr. Kirk, and an attempt will be made to obtain possession of the chief.

IN RE HYDE'S TRUSTS.

The above cause has been heard before Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon, and was as follows:—

Colonel Hyde, late of the Indian Army, bequeathed a sum of about 80,000 sicca rupees Indian Stock to his executors, upon trust, after the death of his sister, out of the proceeds of the stock to pay a number of charitable legacies free of duty, chiefly for the benefit of missionary institutions connected with India. These legacies amounted altogether to £6,250, among them was a legacy of £500 directed to be paid to the Church Building Fund for Native Churches in India."

The testator declared that the said several legacies were intended for the general purpose of the institutions, except where otherwise specified. It turned out that there was no Fund answering the description of the "Church Building Fund for Native Churches in India." The executor, on the death of Miss Hyde, paid £500 into Court. This was a petition by the executor, asking to have the sum paid to himself. He claimed as personal representative of the testator's residuary legatee, and it was contended on his behalf that there being a failure of the gift in being made to an institution which never had existed, there was a lapse, and the fund would not be applied to charitable purposes.

Mr. Wintle appeared for the petitioner, and Mr. Hemming for the Attorney-General.

The Vice-Chancellor held that on the construction of the will there was a general intention to apply the money among the charitable institutions mentioned in the will, and directed an inquiry as to how the £500 in Court was to be divided among the various institutions mentioned, as the fund would not bear the expense of a scheme.

THE EXPECTED RETURN OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

If the intelligence from the West Coast of Africa is to be depended on (Dr. Beke writes, in a letter to *The Times*), we may very shortly expect the return of Dr. Livingstone. On the 1st and 4th inst. the *Times* inserted communications from Dr. Beke to the effect that our countryman was detained a prisoner at a place about 300 miles from Embomma, on the Congo. According to the news brought by the last African Royal Mail steamer, it was reported at St. Salvador that Livingstone was then in the interior, about thirty or forty miles from that place. Now, as St. Salvador is only eighty miles from Embomma, the distance to the latter town from the spot at which, according to this later intelligence, our adventurous countryman was is not more than 120 miles; and, Embomma being seventy miles from the mouth of the Congo, he would have been within 200 miles of the coast. As the hardy and energetic traveller is not in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet, he may well be supposed to have come on nearly, if not quite, as quickly as the natives who brought the news of his whereabouts. Consequently we may not unreasonably look for the veteran traveller's arrival in England by the next mail steamer from the West Coast of Africa.

SUIT TO CANCEL A DEED OF GIFT.

In the Rolls' Court, the cause of "Hill v. Fry," has been heard, and was a suit brought to cancel a deed of gift.

The plaintiff is a very old gentleman living at Clifton. Some years ago he made a will by which he bequeathed £12,000 Taff Vale Railway Stock to the Church Missionary Society, £12,000 like stock to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and £3,000 like stock to the Religious Tract Society. In February, 1872, Mr. Hill was minded to give these sums of stock at once, subject to his own life interest. He communicated his intention to the respective societies and to two members of the Society of Friends named Fry and Pease, who accepted the trust, and agreed to fulfil what they believed to be his intentions. He then transferred the stock into the names of Messrs. Fry and Pease, and three deeds of trust were prepared and executed on or about the 9th of March. On the 13th of March Mr. Hill discovered that by some mistake the name of the London Missionary Society had been put into the first deed of trust, instead of the name of the Church Missionary Society, and being advised that he had no power of himself to rectify the deed he filed the present bill to have it delivered up to be cancelled.

It appeared that the mistake was owing to Mr. Hill himself, who when giving his instructions, respecting the £12,000 stock intended for missionary objects, spoke of the "London Society," meaning thereby the "Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East," commonly called the "Church Missionary Society," whose head office is in London, as distinguished from the "Bristol Auxiliary," a local branch of the Church Missionary Society, to which he was a subscriber; and Mr. Pease, who took the instructions, understood by the "London Society" the society commonly known as the "London Missionary Society," and caused the deed to be prepared on that footing.

Mr. Southgate, Q.C., and Mr. Martin Ware appeared for Mr. Hill and the Church Missionary Society; Mr. F. J. Wood for the London Missionary Society; and Sir Richard Baggallay, Q.C., and Mr. Ingle Joyce for Messrs Pease and Fry.

The Master of the Rolls was satisfied that there had been a mistake on the part of Mr. Hill, and decreed the delivery up of the deed to be cancelled; observing that the London Missionary Society had acted with the utmost propriety in submitting to act as the Court should direct with regard to Mr. Hill's bounty. Mr. Hill must pay the costs of all parties as between solicitor and client, including in such costs all costs, charges, and expenses properly incurred by the London Missionary Society.

A TERRIBLE DUEL.

A correspondent, writing from Agram in Croatia, describes a fatal duel which took place recently between two gymnasts on a tight-rope. The acrobats, Andreas Kolter and Francis Pergowitch, were to appear on the rope, which had been stretched from a window in the fifth story of the court-house to a window in an opposite house, a distance of 250 feet. The acrobats were to meet midway, and then pass each other. When the clock struck twelve the acrobats emerged from their respective windows dressed in tights, and without balance poles. Kolter walked rather cautiously, while Pergowitch came to meet him from the opposite direction with a nervous, quick step. At length they met, and the suspense of the crowd changed the next moment to a feeling of indescribable horror. Pergowitch suddenly uttered an exclamation, and dealt Kolter a terrible blow on the head. Kolter staggered and fell, but in so doing succeeded in clutching the rope with one hand, while with the other he grasped the leg of his assailant. Pergowitch now fell likewise, but passed his right arm around the rope, so that he hung upon it in comparative security. And now began a life and death struggle. Kolter with his right hand tried to drag Peregowitch from the rope, while Pergowitch kicked Kolter with his right foot, and with his left hand endeavoured to loosen his antagonist's hold. No one was able to interfere, and the result, it was easy to foresee, must be the death of one or both the acrobats. Many women fainted, while strong men wept like children. What added to the general despair was the appearance of Kolter's young wife at the window from which her husband, a few minutes before, had set out upon his fatal walk. Her piteous screams were heard above the din below, and her appeals to Pergowitch to spare her husband's life would have moved the heart of an Apache. The struggle in mid-air lasted perhaps a minute, when Kolter suddenly uttered a last cry and lost his hold. He fell to the ground, striking it violently and expiring instantly. While the people gathered round the corpse of poor Kolter, his murderer on the tight-rope managed to get on his feet again. With a diabolical expression on his face he uttered a yell of triumph. The prefect of police ordered Pergowitch to surrender. In case he should not do so within five minutes he would be shot down like a dog. Finally he raised himself to his feet and ran quickly to the court-house window, where he surrendered, begging that he might be protected from violence. There was great danger of his being executed by the people, who loudly clamoured that the murderer be given up to them; but the military, by a bayonet charge, cleared the public square. Pergowitch, being asked what caused him to commit this crime, said that there had been a grudge between him and Kolter ever since the latter had married young Rosita Serganoff, a Polish girl of rare beauty. Kolter, in a fit of jealousy, had told him he knew one or the other must die on this account. Andreas Kolter was the youngest member of the distinguished family of acrobats of that name.

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

THE INFINITESIMAL IN MODERN CHEMISTRY.—Given a number of Spanish war-despatches: required to extract the Truth from them.—*Punch.*

THE CHESAPEAKE WATER-DOG.—The Americans are always bringing out something new; they have now got a new breed of retrievers, whose origin (says *Appleton's Journal*) it is difficult to trace. "He is smooth-haired, which is a great point, as the Newfoundland suffers terribly from the freezing of his shaggy coat; his colour is either black, with white breast and grey nose, or tawny yellow, the latter preferred." He is called the Chesapeake water-dog, being peculiar to the neighbourhood of that river. "He is very sagacious, and loves the water and the sport." One, a mere puppy, was seen to sit for hours in the summer watching the fish-hawks as they pursued their craft, and whenever the hawk would make his plunge "Leo" would dash into the waves and swim for the spot, and although he had never been known to bring out a hawk, he was never discouraged by his numerous failures. Another was in the habit of "retrieving" every duck he could lay his teeth on and depositing them "on his master's pile." This latter must have been indeed a very valuable animal.

FROM AIR-STREET.—The Aeronautical Society have been holding a general meeting, and reading and discussing papers. The one which excited most interest was on "Castles in the air."—*Punch.*

AMERICA AND SPAIN.—Advices from Cuba received in New York state that 57 more of the crew of the *Virginius* were executed on the 10th inst. Sixteen of the victims are said to be British subjects. The punishment was carried out notwithstanding a protest from the foreign representatives, including the British and American Consuls. The latter was threatened with the withdrawal of his exequatur owing to the efforts he made to save the men. A Cabinet Council was held at Washington on Friday evening, at which it was resolved to take definite steps to maintain the dignity of the United States Government in accordance with the sentiment of the country. Spain will be called upon, it is believed, to punish the authorities responsible for the executions, and failing to do so, extreme measures will be adopted.

NOTHING NEW.—The "Block System." It was known in mediæval times. Other than Railway Kings found it highly convenient for getting rid of people. But they used it only in the case of the First Class. We have abolished that odious aristocratic rule, and kill all round. King Block is no King Log.—*Punch.*

CHINESE REMEDIES.—The Chinese Pharmacopœia is varied and curious, according to an interesting account in the *Madras Standard*. Here are a few of the most favourite celestial remedies. Leeches are not utilised alive, but dried and boiled down in spirits for outward application. Toads, prepared in various ways, particularly "toad's venom," obtained by irritating the animal with a stick, are invaluable specifics. The blood-vessels of the eel are used in "moon-struck" cases, while boiled crickets are greatly sought after as blood purifiers. Snake's skin, dragon's skin, with the inside membrane of an egg and certain roots, cure jaundice, while spots on the skin are dispersed by a decoction of spiders and green snakes. Scorpions dried and powdered, or even eaten raw, calm a fever, dragon's teeth are good for the liver, butterflies make good plasters, while the skin of the porcupine is made into pills. Deer and rhinoceros horns are also used as strengthening and cooling medicines.

A GIFT TO EDINBURGH.—On Saturday a memorial fountain was erected at the south end of George Fourth Bridge, Edinburgh, and near the entrance of Old Greyfriars Churchyard, to commemorate the fidelity of a terrier named Greyfriars Bobby. The fountain is of Peterhead granite, stands 7ft. high, and is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze. The pedestal bears the following inscription:—"*A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars' Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.*" The fountain has been erected at the expense of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and with the permission of the city authorities.

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.—The obituary of *The Times* of Saturday, the 15th inst., contained some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in 17 persons, viz., nine gentlemen and eight ladies, but more particularly in the case of five of the former sex and four of the latter, whose united ages amounted to 781 years, giving an average of 86 years and more than nine months to each of these persons. The oldest, as usual, was a member of the fair sex, who had reached the great age of 95 years, the youngest of the same sex being 84. Of the gentlemen, the oldest was 88, and the youngest 80 years of age. The respective ages of these nine ladies and gentlemen were as follows, viz., 80, three at 84, 86, 87, 88, 93, and 95 years. Of the septuagenarians there were eight; viz., four of each sex, whose united ages amounted to 603 years, giving an average of 75 years and more than four months to each. The united ages of these 17 ladies and gentlemen amounted to 1,384 years, giving an average of 81 years and more than four months to each.

A TRUE ARTIST.—*Lady's Maid.* "Please, Ma'am, I wish to Resign!"—*Lady.* "Why, Parker? You came here only yesterday!"—*Lady's Maid.* "I've been looking over your drawers, ma'am, and find your things are not up to the mark, and wouldn't do me credit!"—*Punch.*

SUBDUING WINTER.—An extraordinary project has been submitted to the United States' Senate Transportation Committee by Mr. Cheesebrough, of New York, who proposes to keep the Erie Canal open all winter by means of artificial heat. His plan consists in running hot water pipes on each side and along its entire length, floating the pipes a little below the surface, and supplying steam from boilers placed at half a mile apart. It has been found, he says, that the heat obtained from one ton of coal, properly applied to the surface water of a canal 70 feet wide and half a mile long, will prevent congelation for one day. In the winter (of the State of New York) there are not more than 60 full days on which the temperature is below the freezing-point. On this basis of calculation, the Erie Canal, 350 miles long, would require 42,000 tons per annum, but double it and call it four tons, or even eight tons per mile per annum, and even then the cost is as nothing to the magnitude of the results obtained.

MR. LOWE AND THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—In London, on Saturday afternoon, a deputation of members of St. James's district Licensed Victuallers' Association waited upon Mr. Lowe, the Home Secretary, upon the subject of the working of the 26th clause of the Licensing Act, which especially regulates the hours of closing of the licensed houses in the neighbourhood of theatres and places of public amusement. Colonel Henderson, the Chief Commissioner of Police, was present during the interview. The deputation was introduced by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P. for Westminster, who said the deputation desired to submit to the right hon. gentleman a statement respecting the operation of the 26th clause of the Licensing Act, which gave the Chief Commissioner of Police the power of granting licenses to houses near theatres to keep open until one o'clock. The privilege had been secured by a few only, and there was nothing to prevent the Chief Commissioner extending it to all licensed victuallers in the immediate neighbourhood of theatres. The Home Secretary, in reply, said he was anxious to have this law altered, but he did not see his way clear. He thought the power given to the Chief Commissioner of Police was a dangerous one, and he would support an amendment to the clause.

THE COAL SUPPLY.—A "Welshman" writes to *The Times*:—

It may interest your readers to know that, in consequence of the lessened demand for Welsh steam coals at the ports of Cardiff and Swansea, the Coalowners' Association at Cardiff have determined to work their collieries for five days only in the week, and, by circular addressed to the proprietors of other collieries not in the Association, are hoping to make the arrangement general. Of course this attempt to limit the supply of coal is not made for the purpose of sustaining the present high prices, for have not the coalowners throughout the recent time of scarcity been willing to let more coal come forward if their men would only work, and, at the same time, imputed all the huge profits to the merchants and others?

THE "REAL" ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—The Stock Exchange, considering the place filled in it by the movements of Bull, Lion, and Bear.—*Punch.*

ENGLISH AND GERMAN NOBILITY.—It appears from *l'Almanach Impérial*, published annually at Vienna, that the following British subjects, either born or naturalised, hold titles of nobility in the ancient German, or (as it is generally styled) the Holy Roman, Empire:—1. Rudolph William Basil Feilding, Earl of Denbigh, descended from a branch of the Imperial House of Hapsburg; a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Neither date nor patent now extant; both probably, however, are of the 13th or early in the 14th century. 2. John Francis Arundell, Lord Arundell of Wardour, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent, 1601. This honour was conferred on Sir Thomas Arundell, surnamed "the Valiant," for having taken the standard of the Turks with his own hands at the battle of Gran, in Hungary. 3. John, Count De la Feld, naturalised in Austria; descended from the ancient counts of that name in Alsace; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire after the battle of Zeutha, in Hungary; date of said patent, 1697. 4. John Winston Spencer Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; his ancestor was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire after the battle of Blenheim, by the title of Prince of Mindelsheim, in Suabia. 5. John, Count de Salis, naturalised in England, descended from the ancient Counts of the same name in the Grisons; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of the patent, 1748. 6. Francis Thomas De Grey Cowper, Earl Cowper; his ancestor created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent, 1758. 7. Charles Rudolph Francis Joseph Taaffe, Viscount Taaffe, in the peerage of Ireland, naturalised in Austria, created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, date of patent, 1784. 8. Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart., a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; date of patent 1786.

TOMMY ONSLOW.—From *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents.*—"Rather a meagre day about shows, but no time lost, however; the greatest treat I saw was Sir John Lade, the famous whip, in his barouche and four—a wonderfully handsome, fashionable, stupid, gay man. Tommy Onslow, now Lord Cranley, is, on the whole reckoned the best whip of the two. The following lines on his lordship are good:—

What can Tommy Onslow do?
Why? he can drive a phaeton and two;
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes, he can drive a phaeton and four.

"Saw old Q. peeping out at his window, in a state of mere existence apparently—a good picture of a debauched old man, who has enjoyed everything this world can produce—so far as money can purchase."

CHILD MURDER IN NORTHERN INDIA.—The Calcutta correspondent of *The Times* writes:—

As all our Executive measures to prevent female infanticide among the Rajpoot clans of Northern India had failed, an Act was passed and repressive rules came into force 18 months ago under Sir William Muir. It was decided that every village in which not more than 40 girls were found in every hundred children should be "proclaimed." The standard of guilt has since been reduced to 35 girls. The result of the special police agency has been this, that in a population of nearly half a million no fewer than 12,854 lives have been saved. You may imagine the frightful disproportion of the sexes when I say that, even after this gain, there are still in that guilty population only 54,712 girls to 101,092 boys. It will be 12 years before the effects of past child murder can be obliterated under our Act and a new generation may arise who will forget the horrible custom of their fathers. Strict as the rules are, the police, under Major Denneby, meet with all sorts of tricks to avoid them. Last year 416 village constables, 11 midwives, and 247 heads of families were punished. Out of 1,050 inquests on dead female children and 634 *post-mortem* examinations, 57 suspicious cases were found. The indirect effect of the Act on neighbouring villages suspected, but not "blood-red," has been good. But fathers still report the birth of a boy when a girl has been born, in the hope that when the death of the child is subsequently announced, foul play may not be suspected. The rules will be adapted to meet this and other subterfuges.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.—Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., who presided at the public meeting of the inhabitants of Chelsea, called to discuss the above question, in the Concert-hall, Cremorne, on the 11th inst., has forwarded to Mr. Gladstone a copy of the resolutions passed on that occasion. These resolutions approved the principles of Mr. Trevelyan's Bill, called upon the Premier to make it a Government measure next session, and also urged upon the Government the necessity of bringing forward at the earliest opportunity a comprehensive measure for a redistribution of seats, as indicated in Mr. Bright's speech at Birmingham. To these resolutions the Premier has replied as follows:—"10, Downing-street, Whitehall, Nov. 15, 1873. "Sir,—I am desired by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge, with the respect justly due to such a community, the receipt of a copy of the resolutions adopted at a meeting of the inhabitants of Chelsea, having reference to the assimilation of the county and borough franchise, and to the question of a redistribution of seats. Mr. Gladstone need not say that his own opinions on these subjects remain as they were, and he is sure that her Majesty's Government will carefully consider the course it may be their duty to take with reference to these important matters.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T. G. Lyttelton. James Heywood, Esq."

"STAND NOT ON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING."—An amiable Manager says the Orders which he issues for the Pit and Gallery are what in his opinion constitute "the lower Orders."—*Punch.*

THE FIRST FROST AT MEMPHIS.—While it was yet twilight people were out in the streets breathing the precious air of the purifying frost. Here, stooping down, one gathered a handful of the glittering hoar-frost, which, pure and beautiful, lay upon the earth, and gazing upon it with somewhat of the gladdening spirit with which the Israelites gathered the manna in the desert of Arabia, exclaimed, "O God, we thank thee for this blessing." Others came and touched with reverential fingers the pure, cold messenger of health, as if to satisfy themselves, like the half-believing Thomas of old, that the Saviour of the city had descended from heaven to save the people from the destroying angel of the pestilence. Groups of men and women moved from place to place to prove by cumulative evidence that indeed it was frost, and not some optical delusion; that the wished-for guest had not merely confined his visitations to one locality, but enjoyed the freedom of the city. Strong men, bare-headed and bare-armed, walked excitedly hither and thither, rejoicing in the fact that a physician had come to whose nostrums the whole faculty must yield precedence as the only true panacea for the terrible yellow fever. Windows and doors were thrown open, woollen and cotton garments were exposed to the disinfecting agency of the cold and rarefied air, and everywhere in the city the enthusiasm was marked, fervent, and joyous.—*Memphis Appeal.*

GRANDPAPA'S GRAMMAR.—"I say, Grand'pa, I call it very unfair! You know my little sister, Eva? Well, when *she* goes out, everybody always comes up and says how pretty she is; and nobody never comes up and says how pretty *I* am!"—"You're too old for such open flattery, my dear! They say it to me, instead!"—"O, *come*, grand'pa, *you're* not pretty!"—*Punch.*

THE EXPORT COAL TRADE.—The exports of coal and coke from the United Kingdom in October presented a certain decline, having amounted to 1,146,197 tons, as compared with 1,191,981 tons in October, 1872, and 1,292,271 tons in October, 1871. In these totals the exports to Germany figured for 166,652 tons, 192,068 tons, and 267,351 tons respectively; and those to France, for 219,564 tons, 179,365 tons, and 168,292 tons respectively. In the ten months ending October 31 this year, we exported coal and coke to the extent of 10,599,661 tons, against 11,289,504 tons in the corresponding period of 1872, and 10,651,001 tons in the corresponding period of 1871. In these totals Germany figured for 1,386,883 tons, 1,844,488 tons, and 2,109,025 tons respectively; and France for 1,999,551 tons, 1,836,806 tons, and 1,577,285 tons respectively. The exports have increased this year to Sweden and Norway, France and Brazil, but they have decreased to Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Spain, Italy, and British India. The value of the coal exported from the United Kingdom in October was £1,176,082, as compared with £1,301,409 in October 1872, and £645,838 in October 1871; and in ten months ending October 31 this year £11,100,354, against £8,510,176 in the corresponding period of 1872, and £5,135,800 in the corresponding period of 1871.

SUICIDE OF A CHANCERY SUITOR.—An inquest has been held in London on the body of Joseph Miles, aged 71, a saddler, who had drowned himself in the Regent's Canal. It appears that a short time since a relative died, and the deceased administered to the estate, to which he had advanced money. A lawsuit ensued, which was at first decided in his favour, but the property was subsequently thrown into Chancery, and on the last dividend day his dividends thereon were stopped. This preyed greatly on his mind, and he was repeatedly saying he would never recover his money. On Wednesday morning last he attended business as usual, but went out at twelve o'clock, a rather unusual circumstance. Not returning, a colleague, named Wright, went to the drawer of the deceased, and found that he had taken with him his watch and chain and also his best coat. At a quarter-past three the same afternoon, as two men were passing down the Albert-road, Regent's-park, they saw a body floating in the water. They pulled it to the side and called for the aid of a policeman, who got it ashore, but life was extinct. The body was identified as that of the deceased, but it was most remarkable that neither his watch nor chain was found on his person. All that was found was half-a-crown in his trousers pocket, fourpence in coppers, an empty purse, and a silk handkerchief. The coroner remarked that it was a common occurrence in these canal drownings for bodies to be got out and robbed and put back again. The jury ultimately returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

STRANGE SORT OF BUSINESS.—Lawyers sometimes take a different view of things from other persons; so perhaps they may understand how a Stationer can think it is to his advantage to give this public notice in his window,—"Deeds abstracted."—*Punch.*

INHABITED HOUSE DUTY.—The 1,250,000*l.* produced by the inhabited house tax (on inhabited dwelling houses in Great Britain worth £20 a year) was obtained as follows in the financial year 1871-72, the latest to which the returns extend:—The tax was assessed at 6d. in the pound on dwelling-houses used also as shops or warehouses, of the annual value of £9,179,929, and beershops (with, we presume, all publichouses) of the annual value of £3,573,252, both these values being rather less than in the preceding year; also at 6d. on farmhouses used for the purposes of husbandry only, of the annual value of £727,381, being £48,000 more than in the preceding year; and at 9d. on other dwelling houses, of the annual value of £27,936,416, being £388,000 more than in the preceding year. The total assessed annual value exceeds £41,000,000; nine years ago it was below £30,000,000.

ANECDOTES ON WATERLOO.—Two anecdotes connected with the battle of Waterloo have never, I believe, appeared in print (says the author of "*My Recollections*)." One was of Captain Adair of the Guards, who just before the advance of that gallant corps, received a mortal wound in his breast. He staggered and fell. "Forward, Captain Adair," said the commanding officer, thinking he had merely stumbled. Upon which the dying man tore open his coat, showed the blood streaming from the wound, and calmly responded: "How can I go forward?" Poor fellow! he died shortly after. The other happened to Captain Burgess, who was the Brummel of his regiment. He was shot in the leg, and amputation was deemed necessary. While undergoing it (chloroform, which is now on such occasions administered, was not then in prospective existence), he said calmy to the surgeon "I fear this will cut short my waltzing."

DISTINCTIVE SPELLING.—That appliance of a Railway Train which serves the Engineer to pull it up short is called a Brake. Why? Before Railways were, a brake meant fern, brambles, an instrument for dressing linen or flax, the handle of a ship's pump, and a baker's kneading-trough. None of these things arrest progress. A contrivance to break speed, if denominated from its use, should be named a Break. Orthography, perhaps, is violated to mark a distinction between the Railway Brake and the Railway break-down and breakage of bones which the brake too often proves inadequate to avert.—*Punch.*

TOO BAD OF THEM!—A party of soldiers were sitting together talking of their adventures during the war, and, as is generally the case, some pretty hard yarns were told. The talk finally turned on promotion, when a tall Teutonic broke forth with—"I'll tell you something about that, boys. When I joined the cavalry I had not been long in this country, and didn't understand much English. We were sent up in the valley, and at the battle of Winchester we were ordered to charge a battery. Well, the captain gave the order to charge, and away we went in fine style. The Johnnies opened on us with grape and canister. Many a horse tumbled over, and plenty of saddles were emptied. That didn't make any difference; we went straight ahead. Suddenly the captain gave the order to retreat. The whole company turned and went back except me. You see I didn't understand the order, so I kept on, and charged right in among them, and captured the whole battery and brought it off myself! Now, I'll tell you how it turned out. The next day the captain was made a major, the lieutenant was made a captain, and——" "Well, what did they do for you?" inquired a listener. "Why, they put me in the guard-house because I wouldn't tell a lie!"

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., who has definitely accepted the post of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, in succession to Mr. Monsell, is a son of Dr. George Playfair, of St. Andrew's, N.B., by Jessie, daughter of Mr. J. Ross, and nephew of the late Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair. He was born in 1819. He was educated at St. Andrew's, subsequently studied chemistry at Glasgow, and eventually became a pupil of the late illustrious chymist Liebig. He has been successively Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, a Commissioner on the subject of the sanitary condition of our chief towns, Chemist to the Museum of Practical Geology, Joint Secretary of the Department of Science and Art, Inspector-General of Government Museums and Schools of Science, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, and a member of the Board of Manufacturers of the Board of Fisheries in Scotland. He was one of the Committee most actively employed in the early organization of the first Great Exhibition of 1851, and his labours in the manufacturing districts, which he visited in order to consult with the leading manufacturers as to their contributions to the "world's show," led him into close and confidential relations with the late Prince Consort. He was nominated a Companion of the Bath, Civil Division, in 1851, in recognition of these services, and he organized the department of Jurors in the second Great Exhibition of 1862. Dr. Lyon Playfair is a member of very many learned societies and foreign orders of distinction; and he was chosen the first member for the combined Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's at the last General Election.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

The trial recommenced on Monday morning, after a fortnight's adjournment. The court was thrown open at half-past eleven, and very soon afterwards it was densely crowded in every part. The jury and the Claimant were early in their places, and the muster of the "gentlemen of the long robe" was unusually large.

At a few minutes to twelve Master Cockburn announced that a telegraphic despatch had just been received from the Lord Chief Justice, stating that owing to an accident on the railway, his journey was unavoidably delayed, but that his arrival was expected at 12 30 p.m.

Their Lordships took their seats at ten minutes to twelve.

The Lord Chief Justice: I am really extremely sorry to have been the cause of this delay in the proceedings of the court. When I came this morning to the Portsmouth station to take my usual train to town, I found that train had been taken off. Consequently I had to wait until the next train. I am really very sorry.

Mr. Hawkins: My lords, I have to present to the Court two affidavits on which I have to pray your lordships for a further adjournment in this case in order that we may be enabled to produce certain witnesses who are coming from America, and who, I am assured, are now actually on their way to this country. One set of witnesses left New York on Wednesday last, and they if all things go well, will be in London in the course of Saturday afternoon or evening next. Another witness, who we think it is necessary to secure from New Orleans, and who could not reach New York in time to leave with the others on Wednesday; but we have a telegram stating that he left New York on Saturday last, and he cannot be here until the first few days of next week, that is to say, Monday or Tuesday next week—probably Tuesday. The affidavits state that these are material witnesses in the judgment of the attorney who makes them—that is, Mr. Stephenson—and that they are prepared to contradict, in many material points, the evidence of Jean Luie. Under these circumstances, I apply for a further postponement of this trial.

The Lord Chief Justice: To what day?

Mr. Hawkins: It would be most convenient I think to adjourn till after the close of the term. I should, no doubt, have witnesses ready by this day week (Monday), but those would not occupy long.

Mr. Justice Lush: Tuesday is the last day of term, and I should think it would be more convenient to the court to meet on Wednesday.

Mr. Hawkins: I do not know whether the jury would like to adjourn to a day later.

Mr. Sheppard (one of the jury): If it be a question of Wednesday I should be glad if it could be made Thursday—that would be a matter of great convenience to myself.

The Lord Chief Justice: We may then confidently expect, Mr. Hawkins, to have no further application.

Mr. Hawkins: I have not the slightest expectation of any further adjournment. If it were not for this witness from New Orleans I should say Monday, but, as it is, I think we should better consult the convenience of all parties by adjourning until Thursday week.

Mr. Kenealy: I must oppose this motion, not because I have any fear that anything can be done to invalidate the evidence of the witness Luie, but on two grounds—viz., the entire insufficiency of the affidavits, and secondly that your lordships have no power.

The Lord Chief Justice: But we have done it already, and, therefore, if the exercise of that power is fatal to our jurisdiction, it is done.

Mr. Kenealy: I beg permission to furnish some authorities on that subject.

The Lord Chief Justice: It is too late,—we have already adjourned more than once, and if that is fatal to the trial it is done.

Mr. Kenealy: On these authorities I must contend that your lordships have no power to grant any further adjournment.

The Lord Chief Justice: Was it not done at your request before.

Mr. Kenealy: The first adjournment was for the convenience of the jury.

Mr. Justice Mellor: It is not material whether it was at the instance of the Defendant's counsel or not—that would not cure the defect. It appears to me to be a power incident to the jurisdiction of the court that it should adjourn—not capriciously, but in the interest of justice. I am not aware of any authority directly bearing on the point, but as long as I can remember the practice has been in cases of necessity to adjourn. And whether the application came from the Defendant's counsel or not is immaterial, because there can be no consent with "error."

Mr. Kenealy: The adjournment of civil cases required an act of parliament.

The Lord Chief Justice: But no act of parliament is necessary to adjourn from day to day.

Mr. Justice Lush: The power to adjourn must be inherent in any court—the object in view is the interests of justice.

Mr. Kenealy: I hope your lordships will remember that when I propose to call sur-rebutting evidence——

The Lord Chief Justice: I never heard of sur-rebutting evidence.

Mr. Kenealy: Neither did your lordships ever hear before this trial of an adjournment for rebutting evidence. I have gone through the whole of the State Trials, and can find no precedent for such a thing, but, on the contrary positive refusals. However, if the evil is committed, it is committed, and there is an end of the matter for the present; but I object to these affidavits as wholly insufficient. They state that the forthcoming evidence is material, but that is only in the opinion of Mr. Stephenson, and may not be material at all. The affidavit states that the attorney is advised and believes that Mr. Purcell and the witnesses he is bringing will be material witnesses, and that in spite of the efforts that had been made, it would be impossible for them to be here before the 12th inst. So says Mr. Stephenson. That is the only intimation that has been given to us. Mr. Stephenson does not state what he has heard from Mr. Purcell; and he then asks the court to make a precedent unknown to the English law. Your lordships are making law.

Mr. Justice Lush: I protest against that. We are not making law. Is it not the invariable practice that the attorney should make a statement on oath when application is made for the adjournment of a trial?

Mr. Justice Mellor: You must supplement the affidavit with what has occurred in our own presence and in our own hearing. You must take the affidavit with all the other circumstances.

Mr. Kenealy: They must have the names of the witnesses at this time, I apprehend. We should be in this dangerous position—we should not know the names of a single witness, and we should not be able to know whether they were respectable witnesses or rowdies.

The Lord Chief Justice: Was this furnished with the name of Luie?

Mr. Kenealy: They knew that we were going to call a sailor who had served in the *Osprey*.

The Lord Chief Justice: They did not know the name of Luie, and you certainly opened that there was a person who had been on board the New Bedford *Osprey*, but Luie said nothing about that.

Mr. Kenealy: I spoke in answer to your lordship. My instructions were then imperfect.

The Lord Chief Justice: Luie was kept in the background, and was not allowed to communicate with persons.

Mr. Kenealy: At all events, the conduct of trials in criminal cases is very different from that in civil trials.

The Lord Chief Justice: The Court must not allow justice to be defeated by refusing an adjournment for the purpose of furthering justice. The question only is whether we are to adjourn on the affidavit before us.

Mr. Kenealy: I say that the affidavit is insufficient. The purport of the evidence is not given, and I ask your lordships to compel them to give us more information about the witnesses.

The Lord Chief Justice: The question is whether we are to adjourn.

Mr. Kenealy: I ask your lordships not to adjourn on an insufficient affidavit.

Mr. Justice Lush: The only doubt would arise on the question of *bona fides*. Here there is no question of *bona fides*, because the witnesses are actually on the way.

Mr. Justice Mellor: We always give credence *prima facie* to the solicitor, because he is the proper person to make such an affidavit, and I have never known a doubt raised except when there was a want of *bona fides*.

Mr. Kenealy: If your lordship thinks the affidavit is sufficient I shall say no more upon the matter.

Mr. M'Mahon: Will your lordship allow me to make a few observations. This is the first time that such a thing has been sought to be done.

The Lord Chief Justice: We have already done it.

Mr. M'Mahon: Upon that occasion there was no argument. This is a matter of practice.

The Lord Chief Justice: You might ask for a new trial.

Mr. M'Mahon: But an appeal from this court to this court would be quite idle. I speak of the statute of William the Fourth. What I want now to call attention to is, that this is the first time in the history of the law that such a motion as this has been made and granted. If it be granted, there can be no reparation, as it will be simply a matter of practice.

Mr. Justice Mellor: I can't agree that it is a matter of practice.

Mr. M'Mahon: A writ of error would not lie upon a matter of practice. I only want to call the attention of the court to the practice that has prevailed. We are in this position: We feel if your lordships decide against us, your decision cannot be reviewed by a superior court, because it would be mere practice. There are many authorities to show that this would not be done.

The Lord Chief Justice: Do you mean to say we could not adjourn from day to day? An adjournment might be made for any time within the sitting.

Mr. M'Mahon: In a civil case, when only money or lands are at stake, it might be done, but when life is at stake it could not be done. The common law commissioners said—"We have already adverted to one of the defects of trial by jury, and to the necessity of proceeding with the trial when circumstances render it desirable that an adjournment should take place. It may be that a person is taken by surprise by his adversary, by documents not being forthcoming, &c., and in these cases miscarriage of justice must occur unless time be afforded for sufficient matter to be supplied." If the tribunal were permanent the adjournment might be taken, but if it were a shifting one it could not.

Mr. Justice Lush: That is the key to the whole.

The Lord Chief Justice: I prepared that report to which you have just referred myself.

Mr. M'Mahon: A court with a jury is a shifting court.

Mr. Justice Mellor: That is not so. A jury cannot part till the trial is over.

The Lord Chief Justice: I should never have said that if the jury thought proper to adjourn from twelve o'clock on one day to another, that it could not be done. The difficulty is when a thing comes to an end, and a jury is dismissed.

Mr. M'Mahon: The commissioner seemed to think that a long adjournment could not take place.

Mr. Justice Mellor: It is within the time during which the act authorised the court to sit. You must never lose sight of that.

Mr. M'Mahon: I entertain some doubts whether the court is entitled under the act of William IV., to sit as long as it has done. This subject has been under the consideration of the government from 1854 up to the present time, and I apprehend that the court will not make a precedent which will lead to serious injustice. The point seemed to have arisen in the case of Stone, who was tried for treason at the bar of this court. Your lordship will find in that case that the court, having sat till ten o'clock on the night of the first day, when it was stated that the evidence would occupy four hours longer, the Court adjourned to the next morning, Lord Kenyan observing that the necessity of the case justified what they did; and, though it was left to modern times to bring forward cases of such extraordinary length, yet no rule would compel the Court to continue sitting longer than their natural powers would enable them to do the business of it. The jury then retired to a neighbouring tavern, where refreshments were supplied to them. [The learned counsel read the official document authorising the adjournment of the court in the case above quoted.] Now that, my lords, was actual physical inability to go on. I now call your lordships' attention to trials which occurred at the Old Bailey. At the old Bailey, at the latter end of 1794, the trials of various persons for high treason last—Hardy's trial nine days, Horne Tooke's trial six days, and Thelwall's trial four days. Now, in the first of these trials the consent of the counsel for the prisoner was taken, but in the second case, the judges, after conferring together, were of opinion that it might and ought to be done by the authority of the court, and without the consent of the prisoner. These were cases of physical necessity. But in a case like this, where an adjournment is asked for on the part of the prosecution in order that the crown may bring forward witnesses to contradict what is only an episode in the case, I apprehend that the matter is of an entirely different nature.

After some further conversation, the case was adjourned until ten a.m. on Thursday the 27th inst.

THE SANTIAGO EXECUTIONS.

The following telegrams are from the American Correspondent of *The Times*:—

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.

The British Legation has been informed that 17 British subjects who were among the prisoners captured on board the *Virginius* were shot on Wednesday.

It is reported that an order has been sent to the British Admiral at Besmuda to concentrate his fleet in the Cuban waters with the flagship at Havannah.

The American Government have requested the Spanish Minister to give an assurance that the Government decree for the release of American property seized in Cuba is being carried out. The President desires that the decree should be immediately obeyed.

The Secretary of the Navy to-day inspected the ironclads at League Island.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.

Intelligence from Cuba announces that the authorities at Havannah refuse to allow mails and newspapers to be landed.

We (*The Times*) have received the following from the Foreign Office:—

"Mr. Crawford, the Acting British Consul-General at Havannah, have been instructed to watch the case of the *Virginius*, and to obtain a fair trial for any British subjects who might be among the prisoners, reported on the 15th inst. that the chase of the *Virginius* began and her capture was effected on the high sea; that in spite of all efforts of the Governor of Jamaica and others, sixteen British subjects, forming part of the crew of the *Virginius*, were shot at Santiago on the 7th inst, and that there were still seven British subjects remaining among the prisoners, of whom six were under age. Her Majesty's ship *Niobe* arrived at Santiago on the day after the executions.

"On the receipt of this intelligence instructions were sent by telegraph to Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, the Acting Consul-General at Havannah, the Vice-Consul at Santiago, and the Governor of Jamaica, to the effect that Her Majesty's Government would reserve the question of the executions which had already taken place, but that they would hold the Spanish Government and all persons concerned responsible for any further executions of British subjects.

"A telegram from Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, dated the 16th inst, reports that Senor Castelar had sent a telegram to the Captain-General of Cuba ordering the suspensions of all further executions of British subjects or others.

"This has been telegraphed to the Acting British Consul-General at Havannah, the Vice-Consul at Santiago, and the Governor of Jamaica.

"In reply to an inquiry addressed to him by telegraph, the Acting British Consul-General at Havannah has reported that the names of the British subjects executed are as follows:—James Flood, second mate; Henry King, assistant engineer; Thomas Gregg, fireman; Frank Good, fireman; Barney Herald, fireman; Henry Frank, coal-trimmer; James Read, coal-trimmer; Samuel Hard, coal-trimmer; Alfred Hessell, coal trimmer; Walter Prince, coal-trimmer; George Thomas, coal-trimmer; Thomas Walter, chief steward; Simon Broom, second steward; William Ross, seaman; Henry Bond, seaman; and George Thompson, seaman.

"The surviving prisoners on the 8th inst. were:—Sydney Robertson, William Curtis, Samuel Hall, George Winster, William Marshall, Abraham Penton, and George Burke. The last six are coloured lads."

A Washington despatch of the 7th of November says:—

"The capture of the steamer *Virginius* and the summary shooting of four of her officers and crew by the Cuban Spanish authorities create much excitement here. Some of the men were well known. The affair was the subject of a two hours' discussion by the Cabinet. Up to the hour at which the Cabinet broke up the Government had received no information except through the public press, and the President and Cabinet were indebted to the courtesy of a journalist for information of the death of General Ryan and three of his companions. The Secretary of State, however, said that he was constantly expecting despatches relating to the matter, and so it was discussed informally to-day by the Cabinet. No opinion is expressed by any member of the Government as to the right of the matter, nor is anything said as to what course the Government will pursue. It was acknowledged, however, that the act would probably lead to serious diplomatic complications, in which it is possible England may be a party. From the official despatches subsequently received by the Government at Washington, it appears that the *Virginius* was captured six miles from the coast of Jamaica. At the instance of Minister Sickles instructions were sent from the Home Government at Madrid to await orders from the Home Government before inflicting penalties on the passengers or men of the *Virginius*. This order was probably received on the evening of the 5th, or morning of the 6th inst., too late, as it appears from the despatches received from Cuba to-day, to be respected. In regard to the nationality of the *Virginius* registers granted to vessels continue until they are sold or change their names. No intelligence relating to either of these points as to the *Virginius* had reached the department. The books of the Treasury Department show that the register originally granted to the *Virginius* remains unchanged."

The *New York Times*, commenting on the effect of the news in the city, says:—

"Since the capture of the *Virginius* the most profound feeling has existed among the Cuban residents of this city; but the news received yesterday that the leaders of the patriots who were *en route* to Cuba had been summarily tried and the death sentence carried out caused the greatest distress. As soon as the intelligence was circulated crowds of Cubans and their sympathizers collected in the lower parts of the city and gave expression to their indignation in the strongest terms. Some could not credit the news contained in the dispatch, as no confirmation of the report had been received by the Spanish Consul. At the Cuban head-quarters several prominent leaders assembled, and the unfortunate circumstance was discussed with feelings of despair. The majority of those on board the *Virginius* were known to their countrymen in this city; especially were the leaders well known, and most particularly Brigadier-General Ryan, who was born in this city. Almost all of the men left New York for Kingston, Jamaica, where preparations were completed and stores placed on board the *Virginius*. The expedition has been the first since the memorable one which so signally failed in July, 1872, and, notwithstanding that Spain has brought into use all her available force for the protection of Cuba, it is stated that this expedition would have resulted victoriously if the men, arms, and ammunition had been set ashore four months since. The leaders, accompanied by Captain Joseph Fry, who was in charge of the vessel, took their passage in the steamer *Atlas*, and arrived, without arousing any suspicion, safely at Kingston. An attempt was made to enter the port of Santiago de Cuba, but the *Virginius* was espied by a Spanish cruiser and got underway. The Spanish war ship kept closely behind her until she got near Kingston. This was the last information heard from those on board and by their friends here."

The following letter appear in *The Times* of Tuesday:—

Public attention is at present attracted to the case of the *Virginius* and the execution of a number of those found on board by the Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba. The mind seems bewildered, and the action of the Spaniards very generally condemned.

It is, therefore, well your readers, who are world-wide, should understand the case, that they may be able to judge intelligently of its merits. Will you kindly allow me to give a synopsis of it.

The *Virginius* is sometimes described as a "blockade runner," which is obviously incorrect, seeing the coast of Cuba is not blockaded, all foreign and domestic vessels having free entrance to all the ports of the island, if engaged in legitimate commerce. Internally the railroads and telegraph lines are all operating under the government of the Spanish authorities, and there is no such thing as war by which the outward world are affected. Cuba is no more blockaded than is a house whose proprietor has fears of an intended robbery, and who sets a watch to frighten off or shoot the robber in the attempt.

The so-called "insurrection" in Cuba consists of adventurers—a few Cubans, Haytians, Costafirmeros, and Americans, and a good many negroes and Chinese, which the newspapers in the United States style "the insurgent army;" but they are hidden away in the mountains, in the eastern, unsettled part of the island, and their exploits consist principally in raids, unworthy the name of war; and even these would long ago have ceased had they not been constantly supplied with arms and ammunition from the United States, and recruiting from thence with men.

The *Virginius* is one of the craft that have kept up this state of things, causing the Spaniards immense trouble and expense for a long time back, paralysing commerce, and involving nearly as much loss of life as an Ashantee war. Now the *Virginius* would long ago have been peaceably disposed of, but for the direct protection and intervention of the United States authorities and navy. She has been hemmed in again and again by the Spaniards at Colon and other places, and (for instance, at Colon) just as she had taken on board a cargo of guns and ammunition from the American mail steamer *Colon* brought direct from New York, the Spanish commander advised her captain we would overhaul her if she went to sea. The commander of an American man-of-war dared the Spainard to touch her, as she was legitimately under the United States flag, the repeated result of just such acts being that she sailed direct for Cuba, and in the night landed her cargo and "passengers," conveniently to reinforce the afore-described "insurgent army;" and even when the British authorities seized her at Kingston, on account of being nefariously loaded, an American officer demanded her release, and in 24 hours she was again off Cuba, and chased away by the Spainards.

The man styled General Ryan has been more than once in Cuba, and repeatedly warned not to return.—Yours, &c.,

Lloyd's Nov. 17. ONE WHO KNOWS THE ISLAND WELL.

Mrs. Rowland Ellott, who has just given a window for the south transept of the Abbey Church, in Bath, to commemorate of the restoration to health of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has also given to the charities of that city as follows, viz:—£500 to the Royal United Hospital, £500 to the Female Penitentiary, £500 to the Sutcliff Industrial Schools, and £200 to the Fund for the Preservation of the Park.

A SAD STORY.

A distressing case of child murder and attempted suicide has just been tried by the Paris Court of Assizes, the prisoner being a poor widow who had been reduced to the last stage of poverty, and who determined to take away her own life and that of her only remaining child rather than be compelled to stare destitution in the face.

The *acte d'accusation* set forth that Madame Crépin aged 31, had lost successively all her relations, her husband, and nine children, the only one remaining to her being a boy of six years, of whom she appeared to be passionately fond. Under the influence of trouble, disappointment, and ill-health, she was unable to provide sufficient food for herself and child and pay the rent of her humble lodging. Reduced to a state of utter misery, and owing several quarters' rent to her landlord, she was served with a notice to quit her lodging in the Rue d'Issy, at Vanves; in despair at the prospect of being thrown upon the world, she resolved upon committing the crime with which she was now charged. On the 14th of August, about ten o'clock in the evening, she retired to rest with her child, after having lit two pans of charcoal and written an explanation of her misery and stating the determination at which she had arrived. The little boy died asphyxied during the night, but the neighbours having forced the door the next morning the mother was found to be still alive, and was at once conveyed to the hospital, where she ultimately recovered. After the reading of the document, which is a remarkably short one for a French criminal trial, the President of the court proceeded to examine the prisoner.

You are 31 years of age, and you are a washerwoman, are you not?—Yes.

You have lost your husband?—Yes, during the Commune.

Have you had any children?—Yes; ten.

And what has become of them?—They are all dead.

Were you ever before a court of justice or condemned?—No, never.

How long were you married?—Twelve years.

The court is aware that you have had to battle with many misfortunes. Information taken respecting you represents you as being of weak mind, nervous, and somewhat lazy?—If I could not work regularly it was because I was ill; and few people are energetic when suffering as I have done.

How much did you earn a day?—Two francs.

At the time you committed the wicked and criminal act for which you are now being tried, did you not owe several quarters' rent to your landlord?—Yes.

And he gave you notice to quit?—Yes, on the 14th of August.

On that night you lit two pans of charcoal, and went to bed with your son, whom you did not undress?—No; I would not undress him. I wished him to be buried with me as he was. (Here the prisoner burst into tears.)

Are you not aware that in taking the life of your child, you committed a grievous crime?—Yes, sir, I know it.

You were in a state of the utmost misery; you had experienced many and severe hardships, but you were wanting in energy. Are you penitent? Do you regret acting as you did?—Yes, sir, I have regretted it deeply and sincerely ever since.

Several witnesses were examined, their evidence tending to show that the prisoner had always been exemplary in her conduct and an affectionate mother; but that overcome with mental and physical suffering, she had become almost unaccountable for her actions. Her counsel made a touching appeal on her behalf, and read the following document which she had written just before committing the act:—

"Vanves, Aug. 14, 1873. This is the cause of my death and that of my child. Having fallen ill again on the 18th of July, I was unable to pay my rent. I took the remainder of my things to the pawn-office, and received 7f. for them. Two days afterwards, finding that I got no better, I decided to go to the hospital, where the doctor gave me some medicine. God only knows how I suffered; but now that I am no longer, I shall have no more suffering. I pray God to pardon me for having put an end to my miseries. . . . My last wishes are that you should put a cross and a crown on the grave of my little one. If I wish him to die with me it is because I would not have him to experience the troubles I have gone through. I trust my brother and sister will forgive me also. I wish the medal to be left round my neck; it contains my father's hair; and also that my child should be buried in his best clothes. Lit my pans of charcoal with the notice to quit served upon me by the landlord."

The court was much moved by the reading of this document; and the jury, after a brief consultation, brought in a verdict of *Not Guilty*. Previous to the President ordering her discharge, a collection was made for the prisoner amongst the members of the court and the jury, and the sum of 75 francs was handed to her as she left the dock.

TERRIBLE STRUGGLE BETWEEN A THIEF AND A DOG.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Daniel Donoghue, 30, has been charged with stealing 18lb of copper sheeting, the property of Donald Johnson and others, from their dock; and he was further charged with assaulting Terence Reilly, a dock watchman, with intent to prevent his lawful apprehension.

From the evidence of the watchman, Reilly, it appeared that on the night of Saturday, the 8th of November, the bell was rung, and on opening the dock gate at Millwall, the prisoner walked in and said he wanted to see the keeper or mate of a ship that was lying in the dock, and the witness told him that neither of them was there. There was another ring at the bell, and on going to the door a postman delivered some letters for the firm. On coming back to the side of the dock he saw the prisoner putting some metal into a bag, and then asked him if that was what he came into the yard for? Witness ordered him off the premises, but he took no notice, and continued to fill his bag with the copper. Witness let go the watch-dog for his protection, and it immediately seized the prisoner by the leg, who cried out lustily for help, and witness took the dog from him. The prisoner ran away, but the dog followed and caught him, and they rolled on the ground together. During the struggle prisoner managed to get hold of the dogs two front legs, and threw it into the dock, which was 22 feet below. Prisoner then seized witness by the throat, dragged him along, and tried to throw him into the dock. He (witness) called for help, and, some persons coming to his assistance, the prisoner was given into custody. William Greatorex, a blacksmith, was fortunately passing at the time, and when he went to Reilly's assistance the prisoner had got him on the very edge of the dock, and had he not come up at this precise moment it would have been too late, and most probably the man would have been drowned.

The Jury found the prisoner Guilty.

Herbert Reeves, warder at Coldbath-fields, proved thirteen previous convictions against the prisoner, and one of seven years on the 20th of March at these sessions for a robbery from the docks. He was a regular river pirate.

The Judge sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for seven years, and then to be kept under police supervision for seven years.—The watchman Reilly was then ordered to stand forward. The Judge said he had received the following presentment from the grand jury:—"The grand jury in the case of Daniel Donoghue, charged with stealing 16lb. of metal, the property of Donald Johnson and others, from their dock, and assaulting Terrence Reilly, with intent to prevent his lawful apprehension, having heard the evidence of Terence Reilly, desire to express their appreciation of the courageous way in which the witness succeeded in securing the prisoner. —W. Tweedie, Foreman." He said he entirely endorsed the opinion of the grand jury, that he had acted with great courage, and he should order him to receive a reward of £2.

CANON KINGSLEY on INDIVIDUALITY.

An immense congregation assembled at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon to hear Canon Kingsley, who preached for upwards of an hour upon man's individuality and personal responsibility:—

Man (said the Canon) is not a thing, but a person, a living soul; the thought of personality comes to the child as a distinct revelation from God, and from that period it feels that it is no longer *it* but *I*. This realization of personal responsibility is very awful; I cannot escape from it, as the great German poet says, any more than I can spring off my own shadow. And yet men try to escape from it by varied means, forgetting that it is impossible; for, as a great and pious poet whose monument stands in the Abbey has said, "our hermit spirits dwell and range apart." It must be so: I must be I, thou must be thou, he must be he, she must be she, throughout our mortal lives, and, as a voice seems to tell us, alone for ever. Yes! and alone with one more, alone with God, without the intervention of any priest or father-confessor, aye or of angel or archangel, if such could be—alone with God. But this idea, though awful, may be full of comfort if we can say like the psalmist, "I am Thine; oh, save me." There are those, continued the preacher, who assert it to be an impossibility thus to fancy yourself to be an I, individual and indivisible; each one, say these extreme nominalists, is many things—the net result of all the organic forces in his body or of the forces that have acted on his ancestors through countless ages. That man is the same being when he is old that he was when a child, while his physical being changes its every atom, is, these, philosophers tell us, a delusion which people hold just as they talk of the sun's rising in the east and setting in the west. Man, they argue, is no more an individual than the coral or the fungus. That there is some truth underlying this theory, added Mr. Kingsley, I am the last to deny; for who does not know how much of a man is inherited, and how much changes with the physical changes of his body? But it is only half the truth, and these philosophers cannot state even this half-truth without using the very personal pronouns which they repudiate—I, thou, he or she; thus proving their view to be, as we may say, unthinkable except by thinking individually. After pointing out how universal is the belief in individuality, becoming more fixed as man becomes more civilized, the preacher showed how strong personality may be developed either for good or evil; and instanced Medea, the imperious sorceress, who lived in the assertion of self, and Satan, who when he fell became, not a brute, but a fiend, his individuality, which was so strong within him as an angel—nay, as an archangel—remaining, when, like Medea, he fell back on the strength of his own personality and only became more powerful for evil. So it is with us, and it is only faith in God and loyalty to Him that can keep us from being a torment to ourselves and others. But there are those who fancy that there is something abject and undignified in thus looking to God for help instead of helping yourself and bearing your burden stoically. Stoically! I answer (said the Canon) that he does bear it stoically; because the oldest and purest stoic did cry for help. Look at the writings of Epictetus. Do not they show on the very face that what enabled him to assert his own individuality and to maintain his own purity was his faith in God? If any man has learned to undervalue psalmist or prophet, let him turn to Epictetus, and learn from that heathen that faith in God is the true dignity of man. But, further, it is a question whether ungodliness is ever dignified, whether the dignified Satan of Milton be not an impossibility, and whether Goethe's Mephistopheles is not a truer ideal; and, indeed, there is something ludicrous in the view that trust in God is undignified. I leave it to you to judge which is the more dignified; this little thing of flesh and blood, at most not more than six feet high, standing self-poised and self-complacent, the fancied centre of a universe like this, asserting that he needs no help; or the same being acknowledging his own faults and needs, and by a humility which is the highest daring, by self-distrust which is the noblest self-assertion, taking service under that Noblest of all personages who made this universe, and crying, "I am thine; oh, save me" Make up your mind (said the Canon) on this point, who is the most abject, who the most dignified; as for me, I had too good cause long since to make up mine. Mr. Kingsley concluded a most powerful sermon, the effect of which was distinctly visible, many of the congregation standing instead of sitting in order to catch every word, by a lengthened eulogy of the Church Catechism.

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

A MAN recently stole a lot of vegetable marrows from a Fulham gardener. He has sent back the seeds; is this a sign of repentance, or does he expect another crop to be grown for him?

QUERY.—Are all bankers *Rich*-ualists?

WHY should artists drink paint?—Because it suits their palate.

THE Last Born—An hereditary cobbler.

A GOOD Name for a Troupe of Contortionists—An India rubber Band.

THERE'S really little more time gained by sending a telegraphic message than an ordinary letter; they both have to go through the post.

THE Gouty Man to a Young Wine Drinker—What's port to you is death to me.

EVEN candles are riz. PRICE'S are going up.

"THE NAVY ESTIMATES"—What? Why, the authorities that be at their proper value, to be sure.

Do dogs think?—To be sure; have you never heard of a great thin cur?

A VERY Catching Complaint—Rumour-tism. —*Judy.*

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

Houston, Texas, is proud of the circumstance that its mayor and nearly all of its aldermen can nearly read and write.

They hanged a negro lately in Cairo, and this leads the St Louis *Democrat* to say "that it was a severe death, but what a relief to get out of Cairo!"

A young lady at Winchester lately went to a photographic artist, and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

A Texas town was recently visited by a clergyman for the first time in its history, and the inhabitants, wishing to do the handsome thing by him, offered to get up a horse-race for his entertainment.

The advertiser of a new liniment mildly calls attention to the fact that his notice should read, "There is no pain this liniment will not relieve," an idea suggested to him by the freak of a compositor who had taken the precaution to substitute the word "revive" for "relieve."

A Milwaukee woman seven feet high hangs her four-foot husband at her waist-belt as an ornament, like young ladies do their umbrellas.

A man in Cincinnati owned a pet panther. The other day he went off with his wife and family for a visit of a couple of days, leaving the pet panther and his mother-in-law to keep house. On his return his grief can be imagined on discovering that it was the panther that was dead, and not the mother-in-law. The old lady had talked the poor animal to death.

An Illinois county clerk refused to issue a marriage licence because the man was only four feet high, while the woman was six. He said that he knew something about domestic life with the proportions reserved, and could not assist a fellow-man "to buy into a lottery when the odds were so fearfully against him."

A great many people seem to miss their vocation because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls. This is one of the advantages of middle age. Poeple have got used to their bodies, and to their faults; they know how to use them, to spare them, and they do not expect too much.

This announcement brought the Maine police immediately, and firing down upon an innocent grocer and a feebly-accomplished speller of that temperance district, "Some choice licquers just imported." He explained that he meant "lickers,"—and by lickers dried tongues!

Smith, the American poet-laureate, has lost an old friend, and has given this to the world "gratis:"—

"It was not that I loved her overmuch
That made our parting bitter;
It was not for the softness of her touch,
Or her eyes' glitter.

"It was not that her cheek was rosy fair,
Or smooth as any peach's;
It was not that she had such lots of hair
As black as leeches.

"'Twas not that when we parted her small hand
Waved an adieu—I did not discern it;
'Twas that she borrowed my umbrella, and
My old friend's lost—she did not return it."

An American clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was, not long since, at a country hotel, where he observed a horse dealer trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the dealer, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the dealer, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you would have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the dealer. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. Joseph Arch arrived in Liverpool, from America, on Tuesday evening.

The Viceroy of India entered Agra on Friday last. There was a procession of 55 elephants.

The *New York Herald*, commenting on the Stokes trial, says that hanging is evidently played out for the rich.

Nineteen missionaries have just imported themselves into Liverpool from the Salt Lake district.

The appointment of Dr. Lyon Playfair to the office of Postmaster General has been gazetted.

The report on the health of the navy, just published records the death of a seaman who had been in the habit of smoking forty cigars a day.

Two working colliers have been elected to the schoo board of Hoyland, near Barnsley.

The *Lancet* recommends doctors to raise their fees. The guinea, we are told, is not what it was, and people would be quite willing to pay their physicians at an increased tariff.

It is told of one of the "supernumeraries" who removed chairs from the stage with great effect, on the death of Macready being announced to him he exclaimed "Great hivins! another one of us gone!"

Commodore Commerell's friends in London have received news of him to the 14th of last month. He was then much better, and good hopes were entertained of his recovery.

The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Harold Browne, has appointed the 3rd of December as a day of intercession for foreign missions throughout the diocese, and has recommended the same form of service authorised by the late Bishop.

A facetious senior asked a freshman to tell him the difference between a fac simile and a sick family; but the laugh was on the senior, for the freshman instantly replied, "No difference. A sick family is a family that is sick, and a fac-simile means the same."

Two of the stone cairns discovered last week on the banks of the River Eye, near Ayton, have been opened. They were found to contain human skeletons. The remains, which are said to be those of Ancient Britons, are about 2,000 years old.

A deputation waited upon Mr. Russell Gurney on Saturday to request his renewed support of the Married Women's Property Bill, which was formerly introduced by him, and in consequence of his absence taken charge of by Mr. Hinde Palmer, who has given notice of it for next session. The learned Recorder promised to give his name and best assistance to the bill, but declined to take the conduct of it from Mr. Hinde Palmer, as it could not be in better hands.

Two persons, to whom an orange tree had been bequeathed, divided it by sawing it through from the top to the bottom. They covered the wounds made by the saw with a mixture of clay and cowdung, and planted. By degrees, the bark covered the exposed surface, and each of the halves became a perfect tree.

Mr. B. Taylor, member of the Local Governing Board and Poor Law Guardian for Peterborough, has declared himself a candidate in the working men's interest for the seat about to be vacated by the retirement of Mr. Wells. In his address he points out that working men have special grievances which, he alleges, will never be redressed until some of their order have seats in the House, and, as the working class upon the register of voters for Peterborough greatly exceed in number the middle and upper classes combined, he conceives that they have a just claim to the seat when vacant for a direct representative of their order. Mr. Nevil Goodman, of Cambridge, has also announced his intention to contest the city at the dissolution of Parliament.

Collections were made at the Catholic churches in Dublin, last Sunday, on behalf of the Catholic University.

"Gentleman, aged 50, wishes to correspond with a Lady, with a view to matrimony.—Address," &c.—Advertisement in the *Manchester Examiner.*

"Tweet.—Pause before you ruin your future prospects entirely. I can still save you, and am willing to do so Write or telegraph at once to Army and Navy club.—Drum." —Advertisement in *The Times.*

P. T. Barnum has made an offer of about £90,000 for the north-east corner of Ninth and Chestnut-streets, in Philadelphia, desiring the location for the erection of a theatre and museum.

A Professor Donaldson wants to traverse the Atlantic in a paper balloon, and invites thirty descriptive newspaper reporters to accompany him.

A rumour has got abroad that Mr. Gladstone means to repeal the obnoxious Schedule D and levy a house tax in its place.

"At a late wedding the bridegroom's present to the bride was a thousand sovereigns on a golden salver."—*Court Journal.*

Here is an argument in favour of the co-education of the sexes. The first female graduate of the University of Michigan has married one of her classmates.

The *Labour News* says serious apprehensions are entertained of depression in the cotton industries, and in some mills short time has already been resorted to.

The coalowners of the North Wales district have held a meeting with reference to an application by the men for an advance of wages, and resolved that, looking at the state of the money market, the growing depression in the iron trade, and the falling off in the demand for coal, it is impossible to entertain the request.

Among the treasures to be found in the Khedive' Museum (says the *Art Journal*), is a necklace worn by Queen Aah-hept, mother of King Aahmes, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, who was not only coeval with Abram and Sarai, but the identical Pharoah who was "plagued with great plagues" because of Sarai, Abrams wife.

Nature states that the Copley Medal and the two Royal Medals in the gift of the Royal Society, have this year been awarded as follows:—The Copley Medal to Professor Helmholtz, the distinguished physiologist, physicist, and mathematician, of Berlin; a Royal Medal to H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester; and a Royal Medal to Dr. Allman, Professor of Biology in the University of Edinburgh.

The death is announced at New York of the Patriarch of the American Church, the Rev. Dr. Ezekiel G. Gear, its oldest presbyter, who had been in the priesthood for fifty-nine years. In his earlier days he was an active worker as a missionary among the Indians, and Bishop Whipple, at his funeral bore eloquent testimony to his zeal and earnestness.

The health of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold has, it is understood, improved. The Prince has been suffering from one of these periodical attacks of illness to which he is liable. It is probable that the condition of his Royal Highness has made the precise date of her Majesty's return from Scotland somewhat uncertain. At present there is some expectation of her Majesty leaving Balmoral for the South about the 25th or 26th inst.

The executive of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, at Leamington, have issued instructions to the district secretaries to promote emigration throughout the country in connection with the central office. The Oxford delegate stated that early in December he will eave for New Zealand with five hundred labourers and their families.

Mr. J. H. Butterfield, a well-known reporter for the metropolitan press, expired suddenly from the effects of rheumatic heart disease whilst he was sitting at dinner in his own residence on last Sunday afternoon. The deceased had formerly held a position under Government, but, having retired from it with an adequate pension some fifteen years since, had up to the time of his death been engaged as reporter.

The first departure of troops from London for the Gold Coast since the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches took place on Tuesday. The 28th Company Royal Engineers, from Chatham, and a half-battery of Royal Artillery, from Woolwich, left Paddington by the 8.10 train for Plymouth, where the *Himalaya* lay all ready to receive them. The troops were loudly cheered at Paddington by a crowd that quite filled the platform.

A book printed two hundred years ago, but only just published, should be a literary curiosity. An edition of the *Officium, B. V. M.*, printed in 1677, by the famous firm of Plantin, was recently discovered, folded in sheets, in an old house at Amsterdam. Some copies have found their way over here. They are very small, prettily printed in red and black, with cuts, and as fresh and clean as if they had just come from the press.

On Sunday last an eight days' mission, under the sanction of the Bishop of Rochester, was commenced in the towns of Rochester, Strood, Chatham, Old Brompton, and New Brompton. The Bishop and his brother, Bishop Piers Claughton, and a large number of "missioners"—preachers from various parts of the country—will preach sermons and deliver addresses; the churches will be open daily for many services, and there will be special services for men, for women, and for children.

"The writers in some of the public offices were informed last week that their present engagements would cease on the next pay day, and if they wished to renew them they must sign an agreement that they were willing to do so at 1d. per hour under the new regulations (which can be altered at any time), and which terminates the engagement, without notice, after each payment made."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Pending Chancery proceedings with respect to the rights in Epping Forest, the gentlemen who have united in a body to resist further encroachments are watchful of every opportunity that may arise for practical protest. By a right conferred by Queen Elizabeth, the poor of Loughton are privileged at midnight of every 11th November to begin cutting wood, and to continue so doing till the 26th of April. The custom has been duly observed this year; and the assembly of "loppers" was addressed by Sir Antonio Brady and other gentlemen.

The death is announced at Leary, Jefferson County, New York, on the 23rd of October, of Robert Sexbury, at the great age of 110 years and seven months. He was famous in former years as a hunter, and had killed in Northern New York over 2,200 deer. When over 80 he met with an accident necessitating the amputation of a leg, and without flinching he assisted the physician to perform the surgical operation. His funeral was attended by several of his children, who were aged between 80 and 90.

At a general meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Farmers' Club, it was stated that the mischief caused by stray dogs was enormous, especially in the vicinity of pit villages, and that in the district lying east of Newcastle 161 sheep had been killed and 60 wounded in a short time. A committee was appointed with instructions to learn the extent of the damage done in the two northern counties, and to report to a future meeting.

The Firth coal-cutting machine is doing wonders wherever it is introduced. The machine cuts 175 feet, or about 67 tons, in a shift of nine hours, and it is believed that this can not only be maintained, but considerably increased. It appears also that at Espieside Colliery, Gartsherrie, the same machine has recently cut 377 feet, equal to 90 tons in nine hours. The ultimate success of these machines can no longer be considered at all doubtful.

"The use of paper as a substitute for wood in the construction of railway carriages has long been known, but the use to which this material can be put seems now to be without limit. The Journal of the Society of Arts says there is a paper church actually existing near Bergen, which is capable of containing about 1,000 people. It is circular within and octagonal without. The rillevos outside and the statues inside, and the roof, the ceiling, are all of *papier mâché*, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg."—*Builder.*

It will give some notion of the vastness of the spoil of war that has fallen into German hands, irrespective of the pecuniary indemnity, when it is stated that the share of gun-metal from captured cannon alloted to Bavaria alone, as the due of her two army corps, amounts to no less than 460 tons. Of this King Louis has ordered fifty tons to be distributed to certain parishes to be turned into the church bells they are in need of. The rest is handed over to the Bavarian Government arms foundry for future conversion into German guns.

Attention is drawn by the Register-General to the fact, that under the influence of the recent cold weather the deaths registered in London in the past three weeks have exceeded by 30 per cent. those recorded in the three preceding weeks of moderate temperature. Among children and adults aged between 5 and 60 years, the increase is equal to 20 per cent., among infants and young children under five years of age it is 33, and among persons aged over 60 years, 45 per cent.

The death, in a garret at Paris, is announced of a woman named Louise Birat, who some years ago, was one of the celebrities of the public balls, under the *sobriquet* of "Queen Pomaré." Her renown commenced in 1843, when she began to distinguish herself at the Salle Valentino by the eccentricity of her dancing. At that epoch all the world was talking of the events of Tahiti and the indemnity accorded to Prichard. That place was quite the rage, and the name was given to the Valentino ball, and as a natural consequence that of Pomaré fell to the lot of the most conspicuous of the dancers.

The *Daily Telegraph* announces that the researches in Assyria, conducted with so much skill and good fortune by Mr. George Smith for that journal, are to be continued by the British Museum. Recognising the great importance of what has been obtained, and the rich promise which the opened trenches give of other valuable monuments of antiquity, the Trustees some time ago made arrangements to furnish Mr. Smith with funds for a second expedition to the same spot; and requested the sanction of Government for this project. The Prime Minister has approved the scheme, and Mr. George Smith will shortly leave for the scene of those successful labours which were interrupted by his official recall.

As an illustration of the marvellous change which has taken place in the Southern States of America since the abolition of slavery, the *New York Tribune* mentions the fact that the drama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was lately played in one of the New Orleans theatres. It is a simple and in itself an uneventful fact, but those who remember the bitter feeling manifested by the Southern slave-holders on the publication of Mrs Stowe's celebrated story will not find it difficult to understand its importance. At that time it would have been as much as a man's life was worth to sell the book in any of the Southern States, and to have openly owned to the possession of it in New Orleans would have been followed by an outbreak of popular violence.

An amusing incident, illustrating the disadvantages attaching to legislative assemblies composed of a variety of "nations and languages," is recorded as marking the opening of the present Austrian Parliament. The Minister of the Crown, according to the time-honoured usage, requested the oldest member to assume provisionally the presidential rank until the election of a permanent head. The oldest member happened to be a member from Galicia, a Pole of the Jewish persuasion, who did not know a word of German. His only attempt to explain his ignorance in the language he did not know culminated in the words "Nix Dietch." Roars of laughter greeted this naïve confession. A substitute was easily found.

The Channel tunnel must not be looked upon as merely a communication between France and England, but as the main road to and from the whole continent, by which passengers and goods will be conveyed from all parts of Europe and Asia, and it would be a bold assertion to define a limit to the progressive movement. The opening of this tunnel would lead to the same increase of traffic that has followed the adoption of railways in the place of other modes of conveyance, say in the proportion of 1 to 40. If this prognostication were only partly realized, it is evident that one tunnel would soon become insufficient. It is not, however, to be expected that this increase will be instantaneous, but that experience alone will lead to it.

The *Birmingham News* says Mr. Thomas Carlyle is, it is stated, writing a pamphlet on the controversy between the German Emperor and the Pope, a subject in which he takes a profound interest.

At a special council meeting of the Reformers Union (held in London on Saturday evening) it was resolved to invite Mr. Arch to meet the working men of London at a public *soirée* on his return from Canada.

Calcutta advices state that the districts threatened with famine contain a population of twenty-five millions inhabitants, and that the crops are expected to yield only three-eighths of an average. A sum of £250,000 is to be spent in the purchase of rice and for relief works.

Great public enthusiasm attended the opening of the Italian Parliament at Rome on Saturday. King Victor Emmanuel's speech was frequently interrupted by boisterous applause. Especially was his declaration that he would be ready to repel any attack on recent ecclesiastical legislation hailed with approval. Respecting his journey to Vienna and Berlin he assured the assembly that the friendship of the German and Austrian Sovereigns was sincere.

A newspaper correspondent at Brussels writes:—A Convention has been concluded between Germany and Belgium, establishing the reciprocal recognition of all commercial, industrial, and financial companies, constituted and authorised according to the particular laws of either country. It is expected that the German Federal Council will at once ratify the Convention. It may, perhaps, not be too much to say that the question of the entry of the States surrounding Germany—Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and perhaps the whole of Austria—into the German Customs Union will arise in a not very distant time. The Customs Union has not been abolished by the establishment of the Empire. Luxemburg continues to belong to the Union without belonging to the Empire.

During the week ending last Saturday 5,509 births and 3,684 deaths were registered in London and twenty other large cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The natural increase of population was 1,825. The mortality from all causes in these towns was at the rate of 26 deaths annually to every 1,000 persons living. In the metropolis 2,377 births and 1,636 deaths were registered, the former having been 57 above, and the latter 59 below, the average number in the corresponding week of the past ten years. The deaths included 165 from measles, 32 from scarlet fever, 4 from diptheria, 35 from whooping cough, 47 from different forms of fever, 13 from diarrhœa, and not one from small-pox; thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 236 deaths were referred, against numbers increasing from 171 to 231 in the four preceding weeks. The deaths from these diseases were, however, 58 below the corrected average number in the corresponding week of the last ten years.

The twentieth half-yearly conference of the Miners' National Association was opened at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday. The business was chiefly of a routine character, but before the sitting was adjourned the report of the committee appointed to rebut the charges that miners were the cause of the present high price of coal, and that they were driving away the trade of the country, was read. In one part of this document it is asked why working men are continually being called to account for the manner in which they expend their incomes. "They," in the language of the report, "spend much foolishly enough, no doubt, and greatly to their own injury; but, notwithstanding this, the wages of labour spent in the support of working men's families in its profitable reproductiveness, and in the general comfort that attends its outlay, contributes more than any other portion of the national wealth to the proportion of the nation's welfare." The report was adopted, and ordered to be printed and circulated amongst its members.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—MONDAY.

There has been rather more steadiness in the grain trade at Mark-lane to-day. The supply of English wheat has been only moderate. With a fair attendance of millers the demand has been steady, and prices have been maintained. A fair average supply of foreign wheat has been offered. Although not active, the market has been firm, and full rates have been realised. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stands. Malting produce has been quite as dear, and grinding has risen 1s per quarter. Malt has changed hands at late rates. The market has been moderately supplied with oats. The demand has been steady, and the prices realised have been quite equal to those current on Monday last. For maize, there has been a healthy inquiry, and prices have ruled 1s. per qr. higher. Beans have changed hands at late rates. Peas have been in moderate request, on former terms. The flour market, although quiet, has been steady, at last week's prices.

MARK-LANE.—WEDNESDAY.

Business at Mark-lane to-day has been on a limited scale. The supply of English wheat has been very moderate, but there has been a fair show of foreign produce. With a thin attendance of millers business has been restricted, at the rates current on Monday. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stands. The trade although quiet has been firm, at late prices. Malt has been steady in value, with a fair inquiry. The supply of oats has been tolerably good. The demand has been to a moderate extent, at the quotations of last market.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The total imports of foreign stock in London last week consisted of 12,659 head; in the corresponding week last year we received 11,278; in 1871, 16,243; in 1870, 13,487; in 1869, 12,964; and in 1868, 5,996 head. The cattle trade to-day has been dull. The supplies have been good, and quite equal to the demand, which has ruled heavy. As regards beasts, the receipts from our own grazing districts have been larger than usual, but middling stock has again predominated. There have been a few choice animals from Scotland. Sales have progressed slowly at about the rates current on Monday last, the extreme quotation for the best Scots and crosses being 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. per 8lb. From Lincolnshire we have received about 400, from Leicestershire and Northamptonshire about 2,200, from Norfolk 30, from Hereford 230, other parts of England about 400, from Scotland 62, and from Ireland about 750 head. As usual, the foreign side of the market has been principally supplied with Tonning stock, about 1,720 head being on offer. There have also been about 340 Spanish and 130 Dutch. The market has been heavy at about previous currencies. The sheep market has been scantily supplied with English breeds, but fairly with foreign. The best Downs have been in moderate request, and have occasionally made 6s. 10d. to 7s. per 8lb.; otherwise, the demand has been heavy. Calves have changed hands to a moderate extent, at late rates. Pigs have been quiet but steady. Per 8lb to sink the offal:—Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s.; prime Scots, 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 4d. to 5s.; second quality ditto, 5s. 6d. to 6s.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 10d. to 7s.; large coarse calves, 4s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.; prime small ditto, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.; large hogs, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; small porkers, 5s. to 5s. 8d. Total supply—Beasts, 5,880; sheep and lambs, 17,650; calves, 260; and pigs, 120. Foreign: Beasts, 2,340, sheep and lambs, 9,980; calves, 230; and pigs, 35.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY.

A moderate supply of meat was on sale here to-day. The trade for all descriptions was slow, and prices had a downward tendency.—Per 8lb. by the carcase: Inferior beef, 3s. to 4s.; middling ditto, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.; veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s.; inferior mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.; middling ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.; prime ditto, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 10d.; large pork, 4s. to 4s. 4d.; and small ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.

POTATOES.

Moderate supplies of potatoes are on sale and the trade is steady, at the following currency:—Regents 100s. to 180s.; rocks, 60s. to 80s.; kidneys, 100s. to 120s.; Victorias or flukes, 110s. to 130s. per ton. The imports of potatoes into London last week consisted of 906 tons and 8,068 bags from Dunkirk, 36 bags from Bremen, 89 tons from Groningen, 1,971 bags from Terneuzs, 1030 from Hamburg, 13 from Dordt, 20 from Ostend, 173 tons and 3,424 bags from Harlingen, 797 bags from Boulogne; 2,171 from Antwerp, 1,072 from Rotterdam, and 28 from Brussels.

HOPS.

A quiet feeling prevails, busines in this, as in other markets, being checked to a considerable extent by the stringency of money. Prices are easier than a week ago, though not materially so, the decline being only occasionally noticeable in the inferior classes of hops. The imports into London last week consisted of 143 bags from Rotterdam, 72 from Bremen, 25 bales and 20 pockets from Terneuzs, 978 bales from Antwerp, 366 from Hamburg, and 225 from Ostend:—East Kent Goldings, £5 12s. to £9 9s.; Mid Kents, £5 12s. to £9; Weald of Kents, £5 to £7; Sussex, £4 15s. to £6 10s.; Worcesters, £5 15s. to £7 10s.; Farnhams, £6 15s. to £8 8s.; Country, £4 6s. to £7 10s.; Yearlings, £4 to £5 5s.; Bavaria, new, £6 15s. to £8 8s.; Belgian, £3 2s. to £4 16s.; Alsace, £7 to £7 15s.; French, £6 to £6 15s.

TALLOW.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 17.—P.Y.C. is dull at 41s. per cwt. on the spot. Town Tallow is quoted at 39s. 6d. net cash, and rough fat at 1s. 11d. per 8lbs.

	s. d.		s. d.
Town Tallow, per cwt..	42 0	Rough Stuff, per cwt..	15 6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs...	1 11	Graves ,,	19 0
Melted Stuff, per cwt...	30 6	Good Dregs ,,	6 0

Yellow Russian, new........41s. 0d. per cwt.
Ditto Ditto old.........41s. 6d. ,,
Australian Mutton Tallow....42s. 6d. ,,
Ditto Beef Ditto....39s. 6d. ,,

SEED.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 17.—There was very little new English red Cloverseed offering to-day. The finest good coloured samples were held very high. In foreign descriptions not much passing, and prices without any quotable variation. Best Trefoil was held firmly at full rates, but sales were limited. Canaryseed has advanced about 2s. per qr. with a good demand. New Dutch Hempseed realised previous values steadily. Winter Tares are offering freely at very moderate prices, low enough to hold over for another season White Mustard-seed was purchased very slowly, but without any change in price. Good samples of brown were held rather higher, and trade was somewhat firmer for such.

PROVISIONS.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 445 firkins butter, and 3,372 bales bacon, and from foreign ports 37,280 packages butter, and 1,486 bales bacon. The transactions in Irish butter are so limited prices cannot be quoted with any accuracy. Foreign met a steady sale, best Dutch declined 4s. to 6s. per cwt., in other descriptions little or no change. The bacon market continued slow, and Irish further declined 2s. per cwt., but no change in Hamburg.

PRICES.

Butter, per cwt.: ..	s.	s.	Cheese, per cwt. :....	s.	s.
Dorset	140	146	Cheshire	56	80
Friesland	124	130	Dbl. Glouc., new ..	66	76
Jersey	104	124	Cheddar	76	84
Eng. Fresh, per doz.	00	19	American	56	70
Bacon, per cwt. :			Hams: York	00	112
Wiltshire dried..	70	72	Cumberland	00	112
Irish, green, f.o.b.	60	74	Irish	90	104

HAY.

LONDON, Saturday, Nov. 15.—A large supply of hay and straw has been on sale here to-day. Trade has been very dull, and prices have ruled as under. Prime clover, 80s. to 102s. 6d.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime meadow hay, 76s. to 82s.; inferior, 50s. to 70s.; and Straw, 38s. to 46s. per load.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 27s. 6d. to 36s. 6d.; red ditto, 12s. to 22s.; roused ditto, 18s. 6d. to 25s.; fresh ditto, 17s. to 24s. per barrel; kipper ditto, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d; bloater ditto, 2s. to 2s. 10d per box; smoked haddocks, 20s. to 32s. per barrel trawl ditto, 15s. to 18s. 6d.; ditto plaice, 16s. to 20s.; ditto whiting, 12s. 6d. to 18s. per basket; soles, 1s. 3d. to 4s. per pair; turbot, 8s. to 11s; brill, 2s. to 3s. 9d.; cod, 5s to 8s. each; mackerel, 2s 6d. to 3s.; lobsters, 12s. to 25s.; crabs, 10s. to 25s. per dozen; native oysters, £10 10s. per bushel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1873.

THE ROTHWELL TIMES.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMING OF AGE.—A SUDDEN MESSAGE.—A MOTHER'S DEATH.

Clara Malcolm was rather above the ordinary height of women, with a figure as lithe and graceful as a fawn. Her face was of the slightly Eastern mould, and in its calm loveliness might have been a Medora's, or any of the types of Oriental beauty which poets love to sing, or artists to portray. Her glossy black hair lay in Madonna bands against her somewhat pale cheek, and there was a statuesque air of repose about her which made her appear somewhat older than she really was,—a self-possessed woman, rather than a timid girl. Such as she was, however, she seemed in Herbert's eyes altogether lovely, and he yielded up his heart at once and for ever to her power. He was not slow to discover that these were highly revered guests, and there was something in Mrs. Hartley's face, as she looked upon her son, while he moved away with the young heiress on his arm, that betrayed her secret to his observant eyes.

"I'll wager anything now, the old lady wants to make a match of that," he said to himself; "and her dutiful son does not care about it; he walks her dutiful son does not care about it; he walks with that glorious creature as if she were one of your every-day wax-doll beauties—looks positively bored."

Mr Dalton—Miss Smith," said Mrs Hartley, breaking in upon his reverie, and linking him to a young lady of the order of beauty he had just been considering. "That is the bell for the tenants' dinner; may I intrust this young lady to your care? there will be somewhat of a crowd."

"With pleasure;" replied Dalton, inwardly wishing the young lady and her flaxen curls (that her friends thought "so pretty") a hundred miles off—anywhere rather than leaning on his arm, especially as he saw the fair Clara transferred with a bow and a smile to another gentleman, while Eustace drew his mother's arm lovingly and respectfully into his own, and led the way to the great tent. There had been no stint in Mrs. Hartley's preparations; the huge pavilion was one blaze of decorations,—evergreens and flowers mingled with flags and ribbons, and tables covered with snowy cloths, and glittering with glass and silver. These were for the better class of the tenantry—the farmers and tradespeople; the cottars were already mersand tradespeople; the cottars were already feasting in the park, on unlimited beef and pudding, under the superintendence of several stewards, appointed for the occasion. Eustace was to visit these presently; in the mean time he was going to the tent, to head the table there, to take a glass of wine with his people, and to make, as Dalton said, his maiden speech.

Great were the acclamations at his entrance, and respectful the greetings on every side, as the group made their way to the raised table at the top of the tent. Eustace led his mother to her seat, and stood by her side, looking with glistening eyes on the assembly, met so heartily to do him honour. There was the usual round of health-drinking, and speechifying, and hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the young landlord, whose life in the country was so brilliantly begun. His answering speech seemed opening so brilliantly. His answering speech was short, his voice was broken by many emotions; and there were not a few present who remembered long afterwards the painful expression which flitted over the young squire's face, as some one cheerily added, when they wished him health and long life, "and a good wife to him!"

Nelly and her young companions joined heartily in all the amusements of that eventful day. They heard the speeches, and saw the games in the park, ever and anon coming across the squire and his party, as they moved among their people with a kind word and a smile for every one they met.

Dr. Browne, too, had crossed her path more than once. He was in high favour with the lady of Earlcourt, being her medical attendant, looking upon her as a "sensible woman," which praise he bestowed upon very few; so he was among those who delighted to honour her on this birthday of her son; and her aristocratic head rested upon his arm frequently during the day, when he was making himself agreeable elsewhere. The doctor had a word and a smile for Nelly wherever he saw her; and a smile for Nelly was one near enough to speak. They were only she cannot hear enough to speak. They were going about among the cottagers previous to the commencement of the games, and they came upon a little group of neatly-attired country-folks. A sunburned, sheepish-looking man; a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed, little woman, the very essence of comfortableness; and two or three "toddling wee things," as clean and wholesome as soap and water and motherly care could make them. A somewhat strange addition to this group was Nelly Deane, as, with her hat off, and her luxuriant hair falling in rich profusion about her face, she sat upon the grass playing with a crowing baby.

Mrs. Hartley stopped opposite the group. "What nice-looking people," she remarked; "if all your tenantry were like them Eustace—"

"Miss would be a pattern estate, mother," the young man replied, laughing; and going forward, they asked a few questions of the couple, who stood up blushing and stammering at being noticed by the gentry.

Nelly rose also, blushing too, partly at the thought of being caught in what seemed such childish play, and partly at the looks of undisguised astonishment with which she was regarded.

Dr. Browne was among the party, and soon spied her out. "Is that you, little girl," he said; "what are you doing here?"

Nelly gave the infant to its mother, and came forward. "This is Mary's nephew, Dr. Browne," she replied simply—" Evan Jones and his wife. I used to go to their cottage when I was a little girl very often. Mary will be very glad to hear of them, as she could not come."

"No false pride about her," muttered the doctor, as with a smile to him, and a courtesy to Mrs Hartley she returned to the children.

"And where do you live, my man?" asked Eustace, lingering, that he might gaze a little longer at the beautiful face which had looked for one brief moment into his own.

"Llanlino, sir," replied the man, sleeking down his hair with his horny hand; "I'm Mr. Bateman's hind."

"Llanlino!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley; "why that's that great farm beyond the hills there. It must be ten miles off?"

"It's nearer twelve, my lady," the man replied. "Then, how ever did you get here?"

"I walked, ma'am," he answered, respectfully; "Mary and the young 'uns, they came in Mr Bateman's waggon. He's very good, he is; he brought all the people as couldn't walk."

"And you'll walk back?"

"I hope so, ma'am."

"That's a long walk for a day's pleasure," said Eustace, looking at Nelly; "is it not Miss, ah"—

"My name is Deane," said the young girl, quietly.

"Yes, it's summat of a journey," the man said; "but my missus and me takes few holidays; and if there'd ha' been nought else a-going on the pleasure of seeing Miss Nelly here would ha' been enough of itself, bless her!"

Mrs. Hartley said a few more words to the pleasant looking wife, and arranged that she should come in for a share of the useful articles to be distributed presently; and the party passed on to another group, leaving Evan Jones and his family in open-mouthed admiration of the kindness and affability of the squire and his mother. Eustace Hartley cast more than one backward glance at the lovely girl he had so unexpectedly come across; for lovely she was by this time. The year that had passed since we stood with her grandmother on the steps of Dr. Browne's house had changed her unformed girlish face into one of exceeding loveliness; not so classical in its contour, or so faultless in its beauty, as many of those who graced that day's festival with their presence, but just such a face as strikes the heart, and lives in the memory long after mere beauty of colouring and features is forgotten for ever.

"That's a lovely face!" said Mrs. Hartley to Dr. Browne. "You know her, it seems?"

"Yes, madam; I know her for as good a little girl as you'd find for many a mile round."

"Little!" she replied, laughing; "why, my dear sir, you must have odd notions of age! That young lady must be seventeen at the very least."

"Perhaps so; seventeen and sixty have a wide gulf between them. I beg Miss Nelly Deane's pardon."

"Nelly Dean,—what a pretty name—quite like the heroine of a three-volume novel," said Miss Malcolm, with a contemptuous smile.

"Pray, who is this unfortunate young beauty, Dr. Browne? One of Mr Hartley's farmer's daughters I suppose."

"Mistaken for once, Miss Malcolm," he replied. "That young girl is a lady by birth, and, if I'm not very much mistaken, by bringing up as well. Her grandmother, with whom she lives, is Lord Tenterby's first cousin, and the granddaughter of an earl."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Clara; "I never heard of them. Donald! Deane! no I am sure I never met any one of the name. Where do they live?"

"In Lorton Street. The old lady is a patient of mine."

"In Lorton Street! what ever can induce any one to live there?"

"Necessity, Miss Clara. Mrs Deane is very poor; that sparkling bauble on your wrist cost more than a year's income to them. You would disdain to set your dainty foot over the threshold of such poor widow's door, and yet she is a lady—as true a lady as I ever met, yourself not excepted, Miss Malcolm."

Clara Malcolm turned away, her face glowing at the brusquerie of the doctor's speech; pride of wealth and station was "the sole alloy in her most lovely mould," and his words carried a stinging rebuke with them.

Mrs. Hartley had listened with interest to what had passed.

"This lady," she said, "is she ill? You called her your patient."

"Very, madam; ill of a malady for which there is no cure, no end, save the one which comes to all things."

"Ill and poor," said the lady, half to herself, with an inquiring glance at the splendid home which she overlooked in the gulf of her pride. "I can do nothing but offered in the guise of help. I can do nothing but refuse my fees when she offers them, and let her refuse my fees when she offers them, and let her imagine that I am heaping up a hill to be paid some day. There are many things, however, which her scanty purse cannot afford—luxuries, delicacies, that are so grateful because unexpected,—for instance, a bunch of the splendid grapes which will grace your dessert by and by."

"I understand," said Mrs. Hartley; "fruit or game."

"Anything of that sort, my dear madam, will be very acceptable," said Mrs Deane."

"I will have a basket packed for that pretty girl to take home with her; you shall introduce her to me, Dr. Browne, before she goes."

"Nelly will feel herself highly honoured, madam. —Well, Andrew, what is it?"

The doctor's servant was out of breath, and evidently in great haste, had come up to where they were standing. His master stepped aside to hear what he had to say.

"Ill a laddie frae the toun, sir; Mrs. Deane's servant sent him. He's ower flurried to tell a clear tale, but I'm thinking they're gane, or near it; ane thing he's clear about ony way, and that is, will ye gie Miss Nelly a lift hame."

"Take her home! Of course; poor child, poor child! " replied the doctor. She's yonder, under the big chestnut; fetch her, Andrew."

"Will I tell her, sir?"

"As you like; if you can; gently, mind—gently."

"Ay, sir, I'll be gentle—never fear; maybe I'll say nothing, after a'."

"Nothing to take you away from us, I trust," said Mrs. Hartley, as the doctor turned to make his adieus.

"Yes, madam, I must go this instant," he replied "the very person of whom we were speaking"—

"Mrs. Deane!"

"Is dead, or dying, I fear"—and with a brief leave-taking he bustled off. Meantime Andrew sought and found Nelly, with her humble friends, but his heart failed him, and all he could say to her was that "she was wanted at home."

"At home!" she exclaimed; "and you come to tell me! Then something is the matter! Grandma is ill."

"I canna rightly tell what it is," said Andrew, sadly; "but dinna look ony time, lassie. Ye'll ride hame with the doctor; the carriage will be ready by this; I ordered it before I spoke to him!"

"The doctor!" said Nelly, turning very white; "then it must mean? O grandma! Ill and alone, and I here! What shall I do?"

"Dinna greet—dinna greet!" Andrew said, taking her hand to lead her away; "it's maybe nae sae ill as we fear. The laddie didna seem to ken muckle."

The carriage was ready when they reached it, and Dr. Browne standing by it impatiently. "Jump in!" he said, gruffly.

"I beann't to be hurried to tell her a', sir," said Andrew as he closed the door.

"She'll know soon enough," was the curt answer. "Tell him to drive fast."

The day passed over unclouded, save by this one little incident; and Mrs. Hartley and her son congratulated themselves on the complete success, as they sat together in her boudoir, after the last carriage-load of guests had departed.

"Everything has gone off well, Eustace," she remarked; "not a gone off very well, Eustace," she remarked; "not a single unpleasant occurrence of any sort. Your popularity is established; take care you don't lose it."

"Oh, I wont lose it, mother; I'm going to be an exemplary landlord. After I have done at Oxford, and travelled a bit, I'm going to settle down into a country gentleman."

"Don't call me the farmer," said his mother; "that's a title I hate."

"Don't be afraid, mother," he replied laughing; "I've no taste for agriculture. I don't understand it, and as long as I get bread, I am sorry to say I don't feel very much interest about how the wheat grows. I should make a poor farmer, the wheat grows. I should make a poor farmer, indeed."

"You'll make a gentleman, my son," said his mother, proudly, "a title that is all I wish to see you. But, seriously, how did I overrate Miss Malcolm's beauty? Is she not all I said she was?"

"Ah mother!"

"Is not the handsomest young lady that honoured you to day?"

"Yes, mother," replied the young man, somewhat absently. "Except one," he added, sotto voce, "Except one!"

Dr. Browne's carriage rolled swiftly towards Earlcord, bearing the kind-hearted sympathising doctor, and the terrified, sorrowing Nelly. He was almost sure of what he should find on their arrival; he had been summoned under the sudden summons ever since he first saw Mrs. Deane; but Nelly, poor child, was unprepared for the shock, and he knew not how to break it. Better so to her. Her grandmother was all in all to her; she had no recollection of a mother's love or a father's care, and the bereavement he anticipated would be a terrible shock. She spoke little on their route, asking once in piteous tones—

"O Dr. Browne! do you think grandma is very ill?"

"I fear so," he replied.

"Do you think she will die?"

There was a terror in the tone that touched him greatly; he took the little hand that lay so listlessly in her lap, and stroked it softly. He hardly knew what to say. "Nolly, my poor child! you should have been told this said coat may possibly have been done it, if you had not known she did. Your grandmother cannot live; her case has long been hopeless; it was only a question of time. Be a woman, my dear," he added, as the poor girl burst into passionate tears; "she will need all your care—all your thoughts—if"—

"If she's alive! I understand," sobbed Nelly; "let me see her, let me cry! I don't mean good; I'll not cry before her. Oh, grandmamma!"

Mrs. Deane's door stood ajar, and at the sound of wheels Mary presented herself. There was no mistaking the expression of her face—so pale, so awestricken; the shadow of the death she had witnessed seemed to have rested on her also; and, with a wild cry, Nelly threw herself into her faithful arms.

"My poor lamb!" said the old woman, almost carrying her into the house.

"Too late?" said the doctor in a low tone.

"Yes, sir," she answered; "too late! But there was nothing you could have done.

"No suffering?"

"No sir," she replied, stroking Nelly's hair, who nestled shudderingly, in her arms; "none; it was just like a sleep in this world to wake in the next. Don't grieve so, my darling; you could have done nothing."

"Oh, grandma, grandma!" moaned poor Nelly.

"And I was away enjoying myself!"

"Poor child!" the doctor said; "this is a terrible blow. You were with your mistress?"

"Yes sir," said Mary, the tears rolling down her cheeks; "she was asleep, and I thought she looked paler than usual, and I sat down beside her; you cautioned me, you know, sir, against leaving her alone long."

"I did; well?"

"Well, sir, I hadn't sat many minutes before she seemed to spring quick and hard. I lifted her up a little, and she opened her eyes. It was only for a moment,—her lips moved; I could hear nothing; and when I laid her down she was gone."

"At rest at last," said Dr. Browne. "Remember what a life of suffering she has been free from—what a heaven of repose she has entered into. Try to think of that, Nelly."

(To be continued.)

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

THE following cases were heard in the West Riding Police Court, at Wakefield, on Monday last, before W. H. LEATHAM, Esq., Dr. D. B. KENDALL, and R. B. MACKIE, Esqrs.

GUY FAWKES' DAY AT WOODLESFORD.—A youth, named John Long, who stated that he was employed as a colliers' hurrier, and lived at Woodlesford, was summoned for having committed a breach of the law, by letting off fireworks upon the public highway, in Woodlesford, on the evening of the 5th of November, to the annoyance of passengers and the endangerment of property of residents.—Only last week the court fined a person for a similar offence, and it was intimated that if this illegal practice was again resorted to, the bench would have no other alternative than to commit the offenders to prison.—In this case the defendant would only be fined 1s. and expenses, in all 14s., and the justices expressed a hope that their leniency would operate as a warning to others.

ANOTHER RUPTURE BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS, AT LOFTHOUSE.—James Ramsden appeared in answer to a summons charging him with having assaulted one of his neighbours named James Lee, and also with having threatened to do him bodily injury.—The complainant is a collier, and works at the Victoria Colliery, and the defendant is an employé at Messrs. Hudson and Co's Alum Works, Lofthouse.—In this, as in too many cases, it appeared that "an old sore" had been re-opened which resulted in a trifling squabble.—Having heard the evidence, the bench bound the defendant over, in his own recognizances, to keep the peace for six months, and ordered him to pay 12s. 6d. expenses.

SAVAGE ASSAULT WITH A SPADE.—A basket-maker, named John Smith, who lives at Methley, was charged with having committed a desperate assault upon a miner, named Joseph Sharp, on the evening of the Sth instant.—Mr. Quiggin, who appeared for the complainant, stated that about four o'clock on the afternoon of the day in question, the defendant was making a channel for the purpose of carrying some water across from his land, and as the flow went directly on to that belonging to the complainant, the latter remonstrated with him, and pointed out that it was a most improper and unfriendly action, but the only reply he received was a taunt to the effect that "he should please himself!" A threat of retaliation to law was then made, whereupon Smith raised the spade he was holding in his hand, rushed at the complainant, and dealt him a violent blow over the head, which cut right through his cap and had incurred a heavy doctor's bill.—Defendant stated in his defence that bad language and threats had been employed against him, and certain evidence on both sides, the bench imposed a fine of 10s. which with expenses amounted to 31s.—The amount was paid.

INTERESTING RELIC IN ROTHWELL CHURCH.

Mr. John Batty has kindly favoured us with the following interesting notice of John O' Gaunt's Coat.

"Many of our readers may not be aware that there is in the cupboard in the vestry of Rothwell Church, carefully kept under lock and key, a waistcoat or coat of mail, which may now be so designated, which tradition says belonged to John of Gaunt, the famous Duke of Lancaster, the father of Henry the Fourth. I have seen and handled it myself, it is made of strong coarse canvass, well and firmly wadded with sheep's wool, (at that time cotton was scarcely known in England, or in use) it is about three-quarters of an inch thick, and quilted with twine, about 19 inches across the back, a great width it seems, for a man to wield a heavy battle-axe, tall and broad shouldered. The coat is shaped to fit high and close to the neck, and originally no doubt covered the hips, intended to protect the vital parts of the body. It has arm holes bound at the edges, but never had sleeves. Its dimensions, however, have been greatly less by the shrinking of the canvass, and bits from time to time have been taken from it for souvenirs; it has probably been intended as a rest for the armour, or as to prevent its concussion with the body, and that it might rest firmly and compactly on the person. It has evidently had hook clasps in a peculiar fashion to fasten it at the front. I am told that some 20 or 30 years since, there were some pieces of armour also, but these were sent to London, to the Tower, by one of the vicars.

Now there is every probability that John o' Gaunt would occasionally come over to Rothwell on his hunting expeditions, Rothwell being one of the manors and hunting lodges connected with the Duchy of Lancaster, his extensive possession ranging from Pontefract to Lancaster; the road from Leeds to Pontefract then passing through Rothwell.

Again as the story runs, that John o' Gaunt killed the last wild boar in the neighbourhood, the spot being called "Stye-bank" to this day.

On the other hand, Parish Churches in former times were very important and useful in many ways, more than at present. They were often used as armouries as well as for religious purposes, and armour was deposited within their walls for safe keeping and to be ready for use when the Lord of the Manor was required by his superior to arm his dependants for war. This said coat may possibly have been one remaining in the Church—a memento of bye-gone days, such as had often been worn by the poorer classes outside the person, without any regard to protection, for we well pressed down is capable of resisting arrow shots or even bullets.

I presume the credibility of the thing either one way or another can never be exactly proved: naturally the first supposition has the greatest number of adherents, for our local vanity likes to be flattered, and we are apt to prize and venerate the sacred old belongings of great men. Again I judge that a tradition handed down from generation to generation, backed by the careful preservation of the relic, would be worthy of some foundation, and must have a modicum of truth at least in it, therefore I incline to the belief that this identical body vesture or coat of armour is not to be termed, but one enveloped the powerful frame of the noted John of Gaunt, wise patron of Chaucer, father of English poetry, and who was also the staunch friend of Wycliffe, pioneer of the English Reformation."

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IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE,
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ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The obliging Secretary of the Institute furnishes the following:—

Last Monday evening, Mr. Bispin Scott, jeweller, of Leeds, well-known for his superior elocutionary powers, and fine dramatic taste, favoured a large and fashionable audience with a abridged recital of Addison's classical and sublime "Play of Cato." Mr. Scott's reading was given with great spirit and feeling, and viewed alone and independent of scenic accessories, was of a high order; showing a thorough appreciation of the subject. In the interest of the play was brightened by the able & clever illustrations furnished by a staff of young ladies and gentlemen, who were arrayed in magnificent suit of correct Roman costume, and whose graceful actions and postures admirably corresponded with, and interpreted the tones and expressions of the talented reader; occasionally this tableaux of living statuary stood out splendidly in its picturesque grouping and effect.

A short concert was afterwards given, and proved an agreeable relief, after so solemn and tragic a display of elocutionary ability, and quality, one of the The singing was of an excellent quality, one of the best we have ever heard in the above room. Mr. Dixon gave the song "Nil Desperandum," very tastefully; but Miss B. Field, with her clear ringing voice and hearty manner created quite a *furore* in a voice and hearty manner created quite a *furore* in a difficult and trying song; an encore was not to be denied, and she then gave the well-known song "Robin's nest," in a delightful style. The duet by Misses B. Field and Dixon, was all that could be desired, the contralto voice of Miss Dixon being an admirable set off to her companion's. The whole finished with a glee, which was rendered with telling and beautiful effect, and was a rich treat even to connoisseurs.

On account of a postal delay containing instructions with regard to the erection of the stage, the entertainment was not commenced at the usual time, and the evening growing late, it was deemed advisable to omit the farce, to the disappointment of some. The entertainment, though shorn of this attraction, may be fairly considered one of the best ever brought before a Rothwell audience, and all who were present will not easily forget its vivid and impressive beauty. Miss Scott forget its vivid and impressive beauty. Miss Scott presided at the piano, and by her exquisite playing and correct accompaniment added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

The services of these pains-taking and talented amateurs were for the benefit of the Institute.

REV. R. W. STARR'S LECTURE ON PETER CARTWRIGHT.

ON Tuesday evening last, the Rev. R. W. Starr, of Hull (a former minister of the Circuit), delivered a lecture in the new Wesleyan School-room, at Rothwell, on "Peter Cartwright, the backwoods preacher of the Far West." After the choir had sung an anthem, "Daughter of Zion," and prayer, Mr. SEANOR, (the chairman), briefly introduced the lecturer.

The rev. gentleman, before touching his subject, assured the audience of the pleasure he felt in again seeing his old friends, and that although he had left the region of coal pits and colliers, he still retained a warm place in his heart for Rothwell. Mr. Starr then traced the progress of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of America, from its first pioneers, Phillip Embury and Barbara Heck, who arrived in the Western Continent in 1,760, a striking picture of the country and people of the Far West at the time of Peter's birth in 1,785, was then drawn, in an interesting and humorous style; noting the far spreading prairie, the great primeval forests, the rushing, bright-less rivers, and the untravelled roads, as well as the food, home, and habits of the Indian. To such a country, an uncouth people, the preacher fearlessly penetrated, lived in the red hunter's mud hut, —sharing his half-cooked food, sleeping on a deal board, bearing all the striking moments the surly growl of the prowling beasts of the forest, from hour he is protected by the blazing fire near the hut; or roused from his slumbers by the warwhoop of the Indian marauder, with his scalping-knife and tomahawk. No delicate, sensitive gentleman would do for such work. The preacher of the West were strong, hardy men, who could not only preach a sermon, or sing a hymn, but men who had muscular power, nerve, and endurance. Such requisites as this were sent to the Conference, "Send us a man that can swim," as the last got drowned. Hugh Latimer had to be rescued on horseback, or on foot, and he must be a strong bodied man, as well as strong in mind, who undertook the office of a Methodist preacher in the West. Such a man was Peter Cartwright, possessed of an iron nerve, tremendous strength, and inured to hardships. He at the same time was endowed with independence and originality of mind which often displayed itself to the discomfiture of the upstart, the hypocrite, the scoffer, and the noob. Speaking of Cartwright's style of singing, the rev. lecturer deprecated the giving up of singing in our places of worship, to any choir, however correct and tasteful. Let us rather, said he, sing more than we do. A beautiful custom exists in the Swiss villages: When the evening is drawing on, and work ing time is over, the mountain children come out to meet the men, singing as they go; the women's song is heard by the returning men, who, taking up the strain, make the charming valleys ring again with joyous voices. Warming with his theme, the lecturer (in his old, familiar way) struck up

"Then lec our songs abound," &c.,

which was most heartily sung by the company.

Several amusing anecdotes were told by the lecturer, in his own laconic style, among which, our readers who heard the lecturer, will remember those of the Irishman and Dutchman carrying his cross, and of Sambo. The latter story we can hardly forbear repeating, in order (as the lecturer said) to give our readers a taste of those who have had the benefit of a good hearty laugh, although we cannot put in print the side-splitting positions and expressions with which Mr. Starr illustrated his story. "Sambo, a nigger, who had got an idea that if he said he was ready, it was all right—had ever on his tongue "If de angel on de Lord come home, Sambo all ready right to heaven." This was his last comforting word ere sleep closed his bright eyes. One night, in his cabin, Sambo had ensconced himself in his blanket, in the light was fast disappearing in the socket, and gathering the clothes about him, he softly murmured to himself, "if de angel ob de Lord come dis night, Sambo ready. These bold knocks came at his door just then. "Who dar?" "De angel ob de Lord" answered a squthcral voice. "What do he want?" "Come to fetch Sambo home." was the reply. "Dat ar nigger don't lib here, gone dead t'ree mon's ago." Sambo was not ready after all.

Though illiterate men, these backwoods' preachers knew the human heart well, and, in the homely language of the lecturer, "could get the steam up, while their better educated brethren were seeking the coke shovel."

Peter Cartwright had frequently to use the physical strength God had endowed him with, before he could preach in those undisturbed settlements in peace. On one occasion, a gang of rowdies, abetted by a drunken magistrate, were determined to stop a camp meeting which he was holding, but the ponderous Cartwright mastered the leaders of the gang, had about 30 of the mob imprisoned, and got the magistrate unseated—after which encumbrance he preached with success from the text "The gates of hell shall not prevail.

At the end of his first year, he returned home, commencing his circuit of 500 miles with a worn out saddle, a horse gone blind,—his clothes so patched with every variety of cloth as to be ridiculous. Another one night, a man called at his house, and asked for shelter, announcing himself as a brother minister of the Methodist persuasion. After supper, Peter asked the stranger to read and pray, but he declined. He noticed his further conduct, and, to his astonishment the minister was about departing, when Peter asked for payment. Said the would be minister, "You surely don't charge a brother, do ye? I am not a minister, you are a hypocrite, I do charge, so fork out."

He was no respecter of persons, and told people the plain, unvarnished truth, whatever was their position—at his courage and sharp wit were often put to the test. One night, he was belated on the road, and was compelled to put up at a certain inn, a fiddler was amusing the young folks, and accompanying their dancing. Peter having taken his seat, was asked requested by a young woman to have a dance. "Oh, yes," said he, "but before undertaking anything new I always ask God's blessing, so kneel down, and let us pray." The young woman struggled to get away, but she might as well have tried to loosen the hold of an iron vice, as free herself from that strong grasp; and in the midst of a drunken, dancing piety of young People, a prayer meeting was held, which resulted in the conversion of many,—the house became a church, and for 30 years the landlord led the class.

During his chequered life, Peter Cartwright preached 18,000 sermons, and was the means of inestimable good to thousands of souls.

Let us imitate his fidelity, his manliness, his earnestness. Let us have more fire in the church, we do not disparage colleges and education, but let us have the spiritual zeal and power which manifested itself so strongly in Peter Cartwright,—then shall we still be able to say in the words of that little silver-headed old man, living yonder at City Road, "The best of all, God is with us."

The rev. gentleman was frequently interrupted by the applause and laughter of the audience, who evidently enjoyed the lecture most thoroughly.

The usual votes of thanks having been passed to the Rev. Mr. Starr, and to the Chairman, the benediction was pronounced, and the meeting closed.

We learn that the receipts, after deducting expenses, are nearly £7.

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—8-24, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 8-35, 16-3.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 11-47, 1-46, 5-16, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28).

Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-15, 3-55, 8-20, 9-45.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate.)—7-5, 8-8, 9-49, 10-17, 10-58, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 9-9, 10-17. Sundays, 10-49, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-56.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22, 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-38, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 5-0, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 2-38, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52, 9-15. Sundays, 10-22, 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-25, 8-0.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-3, 2-48, 5-0, 6-24, 8-8. Sundays, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

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An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises. 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane), LEEDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE—Half-day Holiday.
JOHN DYSON, Watchmaker and Jeweller Closes his Establishment every Wednesday at One o'clock.

HAVE YOU SEEN MARSHALL'S
OLD MOORES' ALMANAC, FOR 1874,
Contains a vast amount of useful information also Remarkable Events, and Local Occurrences, since 1080. A history of Coal, "Old King Coal," by a Rothwell Lad, &c., &c.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

AGENTS—*Leeds*, T. Barmby, 162, Briggate; *Woodlesford*, C. Best, Post Office; *Oulton*, J. Coope, Post Office; *Lofthouse*, J. Hutchinson, newsagent.

Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.

Saturday, November 22nd, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON. CARLTON. AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

VOL. 1, No. 5.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

We have pleasure in informing our readers that Edward Burland, Esq., of Swillington, has written a very kind and assuring letter, and forwarded several original compositions for the "Rothwell Times," which will appear in due course.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AQUA PURA.—*As the Local Board are now exerting themselves to the utmost to obtain the abatement of the objectionable state of the bye-wash, at the Mill, and will, by the purchase of horses and carts for their own use, be able to remove nuisances at once, your letter is answered on the above important matters with which you deal.*—ED.

The Rothwell Times.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1873,

THE HEALTH OF ROTHWELL.

Referring to the report of the Board Meeting last Monday, and to the placards posted by advice of the Medical Officer, we earnestly urge the inhabitants to use every means possible to prevent the further spread of the fever, with which our town has been visited. Let cleanliness of house and of person be strictly attended to. Do not allow your children to visit those afflicted with the disease, either when living or dead, and keep those who are recovering as much away from others as can be done, as the poison may remain in their clothes, long after their bodies are cured.

We are extremely glad that our Medical Officer has advised the closing of the schools and trust all will see the propriety of preventing promiscuous crowding. We sincerely trust that we may soon be able to report a large diminution of sickness and deaths in our midst.

The Doctor advises spacious and airy rooms, and a fire in the open chimney, and that the attendants upon the sick should not be young persons, except such as have had the disease.

May we also be permitted to hint that special prayer be made in our Church and Chapels, that He in whose hands are the lives and health of all men, may be pleased mercifully to look upon us, and prosper our efforts for the restoration of public health.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads 6d. two lines—Situations Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c., To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

ROTHWELL LOCAL BOARD.

THE Board wish for TENDERS from Engineers and others, for the making of a Survey and Levelling, for the Township of Rothwell, for the purpose of Main Sewerage and Drainage.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

Tenders to be sent in to me, the undersigned, not later than the 9th December next.

By Order, SAML. HARGREAVES, Clerk to the Board.

FOR SALE, SQUARE PIANO, in good condition, price six guineas.—Apply at *The Rothwell Times* office.

Miners be wise, and put by for a rainy day!

THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society, offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.

A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information, apply to JOHN BATTY, Agent.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!!
THE MARKET HALL CLOTHING
ARE NOW SHOWING
A CHOICE SELECTION OF
OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN,
OVERCOATS FOR YOUTHS,
OVERCOATS FOR BOYS,
OVERCOATS FOR ARTISANS,
OVERCOATS FOR ALL CLASSES.

THEIR WINTER STOCK is now COMPLETE, and cannot be surpassed in value.

Every Article Warranted Well Made and Durable.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF WOOLLENS, comprising:
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BEAVERS OF EVERY SHADE.

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HATS & CAPS of every description. SEALSKIN CAPS, At exceedingly low prices.

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FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.

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ADJOINING CENTRAL MARKET, & OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE, LEEDS.

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MONEY ADVANCED at a few hours' notice, from £20 to £500, to private persons Farmers, Tradesmen, and others, on their Furniture or Stock-in-Trade, without removal or publicity if required, in strict confidence, at a moderate rate of interest.—Apply personally, or by letter, to MORRIS AND CO., (Private Offices), 10, ALBION STREET, (opposite the Mercury Office), Leeds.

CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure For Tic. in 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d
CROSBY'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE-QUININE WINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN OILS & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c. 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.

AGENT FOR WOODLESFORD:—MR. COOMBES, Grocer and Patent Medicine Dealer, nr. the Church.

Agent for Carlton, Mr. D. Crossley, grocer & patent medicine dealer.

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WALKER BOSHELL, AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,

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TEA 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
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LUDGATE HILL, & 62, COVERED MARKET, LEEDS.
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FOR Useful and Cheap WATCHES, Go to M. Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate.

SILVER Watches, from 19s., Eighteen Ct. Gold Watches, from £2 2s.

GOOD AND USEFUL CLOCKS, From 6s.

FOR Lucky Guinea Gold Wedding Rings, Go to Morris Cohen's.

FOR Gold and Silver Alberts, & Guards, Go to M. Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds.

BEFORE you buy a Watch or Clock, Look in at Morris Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds. Where the largest Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, is kept in Leeds. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery, repaired on the premises.

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NOTE THE ADDRESS, MORRIS COHEN WATCH MAKER, & JEWELLER, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds, five doors from Briggate, on the right-hand-side. Established above 26 years.

AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1868.

GEORGE HEUTHWAITE, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and French Cleaner, 80, Hunslet Road, & 4, Wade Lane, bottom of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
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Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & Window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner. Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

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BOTTOM OF
WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.

IRON BEDSTEADS, fullsize from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, complete from - - 21/-

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PRINTER,
Stationer, Bookbinder,
AND
PICTURE FRAMER,
ROTHWELL.

DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.
Texts, Monograms, &c., supplied in Paper Rosette and Straw Work.
Roses, Leaves, &c., &c., in large quantity.
Coloured Paper, Gold and Silver and Surface Paper for Trimmings, &c.

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INK on draught & in 1d., 3d., 6d., 1s. bottles. Coloured 1d. Inks, Marking Ink, Gums, Inkstands, &c.

ENVELOPES:—Private, Commercial, Fancy, Extra Sizes.

PURSES:—All shapes & makes, very cheap.

Account Books, Shop Books, Memorandum and other Books.

Pens and Holders in great variety, Pencils Sealing-Wax, Quills, India Rubber, Ink Erasers, Rulers, &c.

Bibles, Church Services, Church and Wesleyan Hymn Books, Prayers, &c.

Deaths.

BATTY.—Saturday, Nov. 21st, James Arthur, son of Mr. John Batty, Draper, Rothwell, aged 6 years.

BENNETT.—Nov. 23rd, aged 74 years, William Bennett, of Rothwell.

CRIPPS.—Nov. 21st, aged 2 years and 6 months, Charles Cripps, of Rothwell,

CRIPPS.—Nov. 26th, aged 8 months, Walter Cripps, of Rothwell.

HANDFORTH.—Nov. 25th, aged 7 months, Charles Edward Handforth, of Rothwell.

PICKERSGILL.—Nov. 22nd, aged 9 years, Thomas Pickersgill, of Rothwell.

WRIGHT.—Nov. 21st, aged 50 years, Jane Ann Wright, of Rothwell.

CLOSING OF THE WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The committee beg to inform the inhabitants of Rothwell that in consequence of the Scarlet Fever now in the village, the above School will be closed until further notice.

ROTHWELL GAS AND WATER.—We observe an application is to be made to Parliament for powers to extend the supply of Gas and Water to so much of the Township of Rothwell, as is within one mile of the Borough of Leeds, by the Leeds Corporation.

FATAL WAGGON ACCIDENT AT LOFTHOUSE.—On Thursday forenoon, while a man, named Joshua Benn, was crossing a siding in connection with Messrs. Charlesworth's colliery, at Lofthouse, he was knocked down and so severely injured, that he died while being conveyed to the Leeds Infirmary. The deceased, who was a bricklayer, twenty-eight years of age, in the employment of Mr. Kellett, leaves a widow and several children.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.—On Tuesday evening last, at the Leeds Town Hall, we had the intense gratification of hearing and seeing these freed slave singers —who have come over from America to this country to raise funds for the erection of a Freedmen's University, of which they are students. They have already raised £8,000 in their own country, and anticipate realizing the remaining £6000 here—£14,000 being the estimated cost of the buildings. There are four gentlemen and seven ladies—all young, all of them having the undoubted negro features, appearance, and speech. Having said this much as to their object and personality, let us say a word as to their singing. As a rule, they sing without accompaniment, although one of the ladies (who is a splendid executant on the piano) occasionally plays to a soloist. Their great peculiarity is the wonderful modulating power they exhibit in their voices—sometimes, as in "Steal away to Jesus," the utmost silence is necessary to catch the sweet, soft cadences of the song. Notwithstanding the hushness of the harmony, the balance of the voices is perfect, and sounds more like the distant whispers of heavenly choristers than the distinctly uttered words of these dark brethren and sisters. In this, their peculiarity, they surpass anything we ever before heard. Occasionally, a weird, wild solo is given by one of the ladies. Miss Jeannie Jackson this evening sang "I'll hear the trumpet sound in the morning" (a slave melody) in a style and with an emphasis and power we never shall forget —her voice at times filling the hall with wonderful power, and then decending into pathetic mourning tones. The bass voice at some lines rolled out such a volume of sound, as reminded one of a heavy Kourdon organ-pipe, with any amount of wind. For expression, pathos, and exquisite modulation, we never heard their equal, and are happy to hear that £250 was netted on this evening. Owing to the large number of people who had to go away from the hall on Tuesday, they have arranged for another concert on Wednesday next.—A history of their object, individual lives, and the music and tunes of their songs, is published at 3s., orders for which will be taken at the office of this paper for a copy of this interesting book is lent out by Mr. Marshall, at the rate of 3d. per day.

T. BARMBY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
AND
NEWS AGENT,
No. 162, BRIGGATE, LEEDS,

upplies the trade with all the WEEKLY and MONTHLY PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, &c.

NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, INKS, GUMS, &c.,

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

SACHETS, &c., &c.

SILK BOOK MARKS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

GEORGE W. NETTLETON, (Opposite the Black Bull,) ROTHWELL, Will have a carefully Selected Stock of GARDEN SEEDS, for 1874.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

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LONDON HOUSE, ROTHWELL,
C. WARD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER AND PROVISION DEALER.

N.B.—A Large Stock of New Fruit for the Season.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

THE following cases have been heard during the past week before the Borough and West Riding Magistrates, at Wakefield.

A DOUBLY-"AFFECTED" OUZLEWELL COLLIER.—A middle-aged collier, named William Freeman, a miner living at Ouzlewell Green, was charged by Police Constable Smith, a member of Wakefield Borough Police force, with having been drunk and incapable, at the bottom of Wood Street, on Saturday night.—The defendant, who works at Messrs. Charlesworths' pit, near Ouzlewell Green, was found going in a state of the utmost helplessness, and the officer had to obtain the assistance of a tradesman, named Mr. Dawson, to remove him to the police station.—The defendant's mother, an aged and decrepid woman, stated that her son, owing to injuries received, was liable to "affections of the brain" whenever he indulged in anything pertaining to "inebriating."—The bench having shewed that if he was physically affected he should endeavour to preserve himself from affections of any other nature, imposed the ordinary drunkard's fine of 5s. and costs, in all 11s.

BREACH OF CONTRACT AT WOODLESFORD BREWERY. Thomas Jessop, a man who has been for some months employed by Messrs. Henry Bentley and Company, proprietors of the Oulton Brewery, Woodlesford, was summoned for having on the first of November unlawfully absented himself from his employment without having given notice, without having obtained leave, and without lawful excuse, and the sum of 23s. was claimed as compensation for the breach of contract.—Mr Thomas Metcalfe, cashier for Messrs. Bentley, stated that the firm had given a portion of their employés an advance in wages of 1s. per week, whereupon the defendant and others claimed at least a similar advance to that which had been conceded to others, and asking them, if upon no other grounds, it might be granted in consideration of increased duties. The matter was reflected upon, and the defendant was assigned new duties upon the understanding that he should perform other than his ordinary work, in consideration of the advance in wages; he worked for a fortnight or three weeks after this period, and then suddenly left on one Saturday afternoon, without having given the slightest intimation of his intention to do so.—Independent of this, the firm claim, in the sum named as compensation, half-a-day's wages, since they paid their employés (every Friday night) up to Saturday at 5 o'clock. He took advantage of his prepayment, and "bolted" at noon on Saturday, being thereby indebted to the firm half-a-day's wages.—Mr. David Matthews, manager of the Brewery, having proved the engagement, the defendant called a person named Robert Garnish, with the view of proving that, as he had given notice at the same time as the defendant, and that no objection had been raised to his going, the defendant was equally entitled to leave when he thought fit.—Mr. Mathews informed the bench that they had very gladly parted with Garnish because he had too much tongue, and did too little work; but were reluctant to part with the defendant because he was a decent fellow, and a good workman, in fact they could not understand why he had left in such a manner after his application had been granted, and after an effort had been made to make him contented and comfortable.—The firm had not proceeded with this case because it was a solitary instance of the kind—there had been many such,—and they hoped that by taking one of the transgressors into court it would act as a warning to others.—The bench awarded defendant the full amount claimed as compensation together with expenses, amounting in all to £1 16s. 9d., ordering in default 14 days' imprisonment.—The money was paid.

THEFT OF A CASH BOX, FROM MESSRS. BENTLEY AND CO.'S WOODLESFORD BREWERY.—A man, named William Hodgson, who has been for some short time past in the service of the Messrs. Henry Bentley & Co., owners of the Oulton Brewery, Woodlesford, and who is said to be a native of London, was charged with having feloniously stolen a box, containing £9 or £10, from a desk in the firm's office, on the morning of the 21st inst. Mr. Quiggin, (of the firm of Messrs. Fernandes and Gill,) prosecuted. He stated that Mr. David Matthews, the manager, upon leaving the premises on the evening of Friday last, left the cash box, containing the week's receipts for the retail of small quantities of yeast, in the desk of his office in the yeast house. The office was properly secured by a man named Joseph Prime, who had been entrusted with the duty for the past thirty years, and the key was placed in a department in which he and George Hewitt, and the prisoner, were to remain for the night. Upon the arrival of Mr. Matthews on the following morning, it was ascertained that the desk had been prized open with a crowbar, and the cash box abstracted, together with a small memorandum book, in which the entries were made. From circumstances which came to his knowledge, suspicion attached to the prisoner. It was very evident that the desk must have been broken open by some one acquainted with the premises, and who knew where the key of the door was to be found, and the three persons left on the premises were the only parties who possessed this knowledge. About one o'clock on the Friday morning, these three men were in the Brewery together, and after having performed certain necessary duties were about to lay down for the purpose of taking an hour or two's rest, when the prisoner made himself scarce, and was not again seen for a considerable time. Hewitt was much surprised at his long and unaccountable absence, but when, on the following morning, the fact of the robbery was discovered, he communicated the "strange occurrence" to the manager, and the police were put on the scent. Sergeant Denham, a police officer, stationed at Rothwell, thereupon having examined the desk, proceeded to the prisoner's lodgings, and accosted him by saying "I think there's something wrong about you," to which he replied, "What? have you been to the Brewery?" This being considered almost an acknowledgment of the crime, the fellow was taken into custody, and conveyed to the station, where the charge was formally entered against him, to which he replied that "he knew nothing whatever about it, that he had always thought the desk was *a wooden block*!" The evidence of George Hewitt, the night foreman at the Brewery; Mr. David Matthews, manager; Joseph Prime, foreman cooper, and Police Sergeant Denham having been taken, the prisoner was committed to the Sessions for trial.

WILFUL DAMAGE TO A GARDEN, AT LOFTHOUSE GATES.—Another old Grievance.—A respectably attired young man, named Harold Smith, *alias* Archer, stated to be a striker in the smith's shop, at Messrs. Charlesworths', Town End Works, Lofthouse, was charged with having wilfully damaged a number of plants and shrubs growing in a garden in the occupation of William Cray, market gardener, Lofthouse Gate.—The complainant stated that on the 13th inst., the defendant was observed by his wife to leap over the fence of their garden, and run across the beds of flowers and shrubs, to a part in a neighbour's grounds, where two young cocks were fighting. This was not the first time his grounds had been trampled down, and his property injured, and he thought it was hightime he had an example made of some one, as a caution to others.—The Chairman: What do you estimate the damage at,?—Complainant: I should say at the very least, at 5s. or 6s.—Mrs. Cray, the complainant's wife, was then called, and stated that she saw the defendant cross over the hedge and grounds, without taking any precaution whatever against destroying the wallflowers, polianthuses, and various other flowers and shrubs which had been planted there, when she confronted and remonstrated with him and stated that she should proceed to law for compensation, his only reply was that "if she came near him he would give her payment immediately."—The defendant informed the bench that the proceedings had been instituted solely through malice and spite, and in consequence of former proceedings transpiring in that court.—Samuel Cray, the complainant's brother, Mrs. Cray, and Miss Eliza Walker, (Mrs. Cray's sister) having given evidence against the defendant, the bench were informed by Mrs. Ruth Wild, and the defendant, that he received instructions from Mrs. Rawson, the "pot land-lady," to go into the garden and separate two fighting fowls.—He had, in execution of this request, crossed over Mr. Rayner's wall, and had not touched the fence in question, neither had he committed any wilful damage.—The Chairman remarked that, from evidence given, there was evidently "some previous reason" for the case having been brought into court, and therefore they should not deal heavily with the defendant, if he went, as alleged, to separate the fighting birds he had done a very laudable object, but at the same time he should not, without permission, have crossed complainant's land. The circumstance had been duly considered, and the bench would only impose a nominal penalty of 1s. and costs, which would amount to 14/6. The defendant immediately paid the money, at the same time intimating that it was a "persecution" from malicious motives on the part of Cray and his wife.

GAMBLING IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE, AT OUZLEWELL GREEN; SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST THE LANDLORD.—Mr. George Ramsden, landlord of the New Inn, Ouzlewell Green, was summoned for having permitted persons to be drunk upon his premises, likewise for having permitted gambling, and for having assaulted a person named John Oxley. The case of assault was taken first, and the complainant stated that whilst in the defendants' house on the previous Monday evening, some gambling took place with dice for money and drink, and a dispute commenced which resulted in his being assaulted by several of the company. The whole of the men present were drunk, with the exception of himself, and though he had been in the house from half-past eleven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, when the quarrel commenced, he was perfectly sober. The disturbance commenced in this manner. He was one of the party, and had half-a-crown in his hand. The others around the table knocked it out of his hand, and it rolled underneath the form. It could not be found, and, upon the landlord taking a candlestick into the room to look for the missing coin, the complainant was aggravated to seize the candlestick, and throw it across the room at a person named James Watson. (It was also alleged by Mr. Burton, who appeared for the defendant, that he had thrown two spittoons at a man named John Field.) He then left the house, and, whilst outside, the landlord came up to him, seized him by the throat, and used him very violently. A woman, named Maria Adshead, stated that whilst passing the defendant's house, between seven and eight o'clock on the evening in question, she heard a great noise, and saw Ramsden (the defendant) "braying" the complainant's head against the windows. Oxley repeatedly called out for him to desist, but he made use of very bad language, and vowed that he would knock his head off.—The complainant's wife, who was present at the time of the occurrence, also gave evidence to the effect that she had witnessed the assault. Police-constable Gill, who was then called upon, stated that the complainant went to his house on the night in question about nine o'clock and complained about having been ill-treated. He was covered with dirt, his head was covered with blood, and there were lumps on it; in fact he appeared to have been kicked. For the defence, it was stated that the complainant had kicked up a row in the house, that he afterwards broke a window, and that defendant then went to complainant's house to get him to come and see what he had done. As he refused to do so, defendant pulled him to the place: hence the charge of assault.—Selina Fox said that Oxley threw a candle stick in Ramsden's house, and that this was the commencement of the bother; Nathan Marshall said he saw Oxley throw a stone through Ramsden's window; Esther Lumb also gave similar evidence, after which the Bench interposed, and said they were prepared to adjudicate upon the case.—From the evidence, it appeared that Oxley had been put out of the public-house, and in consequence of this had thrown a stone through a window. On this, Ramsden rushed out, and apparently gave complainant a thrashing, but as Oxley had brought the case upon himself, and had commenced the row, the case would be dismissed on Ramsden paying the expenses.—Ramsden was then charged with permitting drunkenness in his house on the same day; and the following men were charged with aiding and abetting in the commission of the offence:—Thomas Hargreaves, known by the soubriquet of "gambling Tom," Thomas Palmer, colliery clerk, of Rawmarsh: John Thackeray, and John Berry, coal miners; William Tait, stone mason; Edward Appleyard, brick-maker, Ouzlewell Green; Charles Parker, coal miner, Lofthouse; Joseph Hartley, stone-mason, Robin Hood; James Lunn, coal miner, Royd's Low Green; and William Whittleston, shoe-maker, Lofthouse.—Ramsden, the landlord, was further charged with having assaulted P.-C. Gill, while in the execution of his duty.—This officer stated that while on duty at Rothwell, on the night of the previous Monday, he received information from Oxley in consequence of which he and Police Constable Hird went to the defendant's house at Ouzlewell Green. On going into the house, they found some men drunk—the man named Berry mentioned above, was especially bad, and in staggering against the table he broke a glass or two. He drew the landlord's attention to the state of affairs, and Joseph Hartley used violent language to him. The landlord and the whole of the company were drunk. Witness then left the house, and on coming back about three-quarters-of-an-hour, he listened outside for some time, and heard some person proposing to "go in" for cigars, and another proposed to "go in" for beer also. In making their way in, witness tried to get hold of something that was in Hargreaves' hand, but did not succeed, as the latter thrust it into his pocket. They heard a sound like that of a dice. While inside, the landlord pushed Gill against the wall, and used threatening language to himself and his brother officer. They were (Gill said) 'like so many terrier dogs, and came gathering around him; and he never saw a man more excited in his life than the landlord was."—Oxley, the complainant in the previous case, was called, and said that during the afternoon the defendants were drunk in the house, and were playing at dice—this went on for five or six hours. Witness admitted that he gambled, and he added that there were four or five others present who had not been summoned. All were drunk, but there were four of the defendants who did not gamble at all. Mr. Burton addressed the Bench at considerable length, contending that these proceedings had been instituted at the instigation chiefly of Oxley, from spiteful and malicious motives. He also denied that there was any truth in the allegations as to gambling, assault, or drunkenness, and called four witnesses in support of his case. After having spent several hours in the hearing of the evidence *pro* and *con*, the Bench ordered Ramsden to pay 1s. and costs, for the assault on the officer on the charge of gambling the defendants were fined 2s. 6d. and costs each, amounting in all to £4, and the same amount for drunkenness, except in the cases of Thackeray, Parker, and Townsley, who having been up on three previous occasions were fined 10s. and costs each. Ramsden was also fined 40s. and costs, and the Bench ordered that his license should be endorsed. The defendants had thus to pay, in all, nearly £14 into court.

TRESPASSING IN PURSUIT OF GAME, ON MR. CALVERLEY'S ESTATE.—A man named Thomas Clark, forgeman, Oulton-cum-Woodlesford, was yesterday tried for having trespassed on land belonging to, and preserved by, Mr. Edmund Calverley, of Oulton Hall. Robert Balls, head-game-keeper, stated that while watching in the park on Friday, the 14th instant, he observed a number of pheasants flying up from the coveys, and the hares running about in a manner clearly indicating that some one was near at hand. He crept through the preserves on his hands and knees, and approached the defendant, who, the moment he perceived him, threw something down and ran away. He was followed, and given into the custody of Police Constable Gill, and subsequently it was ascertained that he had secured a rabbit, (produced) which had been killed by a blow on the head, and was quite warm.—Police Constable Gill stated that whilst on the way to the station, the defendant acknowledged that he had killed the rabbit, and expressed himself sorry for doing so.—The Bench were informed that nothing was recorded against the prisoner at this court, though he had been in trouble in Leeds.—The Chairman remarked that, as this was his first offence, he would only be fined 20s. and costs, but if brought up again he would be committed to gaol without the option of a fine.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

The recent ministerial appointments may be said to have made the Government once more complete, and without going through all the changes since Parliament was prorogued in August, I will content myself with a brief glance at the revolution which has been wrought in the composition of the Treasury Board. Mr. Gladstone, as the First Lord, now combines the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Glyn, the Parliamentary Secretary, or in more common language, the "Whip," has become Lord Wolverton, and has been succeeded by Mr. Arthur Peel, the Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. Baxter has resigned the post of Financial Secretary, and his place is taken by Mr. Dodson; Mr. Adam, one of the Junior Lords, has been promoted to the office of First Commissioner of Works, in the room of Mr. Ayrton, now Judge-Advocate-General; Lord F. C. Cavendish has been taken into the department to assist Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Kensington received an appointment also in the Treasury, which necessitated his appealing to his constituents at Haverfordwest. So many alterations in the *personnel* of one department of the State are not often heard of in the lifetime of an administration. In looking over the long career of Mr. Gladstone, it is remarkable to note that in 1834 he was a Junior Lord of the Treasury; in 1844 President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint; in 1854 Chancellor of the Exchequer; in 1864 he was holding the same office; while, if his life be prolonged until 1874 he will appear in the capacity of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He will, if spared, complete his 64th year on the 29th December; while his great rival, Mr. Disraeli, will be four years older on the 31st of that month. Health and long life to both these illustrious party chiefs!

The day for the opening of the session has been fixed, and it is singular to note how little it varies every year. In 1872 it was the 6th of February; this year it was again the 6th, and next session is to be opened on the 5th. In 1871 Parliament did not begin its sittings until the 9th, but it was understood that this was to suit the convenience of her Majesty, who then inaugurated the business of the Legislature in person. The British Parliament is almost the only legislative assembly in the world which begins its work after Christmas. The French National Assembly met early in November; it was speedily followed by the Italian Parliament, and the American Congress always gathers together on the first Monday in December. From time to time various proposals have been made for our own Houses of Lords and Commons to hold a pre-Christmas sitting, but so far these have not been favourably received.

The mistakes into which foreign papers occasionally fall when discoursing of English topics are very amusing. For instance, in speaking of the approaching marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg, the correspondent of the *Le Nord*, a highly respectable French journal, gravely states that amongst the more distinguished visitors who will be present at the ceremony, is the Duke of Cambridge, generalissimo of the British forces, and "uncle of Royalty." We are also informed that "the Archbishop of Westminster and his wife, a lady of honour to her Majesty," will be in attendance. Now, if for "Archbishop of Westminster," who is a well-known dignitary of the Roman Catholic church, you read "Dean," an equally well-known dignitary of the Protestant church, you will be correct, for Dean Stanley's wife, Lady Augusta, is one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, and the Dean will perform the Protestant part of the ceremony. Allow me to give your readers a more comical illustration. When Sir Bartle Frere was sent out in the early part of this year, to negotiate a Treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave traffic, one of the French papers described him as *les freres Bartle*. Now, this being interpreted, signifieth "the Bartle brothers," the writer not understanding the use of a purely French word as an English surname.

It is the happy fortune of some men of genius to gain the esteem, love, and admiration of the people amongst whom they dwell, and such a fate undoubtedly was that of Sir Edwin Landseer. You cannot pass through any of the principal streets of London without seeing in the booksellers' windows portraits of the great painter in various styles of art, together with copies of his more celebrated works. But Landseer, unlike some artists whose reputation passes away like shadows from the plain, richly deserves the popularity which surrounds the splendid name which he bore. It is not too much to say that in the vast majority of English homes one, if not more of his works, are to be found. They may be seen in the rude cottage as well as in the lordly mansion. There is little doubt that Landseer did more to foster kindness and consideration for dumb animals, than any other painter of our day. The subjects of his drawings looked more as if they were moved by the power of intellect than possessed by mere brute instinct. Yet they never seemed exaggerated, or to present an appearance contrary to one ideas of the higher qualities of animal life. A singular indication of the respect in which Landseer was held was furnished on the day of his funeral. One o his admirers suspended mourning wreaths to the lower jaws of the four massive lions which adorn the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar-square, and these were left untouched for upwards of a week.

A good deal of dissatisfaction has lately been expressed at the way in which the fish supply of the metropolis is regulated. There are, it is contended, unnecessary delays attending upon the delivery of the fish to Columbia Market, and returns have been published, showing that an immense quantity of spoilt fish was seized in London during last summer. It is maintained that many of the inconveniences now experienced might be obviated by a better regulation of the railway traffic, and of the landing places for the fish brought by river. Meanwhile there is a discussion upon the merits of an invention which it is believed will enable fish to be delivered at the ports in a fresher condition than at present. The plan is that of introducing "safety wells" into the fishing and carrying boats, but it seems that so far there has been a difficulty in finding the requisite money to give the system a practical trial. This is a subject for regret, for, with every description of food at its present price, it is lamentable that tons upon tons of highly nutritious matter should have to be destroyed through the want of a simple appliance which would ensure its preservation. By the method of which I have spoken, the fish, securely deposited in these safety wells, would be brought alive into the London markets. I have seen lobsters and crabs alive in the fish markets of the Channel Islands, but the spectacle would be looked upon as a phenomenon at Billingsgate.

There is such a difficulty in obtaining recruits for her Majesty's Service that instructions have been issued authorising the enlistment of men, eligible in other respects, but whose height may be only five feet four and a half inches, provided they are under twenty-one years of age. The reduction of the standard to the extent of only half an inch will doubtless have the effect of increasing the number of recruits, as many have lately presented themselves a little below the full standard of five feet five. At the same time, there can be no question that the recruiting sergeant can no longer hold out the same inducements to men of bone and sinew to enter the Queen's service as in years gone by. Those were the days when regimental commanding officers were accustomed to instruct their recruiting parties not to take men under five feet eight inches. Disobedience of this order resulted in instant recall to head-quarters. Now, however, the competition for men in the market of labour has caused the standard height for the army to fall three and a half inches, and it may be that it will yet have to come lower. This, it must be confessed, rather conflicts with the ideas of those who delight to see a oldier a fine looking man. Still it is not easy to see what but the reduction of the standard can now be done to fill the ranks of the British army.

I see that a company has been formed upon the Co-operative principle, under the title of "The Cheap Fuel Supply Association, Limited." It has in view the manufacture of a good, economical fuel, which the promoters hope and predict, may take the place of coal. It is to be sold at eighteen shillings a ton, and considering that best Wallsend remains at nearly forty, there is all the difference in the price. The system adopted is the condensation of peat, and for domestic purposes the preparation is held to be equal, if not superior, to ordinary oal. It is a firm, hard, black substance, makes a clean, bright fire, free from smoke and smell, and leaves scarcely any ash. Although it is particularly suited for domestic use, it is said that it can be adapted with great advantage for the furnaces of smelting works, steamboats, and locomotives. It is clear that the permanently high price of coal will drive both the householder and the manufacturer into the trial of all sorts of experiments in order to find an efficient substitute. Heat, no less than food, is just now a necessity of life, and any efforts to give the poor cheap fuel ought to be warmly appreciated and highly commended.

Those who have had occasion to pass through Pall-Mall must have noticed amongst those palatial edifices, the clubs, a low dingy-looking building which stood out in singular contrast to the handsome structures round about it. That is the War Office. Unsightly in its outward appearance, internally it is small and inconvenient for the transaction of the public business. It is so inadequate to the accommodation of the permanent staff, that branch offices have had to be opened in Spring Garden and elsewhere, and great is the loss of time, and much is the irritation daily occasioned by the transmission of messages backwards and forwards. Under these circumstances a scheme was launched some time ago for constructing a new War Office in Whitehall, plans were prepared, property was scheduled to be bought, and a bill was introduced into the House of Commons for carrying the project into execution. Mr. Aryton was then at the Board of Works, and the measure was drafted under that right hon. gentleman's personal supervision. The proposed new edifice was a sufficiently modest one, for Mr. Ayrton steadily set his face against either a grand *facade*, or mere ornamental embellishments. But although he strongly urged its necessity upon the attention of the House, the proposition was very coldly received, and ultimately the bill had to be withdrawn. It was intended to re-introduce it next session, but for some reason or other the scheme has been abandoned. I believe that one main cause of this is the manifest disinclination of the House to sanction the building of any more Government offices until the new Foreign office in Parliament-street has been completed. This has been in hand for several years, but is apparently a long way from being finished even now. Vote after vote has been taken for it, and as the cry is still for more, notwithstanding that the original estimate has been considerably exceeded, the economists in the House have set their faces against any repetition of a system which they think has been carried far enough already.

The despatches from Ashantee which have come to hand within the past few days have been read with much interest, and I divulge no secret when I tell your readers that almost without exception the special correspondents of the morning papers are officers on the staff of Sir Garnet Wolseley. It is now evident that the war will have to be fought out almost entirely by British troops, and this accounts for the activity of the War Office in sending regiment after regiment to the scene of action as speedily as possible. The authorities hope that King Koffee may be brought to his senses during the brief period of comparatively cool and healthy weather; on the other hand it is the object of that sable monarch to drive the campaign over to the season of malaria when every breeze would be so much poison to European forces. The Ashantees may, however, depend upon one thing, and that is that no nerve will be left unstrained here to bring this little war to a termination before the opening of Parliament, so that her Majesty may have the satisfaction of announcing this fact in the Speech from the Throne next February.

Before long many improvements will have been carried out in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross and Parliament-street. It will not have been forgotten that last session a bill received the sanction of the Legislature for the removal of Northumberland House, for which and the adjacent grounds half a million sterling was paid to the ducal owner by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The object is the construction of a new street from Charing Cross to the Thames Embankment, which now can be reached only by an inconvenient and circuitous route. Preparations have already been made for the demolition of the historic mansion which is so intimately bound up with associations of Old London. Parliament-street is also about to undergo an extensive alteration. All the houses on the King-street side of this well-known thoroughfare are to be pulled down in order to expose the front of the new Foreign Office. By this means the aspect of Parliament-street will be effectually changed. There are, it is true, no historical associations about the place, and as a rule the houses have far from an imposing appearance. Still, it is a great resort for all who take an interest in politics. Take your stand there on a fine summer afternoon, and you may see the foremost men in England passing to and from the Palace of the Legislature. You may see the Prime Minister issue from the Treasury offices in Downing-street, and cross to the opposite side of the pavement, wearing a grave and abstracted air, as though the burden of a mighty empire resting upon his shoulders were almost too much for his strength to bear. People turn round and look after him, and as he is recognized, the word "Gladstone!" passes from mouth to mouth. Many endeavour to catch his eye for the purpose of saluting him, and if they do not always succeed, it must by no means be attributed to the right hon. gentleman's discourtesy, for he is often so absorbed in thought that he fails to notice the hats which are lifted as he passes by. Mr. Disraeli is also an object of great attention as he walks along. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, he usually carries a stick, although apparently he does not require to use it for the purpose of assistance. There are few who fail to identify the right hon. gentleman, and as hats are raised to him without distinction of political feeling, he invariably responds with the utmost courtesy.

THREE CORONER'S INQUESTS.

In London, on Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Lankester, coroner for Central Middlesex, held three inquests. The first was on the body of Mr. James Field Newton, aged 29 years, of the firm of J. Newton and Sons, cork manufacturers, 69 to 73, St. John's-street. It appeared that some few years ago the deceased had been crossed in a love affair, and he had latterly complained of sleepless nights. On Thursday evening he supped with a friend in Red Lion-street, leaving, as was thought, to proceed to his private residence at Westbourne-park. On Friday morning, when his foreman got to business, he found on his desk two letters addressed in the handwriting of the deceased, one to a brother, another to an intimate friend named Parker. The foreman forwarded the letters, and on the brother opening his he found it contained the following:—

"Dear Fred,—No doubt you think I have been strange some time. I cannot help it; it is owing to indigestion. My life has been a burden; I intend to put a stop it. You will find me in the top garret of my premises."

On reading this the brother immediately went to St. John-street, and on entering the attic described found the deceased lying dead, with a pistol close to his right hand. Dr. Burringer, who was called in, on examining the chest found that the deceased had shot himself through the heart and that the bullet had passed through the right auricle. The *post-mortem* examination showed that the deceased's brain was very much congested, and it was stated that he had been engaged with his friend Mr. Parker in intricate chymical experiments. His letter to Mr. Parker [said—"I just leave you this, knowing how sensitive you are, to let you know you are not the cause of what has happened. Remember me to the school" (meaning his personal friends). Mr. Parker stated that these experiments were in connexion with combustion, and the heat to which he had been exposed might have caused congestion of the brain. A verdict was pronounced of "Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

The second inquest was held at the Model Prison on John Henry Nicholson, aged 43, a carpenter, formerly of Bristol, who was undergoing a term of seven years' penal servitude. Deceased was a violent, self-willed man, and during the whole of the term of his incarceration had simulated insanity, and gave himself up to violent fits. In consequence of this he was placed in a special cell in the Infirmary, with iron bars on the door, so that the warder could see everything in the cell as he passed and keep a watch upon him. On the night of the 20th he went to bed, and remained so very quiet that ultimately the warder's suspicion was aroused, and on examination he found the deceased with a ligature round his neck, the other end tied to a corner of the counterpane, which he had passed over and under his feet, bringing up and fastening the upper end of the counterpane above the right elbow. By stretching himself out he was at length enabled to tighten the ligature round the neck, producing strangulation. When discovered he was quite dead. Verdict, "Suicide while of unsound mind."

The third inquest was held on Mr. Whitehead, a physician, aged 52, of Seven Sisters-road. The evidence showed that the deceased had complained of nervousness and languidness, and when suffering from depression had threatened to destroy himself. On Thursday evening he went to bed about nine o'clock. Shortly after ten Mrs. Whitehead heard a moaning, and upon proceeding to her husband's bedroom she found him insensible and the letter produced, addressed to her:—

"Dear Wife,—I have borne up against my affliction as long as I could, and now, as Christ my Saviour said, 'It is finished,' when he gave up the Ghost. I hope I shall be forgiven in the next world. I wish my will, that is with Mr. Sworder, 23, Poole's-park, to be strictly carried out, with the exception of Mr. R. Clutterbuck, missionary, of 40, Ashburton-grove, being in the place of Mr. Thackerboom as trustee. You do not know what I have suffered, although you always put it down to nervousness. I wish no exposure with my funeral. —From your affectionate husband, J. WHITEHEAD. Extract of almonds has been my best friend. My great failing has been that I have been far too conscientious with every one."

Further evidence showed that the deceased suffered severely from asthma, bronchitis, &c., which induced him to absent himself from business for weeks together. Dr. Gibson, who was called in, produced a bottle which he found by deceased, labelled "Essence of almonds," containing prussic acid, which was the cause of death, being an essential part of bitter almonds. Verdict, "Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

THE SERENADE OF THE STORM.

How sweet to hear, as you lie snug in bed,
The wind howl outside, and the drifting rain,
Whilst you have your own roof above your head,
Dashed by the blast against your casement's pane.

So should I, stalled in some fat sinecure,
Which clamour by no rage could wrest away,
Peruse, at breakfast, with enjoyment pure,
The papers railing on me every day.—*Punch.*

A SAD OCCURRENCE.

At the Southwark police-court, in London, Eugene M'Gann, a warehouseman, was charged with causing the death of John Pugh by throwing him down in the "Black Bull" public-house, Freeschool-street, Horsleydown.

Charles Rogers, manager to Mr. Winterbottom, the proprietor of the public-house, said that he had known the deceased and the prisoner three or four years. On Tuesday night, the 18th, the deceased came in about a quarter-past ten, called for drink, and took up a newspaper. He was perfectly sober. A little after eleven the prisoner came in and entered into conversation with the deceased. They argued about the heart and the brain until they got very excited. While witness was reading the newspaper he heard the prisoner say to the deceased, "You're a fool." The deceased replied, "And so are you a fool." Witness called out, "Come, there is no occasion for these high words," and he went to another part of the bar to serve a customer. While so engaged he heard a heavy fall in the compartment he had just left, and on hastening back saw both men on the floor. The prisoner, who was uppermost, got up immediately and raised the deceased, saying, "I hope I have not hurt you." The deceased made no answer, but asked for a chair. Witness, believing that he was not much hurt, advised him to go home, as it was twelve o'clock, and he must close the house. The prisoner and the deceased then left the house, the former saying "Good night, Pugh."

In cross-examination witness said that the prisoner and the deceased were always on friendly terms, and when they met seemed to be eager for argument on some topic or other. They held a controversy about the brain and the heart. The deceased argued that all generous actions arose from the heart; the prisoner contended that they arose from the brain.

Richard Oxlaide, a brewer's servant, said that at seven minutes to twelve on Tuesday night he entered the compartment. The prisoner called the deceased a fool, and the deceased said, "So are you." The prisoner exclaimed, if you say that again, I will pull your nose." The deceased said, "People living in glass houses should not throw stones." The prisoner asked him what he meant by that, and at the same time put his arm round the deceased's neck. They both fell to the ground, the deceased underneath. It appeared to be a heavy fall. The prisoner, however, got up immediately and lifted the deceased on his legs. The last witness then came up, and the prisoner, after bidding the deceased good-bye, left the house. They had not been drinking to excess.

In cross-examination, witness said that they both appeared to slip off their legs at the same time.

John Morley, house surgeon, Guy's Hospital, said that between eleven and twelve on Wednesday noon the deceased was brought to the surgery, and on examining him he found him suffering from internal injuries. He ordered him to be put to bed, and then discovered that he was in a very critical state. On Friday he rallied a little, but on Saturday morning became worse, and he said, in the presence of his wife said, "I shall not recover; I shall not live an hour."

Inspector Fox was there at the time, and questioned him. At his desire witness took down his answers. When he was about to read them over witness found that he was dead. A *post mortem* examination had not yet been held, but witness believed death was caused by injury to the bladder. The deceased knew he was dying when he made the statement.

Inspector Fox said the deceased was in his proper senses and knew he was near his death. Witness questioned him as to the cause of the injury, and he made the following statement, which was taken down in writing:—

"I, John Pugh firmly believe I am at the point of death. I shall not recover, and I do hereby state that last Tuesday night, at a quarter to twelve, I was in the "Black Bull" publichouse, Freeschool-street, Horsleydown, drinking with Eugene M'Gann when a controversy arose between us. I said that the seat of life was in the heart. He said it was in the brain. M'Gann said that if I repeated my statement again he would throw me over. I repeated it, when he caught me round the neck, put his foot behind me, and threw me heavily on my back, falling on my stomach. I felt very much hurt at the time. M'Gann assisted me in rising, and I left the house to go home, but when I got a few yards I was unable to walk any further. I met two police-constables, who took me home in a cab. We were previously kind friends and bore no ill will to one another."

The prisoner was remanded, bail being accepted.

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

THE Lord Mayor's Show.—Splendid hospitality as a rule!

CURIOSITIES of Literature—Amateur productions.

LIGHTHOUSES—Bamboo-huts.

BROKEN English—Those who trifle with the police, and—railway travellers mostly.

SOME say there are not many fine buildings in London, but SNOOKS says there is a building in Piccadilly which is a very good "Criterion" to go by.

THOSE who admire the new Lord Mayor must be careful they do not worship an Idle.

QUERY—Would you open a deadlock with a skeleton key?

JUDY, in these hard times, says she cannot afford to haul any of her refractory staff over the coals.

THE letter P is a useful one to householders, because it makes a rent pa(y) rent.

MACHINERY wheels are so modest that they generally travel in cog.

THE Wandering Hair—found again twice this week, as per usual, on the breakfast butter.

IT is not true that the gasman blew up the Court of Queen's Bench the other day. It was the Court that blew up the gasman.

ONE of the comic papers has put in a bit of verse about the poor gasman above alluded to. The gasman does not so much object to the words themselves as to the meter.

—*Judy.*

SHOCKING DOUBLE MURDER AT WAPPING.

On Sunday afternoon it was discovered that a murder had been committed at No. 19, Choppin's-court, Old Gravel-lane, Wapping. The facts of the case are as follows:—

The perpetrator of the deed, a man named Parker, age about 35, and who resided at the house in question with his two children, left home in the morning, telling a woman in the house he would return in a few minutes. She went upstairs soon afterwards to give the children (a boy and girl) some food, and found both of them in a fearful condition, their throats having been cut in a most brutal manner. The boy had been subject to paralysis, and the girl was a cripple. In the meantime the murderer went to the police station and gave himself into custody, together with the knife with which the horrible deed was perpetrated. It appears that he had been in the employ of Messrs. Knight and Sons, soap boilers and candle makers, but for some months had wanted work and bread. He assigns as a reason for the murder utter destitution and a repugnance to allow his children to become inmates of the workhouse. The loss of his wife some time ago seems to have preyed upon his mind.

Choppin's-court is in a thickly-populated and poor neighbourhood, some three or four families often residing in one house, huddled together in a shocking manner. The tragedy created great excitement in the neighbourhood, and policemen had to guard the house where the unfortunate children lay dead.

On Monday Parker was examined at the Thames Police-court, and remanded for a week. It came out in evidence that he had been six weeks without work, and that his landlady had fed the children during the greater part of that time.

An inquest was held on Tuesday morning, when the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against William Parker.

CANON KINGSLEY ON THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

In his sermon at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, on Psalm civ., 20, Canon Kingsley dealt with the question of the mystery of pain, as seen in the apparently superfluous suffering and death of the lower animals; the following condensed report of which is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"From the top of creation to the bottom the rule is universal, and even in this cultivated country the hawk preys upon the small birds, the small birds eat the insects, and these insects eat others in their turn, while even a delicate songster like the nightingale feeds chiefly on animal food, each organism of which has cost God, with reverence be it said, as much pains as the nightingale itself. Why is this? Ought it to be so or not? The solution of this question has tried many a Christian soul—yes, and many a heathen too, and has driven them to answers which are not according to Scripture of the orthodox faith. Some have said the world is full of pain and death because it is ill-made, created not by the good God but by a stupid being, by an inferior, half-rational God, whom the good God will conquer and depose—a pardonable mistake, but still a mistake. Others, good men, have said, like Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, that before Adam's fall there was no pain, no death. I say very distinctly (continued the preacher) that this is not part of the orthodox Catholic faith, and you need not believe it. In the first place, the book of Genesis does not say so; it does not say that the earth is cursed for man's sake, or for the animals, but on the contrary; neither do the psalmists or prophets take such a view. Others tell us, St. Paul says so when he writes: 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin;' but I say (added Mr. Kingsley), humbly and firmly, that St. Paul here speaks of the world of men only, for he goes on to say that death passed on all men, for that all have sinned, and, by specially mentioning man, he excluded the animals. Be this as it may (continued the Canon), before Adam's fall animals destroyed each other as they do now; the same process went on, and the very rocks and soil under our feet are the graveyards of animals of past ages. No! the only answer to the problem is that of the Psalmist—he sees the mystery of pain and death, he does not attempt to explain it, but he faces it manfully in his faith, saying, 'This is as it should be, for it is the law and will of God, from whom come all good things, and in whom is no darkness at all.' Therefore, to the Psalmist the earth appears filled with good things, and the great and wide sea also, and, even though the animals devour each other, it still seems a beautiful world to him. But he goes farther still. He has looked into life in all its innumerable variety; he also looks into death: 'Thou hidest Thy face, and they turn again to their dust.' Poetry this! Yes; but like all the highest poetry and philosophy, the soundest truth likewise. Nay, he goes on further than we should dare to go, unless he had gone before, and says the glory of the Lord shall endure for ever. The glory of the Lord, then, is shown forth and endures for ever in these animals, even though they devour each other; and the Lord rejoices in his works, though they live by each others' deaths. But who is this Lord? All depends on the answer to that question. Truly, as St. Paul said, there were gods many, and lords many, and since his time men have made gods and believed they were the same God of whom the Psalmist wrote. But he did not mean what—I will not say whom—men mean when they talk of a God who made the world and set it going, and has never touched it since; what George Fox calls a 'dead God,' and what one has bitterly but wisely called 'an absentee God.' Not such a God did the Psalmist believe in. His God was an ever-present God, enforcing his own laws, working his own machinery, making all things work together for good to those that love Him. In one word he believed in the living God. And if any one had said to him, 'You believe in the general providence of God, but surely you do not believe in any special providence?' the Psalmist would have answered: 'I believe God governs by laws, but by special providences also; and I believe that all that has ever happened has occurred by special providences, that not a single organic being has assumed its present form save by a series of special providences acting upon it and its ancestors at every moment of their lives; that not a single weed grows without it, that every person I meet, every thought which is not sinful or brutal comes to me by the special providence of God watching over me and over every atom He has made.' And if any philosopher declared this view to be unthinkable, the Psalmist would have answered: 'If you can't conceive this, I can; and you must not make your power of conception the standard of other men's.' Or, if the philosopher had asked for a proof of God's 'interference' by special providences, then the Psalmist would have said: 'Interferences! That is a word I never use.' He would have gone back to the old story of Moses and of Israel in Egypt, and have said, 'Whatever I know or don't know about interference with the laws of nature, this I know, that God can use these laws to reward the good and punish the wicked as He did in Egypt, when He showed Himself as the Lord of Nature and of Grace, and proved to proud Pharaoh that He was not only Lord of the laws which gave life and health, but of those which bring disease and death. 'That is my God,' the old Psalmist would have said, 'not only great but good, for He helpeth them to right that suffer wrong.' Yes! it was this magnificent notion of God's living and active justice and goodness that made the Psalmist trust in Him even amidst such mysteries as those of the pain and suffering of the animals. 'All is well,' he answered; 'I know not why, but it is the will of the gracious God, and that is enough for me.' Enough for him! And is it not enough for us, to whom He is known to be more good, more gracious, more perfect than Psalmist or prophet knew him to be, for we know that He gave His only begotten Son for us. Yes! in this, as in all cases, rest and comfort for doubts and fears are to be found at the foot of the Cross, for we believe that He who was hung on that Cross is the Maker of all; in darkness as well as in light, in doubt as well as in certainty, in pain and sorrow as well as in health and joy, we can say, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.'" The congregation was, if possible, larger than on the previous Sunday.

THE TIDES UTILISED.

The *Globe* has published the following letter:—

Your correspondent "Senex" certainly possesses the original idea of many years' standing—viz., the unutilised action of the tides as a motive power for machinery; but he was not aware of the mechanical difficulties to be surmounted before such force could be made available as a valuable and efficient motive power. "Senax" may be pleased to hear that a plan is about being submitted to the Government which illustrates the availability of water as a motive power for all standing machinery, whether for dockyards, arsenals, rivers, in act, wherever water is within reach.

It is calculated that this invention will save the Government £200,000 in fuel alone, and throw into the market for domestic use coal in such quantity as to reduce the price of this costly luxury to one-half its present figure, and cheapen considerably most articles of manufacture.

The advantage this invention will prove to our Indian possessions and colonial rivers is incalculable. The fact of mechanical motion being produced by the natural action of water, and this self-acting, with ability to add an extra 50 horse-power when required by simply touching a lever, will give some idea of the grand desideratum about being accomplished.—Your obedient servant,

C. R. HUXLEY.

14, Stanley-crescent, Kensington-park gardens, W., November 22

ABD-EL-KADIR.

(From *Punch.*)

So, the old hero peacefully expires,
Mecca's muezzim cry upon his ears,
He'd heard of lost Sedan, of Commune fires,
Did he recal French ravage in Algiers?
If so, life's eve had smiles, though somewhat grim,
For SIDI EL-HADJI OULED MAHIDDIM.

THE FUTURE CONDITION OF THE LABOUR MARKET.

(From Monday's *Times*—Money Article.)

In view of the continued extortions of Miners' Unions and kindred organizations on this side, an American merchant writes:—

"Would it not be wise and useful to read to them a lesson from the American crisis? One of the main causes of the tribulations in America consisted in the extortionate demands of the labouring classes—higher wages, eight hours a day, &c.—and now these classes have humbly to supplicate for work at any price to keep from starvation."

On the same subject, the *New York Daily Bulletin* writes:—

"The exactions of the Trades' Unions have been pushed to a point wholly inconsistent with the prosperity of our industries, but they have been enabled to enforce their terms because one particular branch of enterprise has made entirely abnormal demands upon the labour market. The excessive building of railroads for the last five years has absorbed in the construction of line, the manufacture of rails, engines, cars, &c., tens of thousands of men who otherwise would have been competing for employment in other departments of labour, with the effect of counteracting the efforts of the unions to obtain higher and yet higher wages; and this fact will go far towards explaining the facility with which the employed have, during late years, controlled the employers. Now, however, that the artificial stimulus supplied by the railroads is withdrawn, the whole labour market collapses, and a new condition of things must result. The rapidity with which these consequences have been developed is a striking evidence of the certainty with which the natural laws that control society assert their supremacy. The adjustment of the future condition of the labour market will be, to a large extent, controlled by the reaction in the railroad interest. The general scale of wages has been high, mainly because so much muscle and brain has been unduly diverted to that interest. In considering how much labour has been employed through extravagant railroad building, we have to note, not only the vast number of hands employed in grading, laying track, building bridges, making rails and ties, constructing stations, engines, and cars, but also the number who have indirectly found employment from the extravagant expenditures of those who have made imaginary fortunes in this class of speculation, and from the encouragement to city embellishments, park building, suburban real estate speculations, costly yachting recreations, and a thousand other expansions of expenditure to which these things have indirectly contributed. The railroad mania is the final form of speculation and 'shoddy' extravagance entailed by war finance; and that being exploded, we may look for a condition of affairs approximating the social moderation and the business conservatism which prevailed before our great struggle. It is to such a state of things that the wages of the future must conform."

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

Brigham Young is about to build a "gorgeons and costly residence" in Salt Lake City.

A very superior quality of champagne is now made with petroleum as the chief ingredient. The manufacturers claim that it is the best that has ever benzine.

A San Francisco couple were recently married in a balloon, at an elevation of several hundred feet from the earth.

A California town has "neither a bar-room nor a minister of the Gospel within its limits." *The Pacific Press* notes the connection between the two phenomena, but cannot quite decide which of them is cause and which effect.

Mrs. Osgood, a Boston poetess, says:—

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! we 'ship a sea,'
Sometimes we 'see a ship.'"

An American paper says that the grasshoppers recently ate up half an acre of tobacco for a man down South, and when the owner went up to look at it they sat on the fence and squirted tobacco juice at him.

In a Nashua court recently a juror asked to be excused because he was deaf, although there were reasons for supposing that his hearing was not affected. "He is excused," said the Judge, "for if he his deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't wan't him either."

A lawyer poet sends the following:—

"Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees intail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—Female."

The following characteristic advertisement appears in a New York paper:—"If the party who took a fancy to my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, all right; but if by commercial considerations, I am ready to negotiate for its return."

Advertising ingenuity has left little room for novelty, but a merchant in Newark, New York State, has challenged attention by leaving his space entirely blank, with the following note, in fine print, at the bottom: "This space was sold to A. E. Brennan: but as his business is sufficiently brisk already, he declines to use it."

A certain young lady keeps in her portmonnaie a pathetic appeal to the light-fingered gentry, in which the sufferings she would endure if deprived of her money are so feelingly presented, that the purse has been returned to her intact on three occasions.

Accuracy is desirable. But the Indiana editor who quoted a familiar camp-meeting hymn as follows:—

"Ten thousand thousand (10,000,000) are their tongues,
But all their joys are one (1),"

carried his love of accuracy to excess.

A New Hampshire clergyman, who was asked his price by a young man who he had just married, replied that the law gave him 2 dols. The youth promptly handed out 50 cents, remarking: "Well, that will make 2 dols. 50 cents for you," and before the astonished man could explain matters, he was off with his bride on his honeymoon.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges as "Conscience Money" the receipt of £6 1s. 6d. from "H. H.," for unpaid income-tax.

The ship *Clyde*, from St. John's, timber laden, has been wrecked outside Valentia Harbour, and ten out of her crew of fifteen drowned; captain and mate saved.

It is calculated that, by arrangement and greater elevation, one-half more people might now be accommodated upon the ground now dwelt upon by the poor in London.

Floating rum-shops are run up and down the shores of Lake Champlain, thus escaping the penalties of the Vermont liquor law.

The only troops under orders for Cape Coast Castle are the 42nd Highlanders, who will leave Portsmouth as soon as a ship is ready for the service.

In the year ended the 31st of March last there were 40,529 publicans whose premises were rated under £20 per annum in England and Ireland, and 45,943 whose premises were rated above that sum.

A literary curiosity has just been sold at Paris—a receipt for thirty sols given to the steward of Louis XI. by his tailor, for having put two new sleeves to an old leather pourpoint of his Majesty.

A community of women is to be established at Woburn, near Boston, from which men are to be rigorously excluded. It is to be supported by various industries carried on by its members.

"Gentleman, aged 25, in good position, wishes to correspond with a Lady, with means, with a view to matrimony; enclose carte; bonâ fide.—Address," &c.—Advertisement in *Manchester Examiner.*

"Some one has said that the advice of Mr. Disraeli to study the spirit of the age will be taken up warmly against him by the teetotallers at the next election."—*Court Journal.*

A boiler, in the engineering works of Messrs. Cameron and Co., Macnicol-street, Glasgow, exploded on Saturday morning, killing four men instantaneously. The explosion was caused by the wall of a chimney giving way.

A company has been formed in France to utilise the power of the ocean tides on the coast by proper machinery. The first experiment is to be made at St. Malo, where the tide rises nearly eighty feet, and overflows many square miles of flats.

Captain Croft, the commander of the *Ethiopia*, which arrived from the west coast of Africa on Saturday, died on the passage. He was the commodore of the African Royal Mail Steam-ship Company's fleet, and was highly popular both in Liverpool and on the coast.

During the hearing of a case in the Court of Exchequer on Saturday it was stated that large quantities of liquorice were manufactured in this country under the Spanish brand, and that amongst the purposes to which it was applied were those of colouring beer and making black draughts.

A society has been formed in Belgium for collecting all waste paper, and selling it for the benefit of the Pope. The society has appealed to the possessors of all "bad books, such as the works of Voltaire, Rosseau, Diderot, Volney, and other detestable authors," to hand them over as waste paper.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended divine service in Crathie Church on Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, minister of the parish, who was lately appointed to Morningside Church, Edinburgh, preached his farewell sermon.

According to a note published by the Paris *Liberté*, the Comte de Chambord is strongly opposed to the prolongation of Marshal McMahon's powers, on the ground that the measure would either lead to the definitive establishment of the Republic or to some act of usurpation.

The people of London are reminded by the Registrar-General that the epidemic of measles now prevalent in the metropolis shows an increasing fatality; the deaths referred to this disease, which in the two previous weeks had been 116 and 105, rose to 130.

The Bishop of Exeter has requested the clergy of his diocese to observe the 3rd December as a day of intercession for missionary work. As an encouragement to this, he says, God has given many indications of his answer to prayer offered last year. More men have offered themselves as missionaries. There has been an increased income, and there appears everywhere a keener interest in the cause.

The boat in which the survivors of the Arctic exploring vessel *Polaris* effected their escape, and which was brought to Dundee by the whaler *Ravenscraig*, has been presented by the owner, Mr. Lockhart, to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and will be transported across the Atlantic in the *Georgia.*

The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent telegraphs:—The Vienna correspondent of the *Nuremburg Correspondence* asserts that he has seen a copy of the second letter of the Pope to the Emperor. The tone is very different from that of the first. It is not a mere demand of the right of the Church, but a personal attack on the Emperor, to whom it ascribes the introduction of militarism. The publication of the whole letter will follow shortly.

A nice point of construction, in the will of the late Lord Westbury, was argued before Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, on an adjourned summons from the Master's Chambers. The question was whether the trustees had power to invest, during the pendency of the administration, in certain American securities. Exercising the right of discretion which pertains to the Court, Sir George Jessel refused to sanction investments which he regarded as speculative.

According to an American contemporary Bismarck has an Irish brogue. The paper says:—"Whilst the Prussian ship of war *Kaiser* was in our harbour, the officers were photographed by ——. The result was a series of cabinet photographs of superlative merit, which were recently shown to the Prince Bismarck on the return of the *Kaiser*. "Bedad!" exclaimed the Prince, with characteristic vehemence, 'they're too illigant intoirely. Why, they've made ye a set of Adonises.' The prince remained in a state of deep thought for a fortnight, at the end of which time he exclaimed, 'By the holy poker, he shall come to Berlin.' —— has received a telegram that the Prince wishes him to come to Berlin as soon possible. Preparations are being made for the reception of the artist."

During the week ending last Saturday 5,181 births and 3,7?9 deaths were registered in London and twenty other large cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The natural increase of population was 1,412. The mortality from all causes in these towns was at the rate of 26 deaths annually to every 1,000 persons living. In the metropolis 2,353 births and 1,674 deaths were registered, the former having been 42 above, and the latter 24 below, the average. The deaths included 130 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 13 from diptheria, 36 from whooping-cough, 40 from different forms of fever, 12 from diarrhœa, and not one from small-pox; thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 268 deaths were referred, against numbers increasing steadily from 171 to 265 in the five preceding weeks.

Berlin is prospecting an International Exhibition on as grand a scale as the Vienna *Ausstellung.*

The price of a girl is quoted at two cows in the slave districts of East Africa, according to Sir Samuel Baker.

It is announced that the attack of illness from which Prince Leopold has been suffering is one of occasional hæmorrhage, to which his Royal Highness is liable.

Sergeant Bates is going to repeat on the Continent the famous experiment which he made in England with Republican flag.

It is announced that the homeward-bound Atlantic steamers which arrive in Liverpool bring large numbers of artisans from America, who are compelled to return home through want of work in the United States.

Here is a concise but hopeful love-letter written by a Colorado miner: "Leven years is rather long to kort a gal, but ile have yu yit, Cate."

The Messieurs Rothschild have just informed the mayors of Paris that, in accordance with their annual custom, they hold 50,000 francs at their disposition for the poor of the capital.

A Paris paper publishes some statistics regarding the linen of the Crown, the sale of which terminated recently. It was composed of 35,000 pieces, including 5,000 sheets, and tablecloths of a single piece, capable of dining 200 people. The cost of washing alone amounted to 120,000 francs annually.

The director of the Chaucer Society, Mr. Furnivall, is said to have found in the Record Office an entry that King Edward III. paid £16 on the 1st March, 1360, towards the ransom of the poet Chaucer, who had been taken prisoner in the war with France in 1359-60.

News has been received of the total loss, near her station on the coast of Newfoundland, of the *Robert Lowe*, repairing ship of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. The vessel is entirely insured, but it is feared that the captain and crew of seventeen men have been drowned.

According to a recent return there were in the year ended the 31st of March last 4,942 dealers in foreign wine not licensed to retail beer or spirits, the duty amounting to £54,736 10s.; and 49,401 dealers licensed to retail beer and spirits, the duty being £109,763 8s. 11½d., besides 77, paying £340 2s. 11½d., licensed to retail beer but not spirits.

"It seemed to be the faculty as well as the propensity of every woman in the late wild woman's congress to speak on the agitating subject of 'Motherhood.' It would puzzle the average mother of five or six children to know why women who have never had any children can be so crazy as to discuss a subject that they have no knowledge of, except from the reading of books."—*Court Journal.*

The goods guards and shunters employed by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company are memorialising the directors for 3s. per week advance of wages, and extra remuneration for all time worked beyond ten hours per day. They also ask for three days' leave of absence annually, without loss of pay, and other minor concessions.

An imaginative milkman was confronted in court with a lactometer, which unmistakably recorded 50 per cent. of water in the milk he had sold. He accounted for this by stating that there was a heavy dew on the grass the cows had cropped just before being milked. The magistrate could not see the poetry, but inflicted the usual fine.

A remarkable proof of the extent to which the arrangement with Great Britain for an exchange of money-orders has grown has just been furnished. The Post Office Department find that there is an average weekly balance of about one million of dollars per annum due to Great Britain on account of the payment of money-orders issued in the United States in favour of British subjects.

New York, if we can believe reports in the news papers, has some model jurymen. In the Stokes case, a least one of the jurymen, instead of being kept secluded appears to have been permitted to roam about almost at will. He is described as making a tour through theatres, bar-rooms and other public places, announcing to bystanders who he was, and that he would not join in any verdict that would hang the prisoner.

A new steam tramway car was tried early on Tuesday morning in the Vauxhall-road, London. The car has a passage from end to end, with the machinery in two narrow chambers in the centre. The handles by which the engines are started and stopped are led to each end of the carriage, so that the engine man stands alternately at the end which for the time is at the front.

The grievances of the sorters, letter-carriers, assistants, porters, and rural messengers in the service of the Post-Office have been embodied in a petition to the House of Commons. On the question of wages, it is urged that the cost of living has enormously increased since the existing rate of pay was fixed, and that all kinds of labour have risen in value. A commission of inquiry into the system of promotion Sunday work and other matters, is prayed for.

Indian papers continue to speak gloomily of the prospect of famine in Lower Bengal. It threatens to be even more severe than that of 1866, and to extend over a greater area. Notwithstanding large imports, the price of rice has already advanced 30 per cent., and the natives are agitating for a prohibition of exportation. The activity and forethought of Sir George Campbell in preparing for a possible calamity are greatly commended.

The Mayor and City officials of Boston on the 10th inst. commemorated the anniversary of the great fire last year by visiting the burnt district. This district covered 45 acres, and has been almost wholly rebuilt, the streets being widened and many of the new buildings being much finer than those that were destroyed.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Manchester, and other guests, commenced shooting through the Royal coverts, at Sandringham, on Tuesday, and found good sport, the weather being fine. The Princess of Wales and a party of ladies rode out and looked on at part of the shooting. The birthday of her Royal Highness will be celebrated on Monday, with the usual festivities.

Sunday last being the anniversary of the executions of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien at Manchester, a number of persons, accompanied by a band playing the Dead March in *Saul*, and bearing a black banner with the following inscription—"Allen, Larkin, O'Brien: God save Ireland"—proceeded to St. James's Cemetery, Cork, and recited prayers for the dead. There was no public demonstration, and the proceedings were quiet and decorous.

A communication from Monaco of the 17th says:—"The celebrated Maltese player, M. Bugeja, who has held the bank in check for more than three weeks, has at last succumbed. In three days' ill-luck he has lost a considerable sum. But he does not abandon the contest, and expects soon to be able to take the field again, for he is still able to cope with the bank. The profit of 1,600,000f. which he made last year at Homburg is far from being exhausted. Moreover, he is the possessor of a large fortune, part of which is devoted to works of charity in the island of Malta, his country."

Mr. James Miller, 21 years of age, has died from injuries received through falling from a trapeze erected on the grounds attached to his father's villa, near Leith. While an evening party was being held the deceased went to the gardens with a cousin to execute a gymnastic feat, and while he was swinging from the bar the rope slackened, and he was thrown violently to the ground, falling upon his head.

The school board for Oxford (local board district) have passed a resolution to the effect that after the beginning of next year they will not pay school fees on behalf of any child between the ages of five and thirteen years whose parent is in receipt of relief out of the workhouse given by the guardians, or by their order, by way of weekly or other continuing allowance. It has also been resolved to incorporate, if possible, this provision in their bye-laws for enforcing attendance at school of all children of the above-named age. The matter has been referred to the Education Department.

An inquest has been held at Braintree on the body of Charles Partner, ten years of age, whose death would appear to have resulted from foul play. The boy, who is the son of a poor widow, was found lying in the street late at night insensible, and with blood oozing from his right eye. Near him was a chisel-pointed stick, stained with blood, which appeared to have been pushed into the eye, inflicting a wound which extended to the brain. The frontal bone was also fractured, and part of it forced into the brain. The inquiry was adjourned.

An inquest has been held at Peckham on the body of Mrs. Ray, aged 58, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Ray, M.A., LL.D. The body was identified by Mrs. Evans, the husband being too deeply grieved to attend to give evidence. Mr Barrett, a professor of languages, said that a short time since he was staying in the house of Mr. Ray, and was retiring to rest, when he heard the sudden clanging of bells and screams for help proceeding from the lower part of the house. He immediately ran below, and found the deceased in flames, she having accidentally set fire to her muslin dress with a candle she was carrying. The flames were extinguished as speedily as possible, but the unfortunate lady was so much injured that she died on Thursday last. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

A meeting of convict warders has been held in London for the purpose of considering the best means of improving their position. A gentleman not connected with the convict service presided, and in addition to the metropolitan establishments, the Woking, Dartmoor, Chatham, and Portland Prisons were represented. Letters were read from various members of Parliament promising their support to the movement. Resolutions were passed pledging the meeting to continue the agitation for shorter hours and the abolition of unnecessary fines and penalties.

The *Glasgow Herald*, speaking of Mr. Disraeli's speech on Saturday, says:—We think it due to our staff, and to the gentlemen with whom they were co-operating, to mention what we believe to be a feat almost unprecedented in reporting and printing. Mr. Disraeli's speech, which lasted an hour and a quarter, closed at 4 25, and the meeting terminated about twenty minutes later. At 5.28 we published a third edition, containing a verbatim report of the preliminary proceedings, and Mr. Disraeli's speech, and the substance of the subsequent proceedings, every word of which, with the exception of the Conservative address, was reported from the lips of the speakers. The report occupied five closely-printed columns. Seventeen minutes were occupied in the process of stereotyping, so that everything could have been printed from our types in forty-six minutes after Mr. Disraeli closed.

An old Parisian mendicant was recently noticed to manifest apparent caprice in selecting the objects for his importunity. He would allow a number of persons to pass unheeded, and then attach himself to others and take no denial. A bribe of half a franc from a curious spectator induced him to give his reason. "Thus I never ask alms of 'one who has dined,' as a rosby readers a man selfish, nor of 'stout ones,' as it bores them to stop, nor of any one putting on their gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of a couple manifestly going to dinner, of people walking together, as they will give to appear generous, or of officers in grand uniforms, and of people apparently seeking favour from the Government—they think that a gift will bring them luck."

Marshal MacMahon sent a Message to the French Assembly on Monday, thanking the members for the distinction they had conferred on him by prolonging his powers, and declaring that they would always find him a firm supporter of order, and that he would faithfully carry out their wishes. M. Léon Say then brought forward his question, asking the Government why it had not filled up the vacant seats in the assembly. M. Beulé, the Minister of the Interior, replied for the Ministers. He took upon himself the responsibility of the course that had been followed, which he maintained was the best, as being calculated to cause the least agitation in the country. In the course of the discussion M. Bethmont complained of the support given to Monarchical schemes during the recess by the Duc de Broglie. The Duke in his turn complained of the course adopted by the Radicals, who attempted to arouse social hatred by leading the people to fear a return to the abuses of the old régime. Ultimately an order of the day, proposed by a member of the Right, was adopted by 364 to 314 votes, being a majority of 50 for the Government.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The following letter is from the Special Correspondent of *The Times*, under date, Cape Coast Castle, October 31:—

It is evident that Gold Coast reports are not to be relied on. A few weeks ago it was generally believed that Ashantee reinforcements had crossed the Prah. It was even said that the King in person had marched from Coomassie, and intended to attack Cape Coast. But now it seems that General Amaquatia, who has been so long encamped near this town, has received a circle of beads, the signal of recall, and a loving message from the King that he has done enough and may return. The Ashantees began to retire soon after the combat of Essaman, though whether in consequence of that event it is impossible to say. As long as they were massed together at Mampon Sir G. Wolseley was unable to attack them, for they were about 40,000 strong, and he has merely a handful of trustworthy troops at his disposal. But when the camp was broken up and the enemy dispersed into various columns, he determined to make an attack, and marched from Cape Coast Castle on October 26, with 250 Marines and Blue Jackets. That night he encamped at Esseboo, ten miles on the military road now being made towards Coomassie. The next morning he marched three or four miles to Abrakampa, a Fantee town which Amaquatia has sworn to destroy on his homeward march. The troops rested during that day (the 27th), while parties of Fantees went out and captured a few Ashantee foragers. On Tuesday, the 28th, Sir G. Wolseley marched to a village called Asonti, said to be occupied by the enemy; but, although there can be little doubt that they were in our neighbourhood, they would not show themselves. There was merely a skirmish between scouts, in which half a dozen shots were fired, one Fantee wounded, and one Ashantee prisoner taken. This movement must, therefore, be considered a failure in a military sense, but politically it was a success. Sir G. Wolseley, with a small force, consisting almost exclusively of Europeans, marched into the heart of a forest occupied by the enemy in thousands. This will tend to remove an impression current on the coast that white men are afraid of Ashantees in the bush. Moreover, although we of the main body had a long walk for nothing, others were more fortunate.

Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, who on the 13th of June defeated the Ashantees at Elmina, is in charge of Dunquah, a fortified post on the military road about 20 miles from Cape Coast. He received orders from General Wolseley to make on the 27th a reconnaissance in force, and at 11·30 a.m. marched out with 500 Fantees and 65 soldiers of the 2nd West India Regiment, with a 7-pounder and a rocket trough under Captain Rait, R.A. They caught an Ashantee chopping wood and forced him, under pain of death, to show them the enemy's camp, which they took completely by surprise. The Ashantees had packed up their baggage preparatory for a start, and were cooking their midday meal. Some of them were quietly seated in the huts, which they had made with bamboos and thatched with palm leaves. They ran off, leaving everything behind them, but soon rallied under cover of the bush. The war drums were beaten; they completely surrounded Festing's company, and opened a heavy fire. The engagement lasted for more than an hour, after which their fire was silenced, and Colonel Festing returned without opposition to Dunquah. The battle was fought with an unseen foe, and their loss cannot be estimated; it must have been severe. Twelve English officers were present:—Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, R.M.A.; Captain Rait, R.A.; Captain Huyshe, Rifle Brigade, D.A.A. and Q.M.G.; Captain Godwin, 103d Royal Bombay Fusiliers; Captain Bromhead, 24th Regiment; Captain Haines, 2nd West India Regiment; Lieutenant Jones, 2nd West India Regiment; Sub-Lieutenant Filliter, 2nd West India Regiment; Sub-Lieutenant Patchett, R.N.; Sub-Lieutenant Lang, R.N.; Surgeon Bennett, and Assistant Commissary Lundy. Of these, five were wounded,—viz., Festing, Godwin, Haines, Filliter, and Lang. The wounds were very slight, excepting that of Captain Godwin, which is returned as "severe," but is not dangerous to life. Forty-eight natives were wounded, including four soldiers of the 2nd West India and the King of Annamaboe. Only one was killed. The Annamaboes fought well, but the other natives acted for the most part badly, and had to be "thrashed into action." On the other hand, the Ashantees displayed the greatest courage. Whenever the 7-pounder was fired or a rocket, they returned a yell of defiance and the war-drums beat louder than ever. Their force was about 2,000 strong, consisting of two divisions, commanded by Generals Quessi Adumfa and Esseman Quatia. The next day Colonel Festing ordered the troops out, having received orders to meet General Wolseley on the road between Dunquah and Abrakampa; but the West India soldiers alone answered the summons; the native allies refused to fight two days running. My predictions, therefore, are fully verified. It is now placed beyond a doubt that the Fantees can be used only as labourers, with a few picked men as scouts; and that the Ashantees will never be defeated except by European troops.

A Proclamation has been issued this morning by Sir Garnet Wolseley. It is his object to harass the enemy's retreat, and for that purpose only native troops can be employed with effect. It was shown the other day how difficult it was to shoot the Ashantees flying. The Fantees, no doubt, will pick up some stragglers, but are not likely to attack the Ashantees while crossing the Prah. The Houssas and other semi-regulars may, perhaps, do more, but the great battle will have to be fought in Ashantee. The reader must understand that this Proclamation is written for a purpose, and must not be led by it to suppose that the Ashantees are running away. They have eaten up the whole country, and finding that they cannot take the settlements upon the Coast, are returning with their spoil, which is considerable. They have met with some reverses; but these have been slight in comparison with their success. They can boast that they occupied our Protectorate; that for several months they remained close to Cape Coast Castle; and that even the new Governor did not venture to attack their camp. It is now evident that the troops should have been sent out with the General, kept on board ship like the Marines of the *Simoom*, and landed as required. Had that been done, it is by no means improbable that Wolseley would have destroyed the enemy at Mampon. As it is, they have the laugh on their side. We are sorry that a good chance has been lost, but we are glad that they are going home, and will let us go on making the road. It is not agreeable to live in an unwalled town with a force of 40,000 men only 15 miles off, and while Sir G. Wolseley was at Abrakampa there was a night panic in the town. The Proclamation must, therefore, be regarded as a bulletin in the Bonaparte style—especially the last paragraph. For, supposing that all our allies did act with quickness and with vigour (which is a violent hypothesis), the fall of the enemy and the peace of the country would certainly not thereby be secured. There is only one way in which that can be done—by a march upon Coomassie. Already the work is begun. As I write these words crowds of people rush screaming past the house, the earth shakes, there is a puffing and panting, and the grinding of enormous wheels, and a Steam Engine passes on the road towards the Prah.

The following is the Proclamation:—

"Garnet Joseph Wolseley, Major-General, Administrator.

"To all the Kings, Headmen, Chiefs, and Tribes of the Gold Coast, allies of Her Majesty the Queen of England, greeting.

"I desire that you should know that immediately after the attack made upon Essaman and Ampinee, and the destruction of those places by the English troops under my command, your enemies broke up their encampment at Mampon. Finding that they were unable to contend with us either in the open or in the bush, they are now in full retreat, endeavouring to return to their own country by Prahsue. One of their retreating columns has been attacked and dispersed by my troops near Dunquah.

"They are trying to carry with them in their flight all the goods of which they have robbed you, all the wives and children whom they have stolen from you.

"Men of the Gold Coast will you allow this?

"Will you let the hours slip by while your wives, your sons, and your daughters are being driven off to slaughter by the flying enemy.

"Will you not pursue them?

"Now or never is the time to show that you are men.

"I for my part shall hold no man as the friend of Her Majesty, or as the friend of this country, who delays for one moment.

"You have nothing to fear. I hold the whole road from here to Mansue, so that they cannot assail it. Gather upon my strong forts of Dunquah, Abrakampa, and Mansue. No one will venture to attack these points. Thence press onwards to the Prah and oppose your enemies as they are endeavouring to re-cross the river. If you now act quickly and with vigour, the fall of your enemy and the peace of your country will be secured.

"Given under my hand and public seal at Government House, Cape Coast, this thirtieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three and of her Majesty's reign the thirty-seventh.

"By command,

"W. Owen Lanyon, Acting Colonial Secretary.

"God save the Queen."

The Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, under date "Cape Coast Castle, October 29," also sends over a most interesting letter, from which the following is an extract:—

A steel-blue sea rolling great waves—a narrow boundary of sand, on which the rollers rise like crested walls of water—a monstrous fort on the beach, all towers, curtains, staircases, and courtyards—another, less picturesque, upon a hill. A ruined town, in which red walls hang tottering between heaven and earth, without support, continuation, or purpose apparent; in which gable-ends, with no gable visible, abound; in which whole rows of sashless windows admit the light of heaven from either side indifferently — a town, you would say, which had suffered the last extremities of war but two or three days ago. Low hills, sad-green of colour, surrounding it. A white house, peeping here and there through masses of more showy verdure. Such is one's first view of the spot for ever sanctified to the admirers of "L. E. L." Less brilliant than Sierra Leone in point of colour, the picturesque mass of the fort gives Cape Coast Castle an appearance much more imposing than the larger town can boast. It lacks the fine background, the broken shore, the deep red of sandstone, and the marvellous green of foliage, but the Castle compensates for every deficiency. I never saw a building of more romantic outline. In the midst is a huge tower, rounded at each corner, on which our flag happily still floats. Around it are buildings of every shape and height, walls, and battlements, and turrets. The importance of this place must, indeed, have been immense in the days of the Portuguese, to induce them to raise such a structure. And it is not only at Cape Coast that European nations have set up these monstrous castles. Nine miles away is Elmina, where the Dutch used to pride themselves upon possessing a rival show. And on the other side, nearer still, is Dix Cove, with Boutry Fort, and several more. But the glory of the builders' day has departed.

Nothing puzzles a distant looker-on like a bombardment, if he have no previous information about the circumstances. As we passed Boutry yesterday—if, indeed, the place in question was Boutry, a point not so certain as a conscientious correspondent might desire—we saw two men-of-war at anchor, with boats out. It was yet earliest morning, but our sailors had plainly been awake some time. Little snowy balloons seemed to expand over both ships and boats from time to time; and, as we drew closer, the boom of guns was heard. Passing a headland that hid the cove off which they lay, the shore proved to be concealed in dense brown smoke, on which the white gun-puffs seemed like bales of cotton-wool. The town of Boutry was in a blaze, and even, as it appeared, the conflagration stretched beyond the town to bush or harvest ground. Now and again, the morning breeze pierced the smoke, and then, as through a window, we could see the red walls of Boutry Fort overhung with the powder cloud; but whether the fort was bombarded or bombarding; whether it was firing into our ships, or aiding them to destroy the town; whether that unfortunate "location" was burned by accident, and all other forms that question could take about the business, remained without an answer, and so remain still. All that is known here is, that the *Merlin* and *Argus* went down the coast a week since. I am bound, also, to confess that very little curiosity is felt about their proceedings. Towns bombarded and burnt have been too commonly reported of late to arouse much attention.

Arriving at Cape Coast Castle about 1.30 p.m. yesterday, I was startled by the news that Sir Garnet Wolseley and all his officers had taken the field on Sunday night. I instantly prepared for a long night-march to Dunquah, where, as I was enabled to tell you in my last letter, the Fantee forces have their rendezvous. From the busy inquiries and the anxieties this information caused I was pleasantly diverted by hearing, on unquestionable authority, that the affair impending was a mere foray. Sir Garnet had left word that he would certainly return last night or this morning, and as the English mail is due to leave to-day, I thought it desirable to write off such news as we have, rather than to pursue a force which would probably be returning as I set out. On what information Sir Garnet lays his plans, and what those plans are, none but a very few, if any, are aware. Cape Coast Castle swarms with Ashantee spies, so it is believed. Our enemies are so intimately acquainted with the town and so many of them speak Fantee without a trace of accent, that they could—perhaps they do—walk into the streets and look about them, and converse, without danger of detection. With the possibility of such espionage in view, our General is most guarded in his movements. At midday on Sunday last no one knew of an advance impending, but at four p.m. the entire force disposable was on its way to Dunquah.

The first thing to do, when once I had satisfied myself that no night march to the front could be advisable, was to observe our Kossu allies, now about to land. They went over the side into large boats, twelve by a company. I observed with delight that the huge ju-ju drum was sent over by itself with all ceremony. What a collection of miscellaneous savages are we gathering against wretched Ashantee! All the gods of West Africa are invoked to fight him. Allah fights, or is expected to fight, with the Houssas of Addah, and every ju-ju and fetish from thence up to the Gambia is called to aid. Our Kossus went ashore very quietly, striking up their war song, we have learnt to know so well as they vanished behind the long rollers. When the last of them had gone over the side, I bade adieu to the pleasant vessel in which we had voyaged three weeks. The crew of my boat were Fantees. They sat upon the extreme edge of their craft, and dipped their paddles in perfect time, to the most monotonous song ever man sung. It consisted of one line only, to which, incessantly repeated, the paddles answered in a chorus of ten words. Travelling very slowly, now lifted on high, now descending the ocean depths, we made for shore. In a narrow bay between two rocks we eluded the towering surf, and landed with no worse accident than a sprinkling of spray. It remained to get out the baggage, and I looked with dismay at the crowd of loafing natives, with scoundrelism stamped upon their countenances, who clustered eagerly to the side. How, amongst so many, should a man look after his own? Help came from an unexpected quarter. A quiet-looking negro, in the picturesque undress of the West Indian regiments—white coat, red cap, and baggy breeches of dark blue, gave a signal with his hand, and fifty female porters came dancing through the crowd. They were all naked to the waist, and from the knee. Every age above childhood had its representatives, from the withered beldame who had lost all the beauties of sex to the slender girl who did not yet possess them. A willing, clamorous crew, they seized my packages, and hoisted them upon their heads. At a smile and a sign they ranged themselves in row, until the tale of goods to be conveyed was announced complete, and then, with merry laughter, they danced off to the shady portal of the fort. Our way here was stopped by another bevy, returning to the beat of a rhythmic song, with feet deftly changed and waving of arms and bodies. The expressions of face, and the laughterful, uproarous exchange of scolding, reminded me exactly of scenes beheld when one troop of dancers meets another at the "wing." In a few seconds, the steep, cool arch was clear, and the outgoers were busy as bees around huge packages of rice. We went on into the court. What swiftness of words, what scope of humorous expression, would be needed to describe the scene within! Fancy a vast court-yard, almost triangular in form, overlooked by the big tower and by staircases and balconies innumerable. Fancy it filled—piled up—with boxes, packages, and barrels, leaving only a middle passage. People it with a crush of women, amongst whom, like sailors swimming in a murky sea, appear half-a-dozen officers of the Commissariat, red with heat, perspiring under their helmets, laughing and scolding in a breath. With no more regard for them than a laugh, and an interpolated word in the endless song, the female porters execute their outward dance, and perform the heavy duties of their returning task. "Far hae I wandered and muckle hae I seen," as the old song has it; but the like of that courtyard "never saw I nane." Of order or organisation there appeared to be no vestige, and yet, looking at the same courtyard to-day, I understand the enthusiasm with which our transport officers regard their female gang. The arrangement, the decency which had been hopeless to attain with Kroomen, or with the villanous recruits of Sierra Leone, are achieved without difficulty by the women. "Just tip 'em a laugh and a punch in the ribs," said a Scotch sergeant to me to-day, "an' them there Fantee women will carry 200lb. each from this to Coomassie on their heads." Their strength is surprising, and their merriment inexhaustible. No work seems to daunt them, if they only get good-humoured encouragement from the officers. In physical force they are more than a match for those they call their lords, and their tractability seems to be beyond proof. The officials declare to me that more work has been done since last Monday, when the men of the transport were called to the front, than had been achieved during the previous three weeks.

In the very middle of the courtyard an intermitted scream of laughter, rising above the songs, the rhythmic patter of dancing feet, and the cheery sound of woman's voices, recalled to me the presence of our Kossus, who had landed ahead of me. Struggling after my porters through the steaming crowd, I made for the scene of fun. Fun it was, indeed. Our native warriors were drunk with excitement, mad with the vanity of "showing off" before so many women. I should be at a loss to imagine any contortions of which the human frame is capable, any flourish of sword or practice of jungle fight, which one or other did not execute. They danced and sang, they screamed and foamed, until the officers of the Commissariat, who stood around on rice bales, were sick with laughing, and demanded a cessation. Thereupon the great Ju-ju chief accoutred in the helmet I have told you of, mounted in state upon four warriors at once, and marched in triumph from the court, holding his scabbard in his left hand, with his sword half drawn in his right; and so they passed away to Prospect-hill, whence, after learning some small rudiments of soldiery, they will be sent to the attack.

The following letter is from *The Times* of Monday:—

Having learnt that Sir Garnet Wolseley has made his first strategic effort at Dunquah, for his other effort at Mampon was not successful, I am desirous of saying a few words about an old native friend. Dunquah is a town belonging to Otoo Abbaboo, Chief of Abrah, and he has always been a good and true friend to us in our broils with the Ashantees. But I do not wish to speak about the place. I seek rather to dwell on the virtues of the man.

I knew this excellent Prince most intimately and he is a grand sample of what an African Monarch ought to be. In his crooms of Abrah and Abrakampa he had established in 1860 schools for the instruction of children in European trades and in the Christian religion. He himself was, and I am convinced is, a devout pupil of Christianity and a sincere supporter of the British Government in all its attempts to modify the hard fate of the African of Upper Guinea. Unsupported by the example of his countrymen, he was the first potentate to revive the growth and cultivation of the cotton plant in the settlements in 1859; and he was anxious to accept and to pursue to the end any advice which, under favour of our flag, could add to the prosperity of Africa. He is a mild and benevolent sovereign, and among the number of his many amiable and inoffensive qualities used to be, and perhaps still is, his remarkable fondness for paying visits to the officers of the Government at Cape Coast, and of conversing with them for hours on matters which touched on the condition and career of England and which delineate the habits of the English.

He is of dark olive complexion, of immense stature and of predilections, as you may well surmise, in no way helping to the perpetuation of the leading sins of the land of his birth. He is sober, ingenuous, truthful, and brave.

As Otoo is of a temper not prone to barbaric pomp, the necklaces of Aggray beads or of massive gold, the fillets of silk wrought with charms round the temples, the rude lumps of rock-gold upon the wrists, the castanets of gold upon the forefinger and thumb for the enforcement of silence, are regal tricks of dress never to be detected about his person.

I am glad that Sir Garnet Wolseley is under the roof, homely as it is, of this splendid Chief, and acting cordially and vigorously with him. I think, also, that the day will yet come when Otto may be induced to revert to his former love of developing the agricultural resources of Abrah, and in such a direction he may fairly emulate the services which he is rendering to Sir Garnet Wolseley in the cause of war by falling once more as ardently as of yore into those peaceful views not altogether forgotten by himself, and not likewise altogether a dream to

A Director of the African Barter Company.

30, Gracechurch-street, E.C., Nov. 12.

MR. DISRAELI AT GLASGOW.

Mr. Disraeli was presented with an address from the Glasgow Conservative Working Men's Association on Saturday afternoon, and, in reply, spoke at some length upon current political topics. He justified at considerable length the allegations in his famous Bath letter, and quoted many instances of what he had termed the "plundering and blundering" policy of the Cabinet. The first matter to occupy the attention of Parliament in February would be the Ashantee war, and upon that subject his mouth was now closed. On the question of Paliamentary reform, which the Government had stated they were to consider, he thought it would be impossible to go farther without subverting the whole of the borough representation. Any proposal for a change would receive his full consideration, but he would not vote for any measure which was brought forward by an irresponsible individual on the eve of a general election for the purpose of a claptrap cry. It was unfortunate that of late years so much misunderstanding had taken place between employer and employed, and had given him much anxiety. He looked upon the contest which is commencing in Europe between the spiritual and temporal powers as being very grave. They all knew that a general election was at hand, and it was very probable that the fate of Europe depended greatly on the character of the next Parliament of England.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

In the course of his speech, referring to the relations of Capital and Labour, Mr. Disraeli said:—

It is an extremely painful thing that of late years we so frequently hear of misunderstandings between the employers and the employed—that they look upon each other with suspicion—with mutual suspicion—as if each were rapaciously inclined either to obtain or retain the greater share of the profits of their trade; those incidents with which you are all acquainted, of a very painful nature, being the consequence. Now, I am not talking of demands for an increase of wages when men are carrying on what is called a roaring trade—I believe that is the classical epithet (a laugh)—when a roaring trade is going on, I am not at all surprised that working men should ask for an increase of wages. But the trade sometimes ceases to roar (a laugh), when wages naturally, on the same principle, assume a form more adapted to the circumstances. But, no doubt, during the last twenty years there appears to have been, not a passing and temporary cause of disturbance like the incidents of trade being very active or reduced, but some permanent cause disturbing prices, which alike confuses the employer in his calculations as to profits and embarrasses the employed from the greater expenditure which they find it necessary to make. Now, I cannot but feel myself—having given to the subject as much consideration as I could—I cannot help feeling that the large and continuous increase of the precious metals, especially during the last twenty years, has certainly produced no inconsiderable effect—not only in trade, but no inconsiderable effect in prices. I will not on an occasion like this, enter into anything like an abstruse discussion. I confine myself to giving my opinion and the results; and this moral, which I think is worthy of consideration. If it can be shown accurately and scientifically that there is a cause affecting a prominent class, reducing the average remuneration of the employed, and confusing and confounding the employer in his calculations as to profits—if that can be shown, and if it is proved to be the result of inexorable laws, far beyond the reach of legislatures and of circumstances over which human beings have no control—I think if that could be shown, and employers and employed had sufficient acuteness and knowledge—and I am sure that in Scotland both will have to acknowledge that result—it would very much change those mutual feelings of suspicion and sentiments of a not pleasant character which occasionally prevail when they find that they are both of them the victims, as it were, of some inexorable law of political economy which cannot be resisted. I think, instead of supposing that each wanted to take advantage of the other they would feel inclined to put their shoulders to the wheel, accurately ascertain whether this be true, and come to some understanding which would very much mitigate the relations which subsist between them, I have little doubt the effect would be to increase the average rate of wages, with my views as to the effect of the continuous increase of the precious metals. But, at the same time, I have not the slightest doubt the employer would, in the nature of things, find adequate compensation for the new position in which he would find himself. (Cheers.)

Mr. Disraeli on Monday received a deputation from the Glasgow University Council, which laid before him some points in which it was held that the University Act of 1868 required amendment. The right hon. gentleman promised to give his careful consideration to the various points of the memorial. His first duty in this matter, however, would be to confer with the originator of the Act (Lord President Inglis) on the amendments proposed. This he would do, and afterwards weigh the subject with the care its importance demanded. The right hon. gentleman was afterwards present at a ship launch.

DISPUTED LEGACY DUTY.

In the Court of Exchequer, before the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Bramwell, Pigott, and Pollock, the cause of "The Attorney-General v. Cleave" has been heard, and was an information filed by the Attorney-General to recover legacy duty upon the reversionary shares to a fund forming the residue of the respective estates of Thomas Wood Cleave and Charity Ann Wood Cleave deceased.

It appeared that one Thomas Wood by his will bequeathed a sum of money to Charity Ann Cleave, a stranger in blood, for life, with remainder in equal shares to her children on their attaining the age of 21. The testator died in 1834. Charity Ann Cleave, the tenant for life, was the wife of Benjamin Cleave, and survived until the year 1870. She had seven children, all of whom attained the age of 21 during her lifetime; two of them died in the years 1848 and 1866 respectively, and upon their deaths, their father, as their sole next of kin, became entitled to their reversionary interests in the 2-7ths of the fund. The father died in 1867, having by his will bequeathed his residuary estate to certain legatees therein named. The executors of his will paid legacy duty upon such residuary estate, which included the value at the then market price of the day of the reversionary interests of his deceased children. Upon the death of the mother, which happened in 1870, these reversionary interests fell into possession, and, inasmuch as the father had not taken out administration to the two children deceased, it became necessary for some one interested under his will to do so in order to give a valid discharge to the executors of the original testator, Thomas Wood. The present defendant having taken out such administration, the Crown claimed legacy duty from him upon the passing of the childrens' interests to their father under the 2nd section of the Legacy Duty Act, 36 Geo. 3., cap. 52., secs. 2 and 6. The claim was resisted by the defendant on the ground that the reversionary interests passed to the father as "successions" within the meaning of the 14th sec. of Succession Duty Act, 16 and 17 Vic., cap. 51, and that, therefore, by sec. 18 of the same Act, one duty having been already paid, no further duty could be properly claimed in respect of such succession.

The Attorney-General argued that the devolutions of the childrens' reversionary interests to their father upon the respective deaths intestate were "legacies" strictly within the meaning of the 14th sec. of the Legacy Duty Act and that this Act being in full force, the Succession Duty Act applied solely to real estate passing by will and real and personal estate passing upon a death by virtue of some settlement made *inter vivos*—that, in fact, the two Acts of Parliament were distinct as regards the subject-matter of taxation, and that the present claim being made in respect of a "legacy" under the Legacy Duty Act, which contains no exemption from liability to duty upon each devolution, the terms of the 14th sec. of the Succession Duty Act did not apply.

Mr. Kingdon (for the defendant) maintained that the 18th sec. of the Succession Duty Act exempted from double duty, the transmission of the same property through a person entitled in reversion; that the transmission upon which a payment of duty was now sought was a succession within the term of the 14th sec. of the Succession Duty Act, and one duty having been already paid—viz., legacy duty—under the fathers' will, no further duty was payable.

Mr. Karslake replied on behalf of the Crown.

Their Lordships were unanimously of opinion that the Crown was entitled to judgment.

Judgment for the Crown accordingly.

THE ROBBERY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

On Thursday night in last week, a burglary was committed at Strawberry-hill, Twickenham, the residence of Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue. Entry was gained through a window left unfastened, and said to be the only one unconnected with an alarm-bell. Access was obtained to two rooms in which were jewel cases, some of which were opened and rifled. The following is a list of the articles stolen:—

One valuable diamond pendant brooch with 11 diamonds, one onyx and diamond locket, with eight stones; two combs, one gold and enamel; one handsome gold veil, with nine balls and tassells; one diamond locket; two rings, one pearl and diamond, one ruby and diamond; two knot brooches, one blue enamel and diamond, with the initials "A. E. T.," and one gold; one pair of coral and diamond earrings; one enamel and diamond cross, one enamel and pearl locket, one old-fashioned gold watch, one gold serpentine brooch, one gold chain, one pair of single diamond eardrops, one pair of black enamel and diamond ear-rings, one single emerald ring, one onyx seal, one small gold seal; four rings, one black enamel and diamond, one turquoise (half hoop), one thick plain, and one gold, with coronet and a carbuncle drop detached; one set of earring tops; and one Indian bead necklace.

It is evident (continues *The Times*) that the robbery had been well planned, for the window by which the thieves entered the house was the only one out of a large number which had no alarm bell attached to it. This fact must have been known to the thieves, who were also aware of the fact that two policemen came on duty at the house about nine o'clock. This accounts for the robbery being committed so early in the evening as seven o'clock. It is supposed that access to the window was obtained by climbing up a creeper on the wall of the house. An ante-room was first entered, and then the Countess's boudoir, the whereabouts of which must have been known. When a maid servant had occasion to go to the room she found the door fastened, and, knowing that the Countess was in another part of the house, she at once gave an alarm. It will thus be seen that the manner in which the robbery was planned and executed answers in almost every particular to the late burglary at Earl Russell's, Richmond Park.

AN AUSTRALIAN WILL CASE.

Wagga-Wagga has furnished to Victoria as well as to England a claimant to property (says the *Melbourne Argus*.) In the middle of 1872, Mr. Patrick Coady Buckley, a squatter in Gipps land, died, leaving property valued at about £60,000. So far as was known he died intestate and without any relatives. Administration of his estate was committed to two creditors who held a mortage over one of his stations. It was supposed he had no relatives alive. The Crown commenced proceedings in order to obtain the estate. Before these proceedings could come to a conclusion a claimant to the property appeared. His name is Thomas Maher, and he claims under a will made in his favour as far back as March, 1843. Maher, who is 59 years of age, and suffers from paralysis in the lower part of his body, was intimate with Buckley from his boyhood. He says that the will was made at his house on the Boloco Run, when Buckley was about to go to Gipps Land, and he was apprehensive that the blacks might take his life. The will was drawn up by one John Hennessey, who was in the employ of Buckley's father, and it was witnessed by Thomas Farrell and James Keighroll, who was then, as Maher says, on the wrong side of sixty. Both witnesses are now dead, but a man named John Nicholls, who was present at the making of the will, survives. Maher kept the will with his papers untill 1847, when, as he was about to go to South Australia, he left them with his brother-in-law, John M'Guigan. He got them back from him in 1864, and left them with one Peter Curley, who lived at Molengelo. In December, 1872, Curley, who was at the Lachlan, sent the papers to Mr. Hugh Agnew, formally postmaster at Eumerella, asking him to forward them to Maher. Buckley died in the early part of 1872, and, so far as was then known, intestate, and administration of his estate was granted to two creditors. Immediately after Agnew received the letter from Curley, Maher was advertised for in the *Maneroo Mercury*. The advertisement was seen by Mr. John Barry, a landowner, a friend of Maher, who forwarded it to him, he being then in the Wagga Hospital. The case has been partially heard, and adjourned.

MURDER OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

Once again (says the *North China Herald*) in the province of Szechuen, a Roman Catholic French missionary has been murdered, though he was provided with a passport for Peking in perfectly good order. The Rev. Pere Hue, accompanied by a native priest named Ta'y, went to the city of Ki'en-kiang-hi'en, with the intention of taking possession of a small house bought with the express permission of the high authorities of the province superior to the local mandarin, who, himself, seemingly acquiescing in the project, had previously informed the missionaries that nothing hindered their entering his territory. This mandarin, named Koui, has always shown a spirit of violent hate against foreigners and ill-will to Christians, whom, in spite of the Imperial edicts which generally he did not post up, he had constantly refused hitherto to admit within the limits of his subprefecture. As to the city people, they were all most peaceful and showing a good spirit towards the missionaries, whom they had oftentimes before invited to come and reside amongst them. Suddenly, on the 5th of September, the residence of the two missionaries was invaded by a mob, who, rushing upon them dragged them along the street, beating and wounding them until they had in their hands but two dead bodies. Naturally the mandarin Koui, to whom suspicion points strongly as the author of the riot, stopped quietly in his Yâmen throughout, and did not attempt to restrain the outbreak. Is it to be hoped that the foreign legations will at last join in a common understanding to put an end to such frequent, illegal, and abominable crimes?

The FRAUDS on the "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

At the Central Criminal Court, in London, on Monday, John Henry Yates, who pleaded guilty last sessions to forgeries to a large amount on the *Great Eastern* Steamship Company, was brought up to receive sentence.

Mr. M. Williams said the prisoner had unfortunately entered into some speculations on the Stock Exchange, and, like many others, though fortunate at first, he in the end, had lost large sums, and in order to make up his losses was tempted to appropriate money belonging to his employers, the *Great Eastern* Steamship Company. With the futile hope of retrieving his losses, he had gone deeper into speculation and ruin.

Mr. D. Straight, on behalf of the prosecution, had no desire to press unduly against the prisoner, but he believed the defalcations amounted to nearly £40,000. The money did not seem to have been spent extravagantly or recklessly in other ways than on the Stock Exchange, which seemed to be coming to a higher class of persons what the betting book was to the lower.

The Recorder said it was always painful to pass sentence on persons in the prisoner's position, but considering the station in life occupied by him and the trust reposed in him, he (the Recorder) never had a case before him which called for a more serious punishment. The sentence of the court was that he be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

Railway Securities.—In the City, the other day, "Railway Stocks opened with firmness." It is to be wished that there were in existence Railway Stocks which would shut as well as open, and could, having been opened out, be shut on the legs of certain persons. There are wanted on every line of Railway as many stocks as, in case of accidents from mismanagement, would suffice to hold all the Directors.—*Punch*.

Death of a Veteran.—The death on the 17th inst., at Waltham Abbey, is recorded of Serjeant Major William Livesey, aged 84 years, who served with the Royal Regiment of Artillery in the Peninsula from 1808 to 1814, being present at two sieges of Badajos and the battles of Albuera, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse. In 1814 he accompanied his battery to Canada, and was present at the reverse before Plattsburg. He received his discharge with a pension in 1839, and served as serjeant major of the West Essex Yeomanry Cavalry from 1852 to 1869, as an honorary member of which regiment he was buried at Waltham Abbey with military honours on the 22nd inst. He possessed the Peninsular War medal and five clasps.

Thought on Horseback.—We none of us like to lose the proficiency to which we may have attained in any art, accomplishment, pastime, or pursuit least of all to fall off in riding.—*Punch*.

Tidy Names.—So far as names of places are concerned the Singhalese language certainly stands in the front rank of all spoken tongues. In the Veyaloowa District there is a village termed "Galliappocondura-cirrhacoomhera." And another hamlet close by is styled "Keenloolagagollepoodama." A few more are "Ousekellapoodamakanda," "Boodoogeykondegamowa," "Kittoolanebaderangalle," "Poodemartour-necapella," "Ginegattoocapellaamblam," "Poolgahagederagamwa," "Kandettemaakaddegamowa," "Galendacapeljlakooroowecoole," "Gallapudichellacadda-watte," and so on!

A Little Inconvenience in Spain.—A correspondent writes:—"There is a little inconvenience connected with living in Spanish inns. But one knife is put on the table at meals; this one knife is intended, I presume, for the guest from a foreign land; the natives always produce shining blades with strong springs and horn hafts from unknown recesses about their person. These knives are useful in more ways than one; they are not restricted to the carving of dead meat. And it may be interesting to know that a Spaniard is never at a loss to discover a knife when the provocation comes, either of hunger or anger."

An American Wager.—An actor in America named Joseph Cloud has come to an untimely end, under rather singular circumstanses (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*). Mr. Cloud, it seems, lately made a wager for a large sum of money that he would perform a voyage by water in an open boat from Philadelphia to New Orleans within a stated number of days. He was not to eat or sleep ashore during the trip. He almost accomplished his task, but in the end unfortunately lost both his wager and his life. His arrival at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Evansville, Cairo, Memphis, and Vicksburg—which place he passed on the 1st ult.—was duly noted, and he was expected to arrive at New Orleans early last month. The *New Orleans Republican* of the 17th ult., however, reports that on his 93rd day out his boat was discovered running in an eddy opposite a plantation five miles above Piacnenune, over 100 miles from New Orleans. Inside the boat was found lying the unfortunate actor still alive, but in such a state of exhaustion that it was at once seen his recovery was hopeless. He was taken to the house of a planter, and every attention paid to him, but in twenty-four hours he breathed his last. A diary was found in the boat, in which it was stated that for four or five days he had suffered from excruciating pains in the back and "heavy shakes." These entries were the last he made, and his mental condition was so impaired when he was found that he was unable to give any account of his voyage, and sufferings. It is impossible not to pity his fate, but at the same time if people will make these foolish bets they must take the consequences, which, when they back their own powers of endurance, are often serious.

An Illusion Dispelled!—A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and serious illness. Seated in her boudoir, she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while ill. Among the names of counts, barons, and other aristocratic sympathisers emblazoned with coronets and coats of arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription "Hermann Berger." In vain the lady asked who Hermann Berger was. None of her servants could give her any other information than that the individual was a remarkably handsome yonng man. The lady's curiosity became excited, and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man, dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honour of a *tête-à-tête* with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady, with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

Warm Work.—There is a project—American—for keeping the Erie Canal open all winter by means of artificial heat. Should the enterprising proprietor succeed in converting the Canal into a magnificent warm bath—tickets to residents on the banks and their friends at reduced rates—he hopes afterwards to do something to make the North Pole a little more comfortable; and in time, perhaps, to raise the temperature of some of our highest mountains, so as to put an end to glaciers, avalanches, perpetual snow, and other trying accompaniments of an elevated position. He has our warmest wishes for his success, and we shall be glad to hear that he has managed to keep out of hot water himself.—*Punch*.

Many Happy Returns of the Day.—Mr. Disraeli lately spoke at Glasgow of "the spirit of the age." He need not mention *that* yet awhile, as he spoke with all the spirit of his youth. Brayvo, Codlingsby! You will be young in your old age, as you were Grey—*Vivian Grey*—in your youth.—*Punch*.

The Bible in Australian Schools.—The overland despatches of the *Melbourne Argus* of Oct. 9, state that the second reading of the Education Bill was carried after a lengthy debate by twenty-two votes against seven. The bill is now being considered in committee. The secular clause has been amended so as to provide for the reading of the Bible half an hour before school hours, unless a majority of the parents of the children attending shall signify their objection, the attendance of children at such reading not to be compulsory. Secularists intend petitioning against this clause. The compulsory principle has been unanimously approved, and a very large majority have pronounced in favour of free elementary education in the State schools.

The Licensing Act.—Last week was issued a Paliamentary paper, designated a nominal return of the licensing districts, in which the justices, in pursuance of the powers granted by section 24 of the Act 35 and 36 Victoria, cap. 94, have altered the hours of opening as fixed by the statute. In England and Wales, on Sunday, Christmas-day, and Good Friday, there were 42 alterations by opening at one p.m., and 70 closing at nine p.m., and two closing at eleven p.m. On all other days there were 65 opening at five or 5.30 a.m., 55 opening at seven or 7.30 a.m., 75 closing at 10.30 p.m., and 13 closing at 11.30 or twelve p.m. There are, including boroughs, about 890 licensing districts, in about 200 of which the justices have made alterations under the 24th section of the Act in the hours of opening and closing. The table shows that 114 alterations in the hours have been made as regards Sunday, Christmas-day, and Good Friday, and 208 as regards all other days. There is also one case as regards Sunday, Christmas-day and Good Friday, in which the first hour of closing is extended to three o'clock and another in which the second hour of opening begins at half-past six o'clock.

Emigration to New York.—Official returns made to the Bureau of Statistics show that during the quarter ended September 30, 1873, there arrived at the port of New York 68,588 emigrants, of whom 38,613 were males, and 29,975 females. There died during the voyage 40 males and 37 females. Of the total arrivals there were—from England, 15,399; Ireland, 13,190; Scotland, 2,791; Wales, 257; Germany 24,381; Austria, 926; Sweden, 2,139; Norway, 2,024; Denmark, 596; France, 1,540; Switzerland, 640; Spain, 92; Italy, 1,029; Holland, 851; Prussia, 1,208; Poland, 581; Hungary, 313; born at sea, 29. Ages—Under 15 years of age, 16,423; 15 years and under 40, 43,693; 40 years of age and upwards, 8,472.

Death of a Celebrated Cricketer.—James Grundy, of Nottingham, and who for twenty consecutive years was engaged at Lord's Ground, was found dead in his bed at Nottingham, on Monday morning. Death had resulted from suppressed gout.

"Lord Gladstone."—The *Constitutionnel* insists that the Prime Minister is Lord Gladstone, because he is First Lord of the Treasury, while the *Gazette de France* declares he is no Lord, not having a seat in the House of Peers. The *Figaro* now joins in the controversy, and says that the First Minister of the Crown is neither Lord Gladstone, Sir Gladstone, nor even Gladstone, Esq., but simply Mr. Gladstone, and none the less contented with this modest title. The French find it very difficult to understand our conventional designations. They cannot in the least see why a gentleman should be talked of as Mr. an written to as Esq., for instance.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Gentle Compulsion.—(From the *Gardener's Magazine*).—In the mild autumn many rosebuds escape the destruction that ensues upon a hard frost; and, as we go about among the roses, we see many half-expanded buds that needs just a little warmth and a little less rain to be enabled to open fairly into second-rate flowers. It need not be said that a bunch of second-rate roses in November is in its way a treasure, and many would prize it more highly than a bunch of first-rate roses in July. You may find, as I have done, many of these hard, damp, arrested buds, and would be glad of a hint on the possibility of persuading them to open. I will tell you of a method that you may practice with a certainty of reward for your trouble, but it needs practice to make the best of it and no one must expect to be thoroughly successful at the first start. I will suppose that on a tree of Souvenir de la Malmaison you can now find a nice lot of half-expanded buds that will rot without growing if left alone. We will first get a jug full of hot water—[illegible]—as hot as the hand can bear. We will next cut one of the half-expanded roses with as much stem as possible. The next thing to be done is to pull off the outside dirty petals, and then gently squeeze [illegible] so that the stalk only is in the water, for the flower must not touch the water. If it does not open nicely in five minutes, you have operated clumsily, [illegible] or something else has happened, and you must try again.

A Clever Thought.—At the recent New York election there was an additional glass box at every polling-place, for the purpose of receiving contributions for the *Memphis* sufferers. A voter who hangs back might in such a case yield to a request to go and put in five sovereigns for "a friend."

Personal Expenses of Legislators.—The estimates for the Legislative branch of the United States' Government have been prepared, and show an increase over those of any previous year. This is accounted for by the fact that the pay of members and senators now is more than heretofore. In lieu of the mileage accounts formerly considered are estimates for the actual travelling expenses of senators and members to and from the National Capitol. The estimates for salaries of Senators for next fiscal year are 555,000 dols., and for pay of officers and *employés* of the Senate, 144,080 dols.; for contingent expenses, 190,000 dols.; for salaries of members of the House the estimates are 2,400,000 dols.; salaries of officers and *employés*, 218,000 dols.; contingent expenses, 267,000 dols. Another cause of increase is that the number of members of the House is now 292, instead of 242. Under the old apportionment the mileage was reckoned on the basis of 10c. per mile each way, but under the new law, limiting mileage to actual travelling expenses, it is thought 3c. per mile each way will embrace all.

Cats by Auction.—A Bombay paper reports the recent sale by auction in that city of the cats belonging to the late Mr. Chisholm Anstey. They consisted when brought to the hammer, of fourteen cats and kittens. Since Mr. Anstey's death, ten of his feline favourites died at the bungalow; one escaped on the road to the auction rooms, leaving an empty basket behind it and fourteen only submitted to the ignominy of being brought to the auctioneer's hammer. The trusted Shaik Roostum was in attendance upon them at the sale; and he could scarcely help heaving a sigh at the thought of the comparative poverty and neglect to which they must submit in future years. They had been divided into ten lots, and accommodated in ten bamboo baskets. The fame of their late master had filled Shaik Roostum's mind with expectations which resulted in the saddest disappointment. The sale fetched rupees 20-8-0. The result mortified no one more than the trusted old butler Shaik Roostum.

The Pope's Successor.—The *Hour* learns from good quarters that by the privately expressed wish of Pius IX. the College of Cardinals have for some time consulted as to who would be the best person to elect as successor of the Holy Father, in the event of anything happening, suddenly or otherwise, to the latter. By a very considerable majority their selection has fallen upon Cardinal Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia, and there is little or no doubt but that he will be the next Pope. This prelate was born in 1810, and was made a Cardinal in 1853. He has resided but little at Rome, having throughout all the period of his episcopate—since 1848—been a hardworking bishop. He is a man of very decided views, being what is called an Ultramontane, but is of a very conciliatory spirit, and would no doubt live on terms of amity with the Italian Government. He is of unblemished character, very religious and pious in his life, and greatly respected even by the freethinkers of Italy.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—Monday.

Firmness has been the feature of the grain trade at Mark lane to-day. The supply of English wheat has been short. The trade has been firm, and the high prices asked have checked business, the actual transactions effected being only moderate at the extreme prices of Monday last. The show of foreign wheat was tolerably good. The demand, although not active, has been firm, and fine samples have been held for more money. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stands. Malting produce has been quite as dear. Grinding parcels have realised full currencies. Malt has changed hands at late rates. For oats, the supply of which has been moderate, there has been a healthy demand, and sound corn has been higher. Maize has been firm, and tending upwards in value. Beans have been steady, and 1s. per qr. dearer than last week. Peas have been disposed of on former terms. Not much business has been doing in flour, at last week's prices.

MARK-LANE.—Wednesday.

Although business at Mark-lane to-day has not been extensive, the tone has been firm, and prices have been steady. English wheat has been in very short supply, and, with a moderate demand, has realized full prices. There has been a fair show of foreign, for which the market has been firm, at late rates. The supply of barley has been moderate. The trade has been steady both for malting and grinding produce, at previous prices. Malting has been disposed of on former terms.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—Monday.

The total imports of foreign stock into London last week consisted of 9,115 head; in the corresponding week last year we received 10,701; in 1871, 15,653; in 1870, 12,463; in 1869, 12,471; and in 1868 3,817 head. No feature of importance has been noticed in the cattle trade to-day. The supplies of stock have been less than last week, and, as usual, there has been a scarcity of prime breeds from our own grazing districts. The receipts have been only moderate. Prime stock has been inquired for, and has commanded full prices, the best Scots and crosses making 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d. per 8lb.; otherwise, the market has been quiet. From Lincolnshire we received 25, Leicestershire and Northamptonshire about 1,250, from other parts of England about 250, from Scotland 63, and from Ireland about 700 head. Amongst the foreign receipts have been about 1,900 from Tonning, 18 from Spain, 220 from Holland, and 66 from Gottenburg. Sales in them have not been brisk, but for choice stock full rates have been paid. English sheep have not been freely offered. The trade for them has been firm, at full quotations. The best Downs and half-breds have sold at 6s. 10d. to 7s. For foreign breeds, of which a fair supply has been in the pens, the demand has been quiet on former terms. Calves have changed hands quietly, at late rates. Pigs have sold at previous currencies. Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s. 2d.; prime Scots, &c., 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 4d. to 5s.; second quality ditto, 5s. 6d. to 6s.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 10d. to 7s.; large coarse calves, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; prime small ditto, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.; large hogs, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; small porkers, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d. Total supply.—Beasts, 3,930; sheep and lambs, 14,830; calves, 80; pigs, 115. Foreign: Beasts, 1,140; sheep and lambs, 7,340; calves, 40.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—Monday.

The supplies of meat offering here to-day are moderately large. The demand for all descriptions is very dull, and prices continue weak:—Inferior beef 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.; middling ditto, 3s. 4d. to 4s.; prime large ditto, 4s. 6d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.; veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; inferior mutton, 3s. to 3s. 8d.; middling ditto, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; prime ditto, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.; large pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s.; small pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s.

HOPS.

There is not so much business doing in hops, either old or new, and prices in some instances are rather weaker, but any material decline is checked by the limited quantity remaining and the indisposition on the part of holders to effect sales. Foreign markets, generally, are firm, but not active. The imports of foreign hops into London last week consisted of 921 bales from Antwerp, 124 from Hamburg, 15 from Bremen, 220 from Terneuzen, and 224 from Rotterdam:—East Kent Goldings, £5 12s to £9 9s.; Mid Kents, £5 12s. to £9; Weald of Kents, £5 to £7; Sussex, £4 15s. to £6 10s.; Worcesters, £5 15s. to £7 10s.; Farnham, £6 15s. to £8 8s.; Country, £6 6s. to £7 10s.; Yearlings, £4 to £5 5s.; Bavaria, new, £6 15s. to £8 8s.; Belgian, £4 0s. to £4 16s.; Alsace, £7 to £7 15s.; French, £6 to £6 15s.

POTATOES.

With moderate supplies on offer the trade remains steady, and prices show little or no variation. Last week's imports comprise 230 tons and 6,855 bags from Antwerp, 399 sacks from Boulogne, 641 bags from Harlingen, 803 tons, 200 bags, and 905 sacks from Dunkirk, 6 bags from Amsterdam, 15 from Terneuzen, and 1,131 from Rotterdam. Regents, 100s. to 130s.; rocks, 60s. to 80s.; kidneys, 100s. to 120s. and Victorias and flukes, 110s. to 130s.

SEED.

London, Monday, Nov. 24.—There was not much new English Cloverseed offering; the finest qualities of red were held at very high prices. New American can be bought free on board at very moderate rates, but transactions in this description are limited. All white Cloverseed was fully as dear. Fine Trefoil was held with firmness, but sales effected were to a limited extent. Canaryseed was again dearer, with a ready sale. Large Hempseed brought full rates, but small qualities were easier to purchase. White Mustardseed sold very slowly, but there was no change in its value. The best brown was held with firmness, but few sales were effected, English rapeseed sold slowly at about former terms.

PROVISION.

London, Monday, Nov. 24.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 200 firkins Butter, and 3,535 bales Bacon, and from foreign ports 36,291 packages Butter, 1,106 bales and 240 boxes Bacon. Nothing new in the Irish Butter market. The supplies of foreign are large, and for some descriptions lower prices taken; best Dutch declined to 124s. to 126s. The Bacon market ruled dull, and prices of all descriptions declined 2s. per cwt.; best Waterford orders charged 72s. on board.

PRICES.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.:			Cheese, per cwt.:		
Dorset	140 to	146	Cheshire	56 to	80
Friesland	124	130	Dble. Glouc., new	66	76
Jersey	104	124	Cheddar	76	84
Eng. Fresh, per doz.	00	19	American	56	70
Bacon, per cwt.:			Hams: York	00	112
Wiltshire, dried	70	72	Cumberland	00	112
Irish, green, f.o.b	00	74	Irish	90	104

TALLOW.

London, Monday, Nov. 24.—The market is dull for Y.C. at 40s. 6d. per cwt. on the spot; but firm for Town Tallow, at 41s. net cash.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Town Tallow, per cwt.	43	6	Rough Stuff, per cwt.	16	6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs...	2	0	Graves ,,	19	0
Melted Stuff, per cwt.	32	0	Good Dregs ,,	6	0

Yellow Russian, new ......40s. 6d. per cwt.
Ditto Ditto old ......00s. 0d. ,,
Australian Mutton Tallow..42s. 9d. ,,
Ditto Beef Ditto..39s. 6d. ,,

HAY.

London, Saturday, Nov. 22.—Large supplies of hay and straw have been on sale here to-day. Trade has been dull, and prices have ruled as under. Prime clover, 80s. to 102s. 6d.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime meadow hay, 78s. to 80s.; inferior, 50s. to 60s.; and Straw, 33s. to 41s. per load.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 20s. to 35s. 6d.; red ditto, 15s. to 22s. [illegible] ditto, 20s. to 40s.; bloaters, 2s. to 3s. 6d. per box; kippers, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per box; [illegible] haddock, 20s. to 30s.; [illegible] whiting, 15s. to 22s. per basket; plaice 16s. to 20s.; [illegible] turbot, 5s. to 15s. 6d.; brill, [illegible] soles, 1s. 6d. to 3s. per pair; [illegible] lobsters, 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; [illegible] per dozen; [illegible] per bushel.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER FROM LORD TENTERBY—READING THE WILL—NELLY DEANE'S FUTURE PROSPECTS—THE TWO PROPOSALS.

Those who called Dr. Browne gruff and cross would scarcely have known him had they seen him as he spoke words of comfort to the desolate orphan, whose only earthly friend was so suddenly taken away. "Get her to bed as soon as may be," he said to Mary; "I will send a draught for her. You have people to do what is necessary?"

"Yes, sir; the neighbours are all very kind. I have not wanted help; all is done that can be done to-night."

"If you want assistance, or advice in any way," said he, pausing, "let me know. I will see you to-morrow"—and, pressing Nelly's hand, he left them.

Next day Nelly, in her humble home, wept till she could weep no longer, with the passionate grief of girlhood. Mary made no attempt to stay the torrent of her sorrow, knowing well the relief of tears—weeping herself, too, with the slow-coming, scalding drops which grief wrings from older eyes, and caressing her darling as she would have done when she was a little flaxen-haired child.

She tried to persuade her to enter the room where her grandmother lay "at rest," as Dr. Browne had bid her remember, but to no purpose. "Not to-night, Mary; not to-night," she said; "to-morrow, in the daytime; but not on this day when I left her to die alone."

"That's wrong, Miss Nelly," said the old servant; "it would grieve her if she could hear you; you did no wrong in going out; it might have been just the same if you had been only away on some trifling errand, for ten minutes—ay, five. You must not think of it so."

The morning found them both more composed, and able to think what should be done. Nelly knew her grandmother's cousin, Lord Tenterby, by name alone, yet he was the nearest relation she had, and must be written to; and it was with fear and trembling she indited a little note. Of her mother's relations there was none left that she knew of; she had been an only child and an orphan when she married Mrs. Deane's son, so her child seemed utterly friendless. Lord Tenterby's answer arrived in due course; an imposing-looking missive, bordered with black, and sealed with a huge coat-of-arms. The inside corresponded with the exterior:—

Tenterby Castle, 27th May.

"Lord Tenterby presents his compliments to Miss Ellen Deane, and regrets to hear of the death of his respected relative. Lord Tenterby will be in Earlsford on the day of interment, and will do himself the honour of waiting on Miss Deane, to confer with her about her future prospects. The family carriage will attend the funeral."

"To Miss Deane."

"O Mary, what shall we do?" said poor Nelly, when she had perused the pompous, supercilious epistle "I never thought of his coming here!"

"He must just take us as we are," she replied. "He might have made things very different to her, if he had chosen. I hope his conscience will prick him when he sees how she lived for years, and never murmured, poor lamb!"

The note was shewn to Dr. Browne, who read it with a curious expression of face.

"Your future prospects, Nelly," he said gravely; "you have not thought much about that?"—

"No," said Nelly; "but I must, after"—

"Don't be precipitate, child; if this lord offers you a home, (as I am inclined, from the style of this note, to think he will), don't accept it too hurriedly; you don't know what the life of a poor relation in a rich man's house is. Take time to consider,—take a month,—a week,—promise that you will."

Nelly promised, wondering inwardly at the doctor's earnestness, in a manner with which he could have no concern; and she despatched another timid little note, thanking his lordship for his condescension. The day of the funeral came at last, after what seemed an interminable week to the watchers in that lonely house; and all that was mortal of Mrs Deane, was laid in her quiet grave. Nelly's passionate grief was over, and it was with a calmness that surprised herself, that she looked for the last time on the placid face, and afterwards heard the melancholy cortege move from the door.

Lord Tenterby kept his word; and a magnificent carriage, with a fat coachman, and supercilious footman, made its appearance at the appointed time, bringing all the dwellers in the little street to their doors and windows, to wonder at the splendour of poor Mrs Deane's connexions, and to speculate whether Nelly would be borne away in that overwhelming equipage, to spend her future life in a sphere of corresponding greatness. The footman brought a note, appointing four o'clock for his Lordship's visit to his young relation; and Nelly bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, and awaited his coming, with her heart beating tumultuously. She had often heard her grandmother speak of his lordship, and knew he was considered a harsh, pompous man by those who knew him, and she was terribly anxious as to the result of their intercourse. "I'm so frightened, Mary," she said, as Mary arranged the little room, and wiped a slight trace of dust from the old-fashioned table, bright with the polishing of years; "I shan't know what to say, or how to speak to him."

"Just you speak from your own heart, Miss Nelly, dear; say what you think will be right, and mind what the doctor said—if he offers to take you home to the castle, don't you be in a hurry to accept; maybe something will turn up."

"Something may," said Nelly, her tears falling on her neat black dress: "but I don't see what. O Mary! I wish we could always live on here."

"I wish we could, deary, for her sake. Now don't you cry so, things 'll turn out quite different to what we expect, see if they don't; you shan't go with him any way."

"I'd rather go to service," said Nelly, through her tears; "or be a teacher. I think I could teach very little children, Mary, I'm so fond of them."

"Of course you could, and big ones too, if you tried; oh, we'll do something, never fear; I'll set my old wits to work, when all this is over, and see what I can think of; that's right, my darling, let me see you smile." And so the faithful old servant strove to cheer the desolate girl, while they waited the coming of her titled relative.

The mourners returned from their solemn duty to the dead, and assembled in the little parlour, filling its tiny space, though they were but few. Close upon their arrival came Lord Tenterby. He was a tall, stout man, loud-voiced and pompous; and looked doubly so in the small room with its worn carpet and old-fashioned appointments. He sat down with a patronising and supercilious air, while the little document which formed the will of Mrs Deane was read, and cast a somewhat scornful look at the two or three pages, as if he thought such a will hardly worth making or listening to. The lawyer who had drawn it up, and who had managed the affairs of the deceased lady, and Dr. Browne, who at her request, made some time before her death, had consented to act as executor, were the only persons present besides Nelly and her faithful attendant—the two or three who had attended the funeral out of respect to the widow having gone their way. There was not much to read; Mrs Deane's income had been too small to admit of much saving; yet she had managed to accumulate about £200 in the years of her widowhood. Of this, £50 was left to "her old and valued servant, Mary Jones; together with a few articles as tokens of remembrance; the remainder was Nelly's after the payment of all debts and claims from other parties. They were but few; Mrs Deane had "paid as she went," and about £30 covered the expenses of her simple funeral and all her debts. To Lord Tenterby there was left a curious, antique ring, which he well remembered as having been in the family for many generations; and the orphan Nelly was commended to his care in a few touching words.

"That is all," said the lawyer, when the last page was turned.

"And a very clear, business-like document," said his lordship, with an approving wave of his hand. "My deceased relative was a woman of great good sense, remarkable clearness of intellect, and strength of mind. I regret extremely that circumstances over which I had no control should have prevented more familiar intercourse between us."

"I should have imagined, my lord," said Dr. Browne, quietly, "that nothing but your own will could have prevented the intercourse between one in your position and a lady situated as Mrs Deane

From any one else Lord Tenterby would have resented this speech; but though not resident within the bounds of the doctor's practice, he still knew something of his character and peculiarities; so his reply was intended to be apologetic and conciliatory. "True," he said, with some appearance of hesitation; "but, doubtless, you are aware, as a long resident in this place, of the reason which caused the separation between my respected relative and her family; of the mesalliance—the—a"——

"Pardon me, my lord," said the doctor, glancing to where Nelly sat, with her hands folded in her lap; "this is hardly the time to discuss that question, especially in the presence of the young lady who has been assuredly the greatest sufferer by the mesalliance, as you term it, though I question if it is a right word to use in speaking of a union which, by all accounts, was a very happy one."

"I spoke of it in a family sense, my dear sir; but you are quite right; I did not come here to speak of that, but to talk to Miss Deane about her future prospects. Don't go away, Mrs.—a—a—what's your name?" he continued, as Mary rose respectfully to leave the room; "I should like you all to hear what I intend to do for this young lady."

There was something indescribably offensive in the patronising tone in which these few words were spoken, and the blood rushed in an indignant flush over Nelly's pale cheek as she met his arrogant look. Involuntarily she placed her hand into Mary's lap, who clasped it as if she understood what was passing in the mind of her foster-child. Dr Browne said nothing, but he looked from Nelly to his lordship, and back again, and wanted to hear what was to follow.

"You have no property of your own, Miss Deane?" Lord Tenterby asked, turning to her.

"No sir—my lord," stammered Nelly, blushing.

"Nor anything to depend upon, except the pittance that will gives you?"

"Nothing."

Her self-possession had returned again; the affected, if not contemptuous, pity of his voice reassured her more than any kindness would have done.

"And what do you intend to do?"

"I have hardly had time to think," she replied; "I shall have to earn my own living somehow; how, I have hardly decided yet."

"Good," muttered the doctor to himself; "independent! she'll do."

"Go out as a governess, or a companion, I suppose," his lordship said, somewhat coldly. "Pardon me, my dear young lady, if I say that *I* cannot permit such a step. What would the world say if it knew that Lord Tenterby's cousin was drudging for a living?"

"The world might say what it would," growled Dr. Browne, *sotto voce*; "as long as it did not come to your aristocratic ears. But go on, my lord, let us hear what *you* have to propose; I may have something to say by and by."

Nelly did not speak, and his lordship continued—

"I am empowered by Lady Tenterby, (the best of women, my dear,) and my daughter Arabella, who is an invalid, and the only one of my family remaining at home, to offer you a home in our house. Our house-keeper, under whose charge you will be, is a very worthy woman; and nothing will be asked of you in return, save some little attendance on her ladyship, and Miss De Burtt, and such light needle-work as"——

"In short, my lord," said the doctor, breaking in, "you offer this young lady (a relation, as you so emphatically insist upon, well brought up, intelligent, with feelings as sensitive as your own wife and daughter) a situation as lady's-maid and sempstress in your family, without the salary usually belonging to such a service. Your goodness and benevolence do you much credit, Lord Tenterby!"

"Sir!" said his lordship, indignantly; "I will not permit your interference. Allow me to remind you that you have nothing to do with the matter under discussion, unless indeed you intend providing for the '*young lady*' yourself."

"I have made no such proposition."

"Then be good enough to let her speak for herself.—You have heard what I have offered you, Miss Deane; there is a shelter for you, if you choose to accept it."

An indignant swelling in Nelly's throat almost prevented her replying; but she overcame it, and spoke:—

"I am very much obliged to you, my lord," she said; "deeply grateful for your kindness to a friendless girl; I have no home, or shall have none by and by, too soon, I fear, and you have offered me one, far more splendid than I ever thought of; yet, if you have no objection, if it will not inconvenience you, I should like a little time before I decide. I am so confused, that"——

Her self-control gave way, and she burst into tears. Her aristocratic relative looked at her with a sort of pitying contempt, as he might have looked at a little child that needed humouring, and when her composure was somewhat restored, he spoke again.

"Certainly, my dear young lady," he said, "it is a step which will influence your whole life, that you have to decide upon. And pray, how long," he continued, with a disagreeable smile, "will it take Miss Ellen Deane to consider whether she will accept a home at Tenterby Castle?"

Nelly hesitated; had she dared, she would have taken a long time; but she was afraid of her lordly cousin, and his patronising manner, so she replied:—

"I think—that is, if you please, my lord,—I should like a week to consider your kind offer."

"A week! many young ladies in your position would not have taken an hour. However, be it as you will," he continued, rising, and drawing on his gloves; "this day week I shall expect a written answer to my proposition. Of course you will have but one answer to give, when you have considered the matter; so everything will be in readiness for you, as soon as you can arrange to come to us." And extending his hand to the trembling girl, and bowing stiffly to Dr. Browne, he left the room, without noticing, by so much as a nod, either Mary or the lawyer.

The last-named personage hastened away as soon as his lordship had taken his departure; the doctor lingered. Nelly had thrown herself on the sofa, regardless of his presence, and was weeping bitterly, though silently. All the pent-up feelings of the past few hours would have way now. She cried on in silence for a time, till the violence of her grief was somewhat spent, when she was roused by a gentle touch, and looking up, she saw the doctor bending over her.

"Nelly, my poor child," he said, with a strange softness in his tone and manner, "look up, and speak to me."

She dried her eyes, and sat up, and he seated himself by her side, and took her hand.

"You remembered your promise to me, Nelly, to ask yon proud lord to give you time to think, before you accepted his contemptible offer; you did well."

"Lord Tenterby was very kind," faltered the poor girl; "I have no claim upon him."

"Not upon his *purse* perhaps; but every one in sorrow has a claim upon a man's feelings. Never mind him; I had a reason for telling you not to decide too quickly. Will you let *me* help you?"

"You, Dr. Browne?"

"Yes, me. Listen to me, Nelly. I have neither friend nor relation in the world; I have wealth, as you know. Let me be your protector! come and cheer my home; be my wife, Nelly Deane!"

"Sir!—Dr. Browne!" said poor Nelly, in amazement, and staring at him; for the thought crossed her that the worthy doctor had suddenly gone out of his mind.

"I am serious," he replied; "I am an old man, Nelly, and you are young; too young, perhaps, the world would say, to marry me; but that is for you to decide. My home is very lonely; how your bright young face would cheer it, I cannot tell you. Come! and let me stand between you, and the rough world; you have seen what tender mercies are in store for you, in your grand relative's household. Come to me, and let my love be your shelter."

Nelly was silent, her heart swelled to her throat, and she could not speak. She was touched by the generosity which she knew prompted the offer, though there was no answering love in her young heart.

"You are silent?"—he said at length; "you tremble!—you are not afraid of me, Nelly?"

"Oh, no, no!" she replied, warmly; "you are so good, so kind, but"——

"Ah, I see," he said, regretfully; "I ought to have thought of the buts. Does that but mean that the heart I seek is not yours to give? that there is a younger, brighter image shrined in it? Speak, my child, is it so?"

"No," she answered, softly; "it is not that; no one has ever sought me. I am heart-whole. Dr.

"I do believe you," he answered; "I would not hurry you. You shall give me my answer to-morrow. If you think you can give your 'hand and your heart in it' to an old man like me, tell me so; and if not,—well, tell me, and I will be content. Till then; God bless you, and keep you?"

He drew her to him, and kissed her on the forehead, gravely and tenderly, as a father might kiss a dearly loved child; but there was something of sadness in his tone as he bade her "good night," for the brown eyes had looked trustingly and fearlessly into his face, and he fancied he read in their honest depths, what Nelly's answer would be.

(*To be Continued.*)

LINES ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MY WEDDING DAY.

By the late Christopher Jewison, Esq.

'Tis fifty years, this very day,
When I first pledg'd my troth
To Sarah, my beloved wife,
For better or for worse.
She then was blooming as the rose,
And, like me, unaware.
That wedlock's pleasures must in time
Produce some Wedlock's care.
We wedded not for paltry pelf,
As I might clearly prove;
The principle we acted on
Is called by youth—"True Love."
A slender tie, my friends, indeed,
Not always doomed to last;
Requiring other aids to help,
Ere fifty years are past.
With spirits buoyant as the air;
With health and strength endow'd,
We battl'd with the storms of life,
Its rugged furrows ploughed.
And truly I may say our lives
Have been a chequer'd scene
Of disappointed hopes and fears,
With sunny gleams between.
And yet how thankful we should be,
Now fifty years are o'er,
To say, each added year we live,
We love each other more.
But don't believe these fifty years
Have passed without a frown,—
In married life so long a truce
Is certainly unknown;
Unless between some stolid dolt
Whose partner, deaf and blind,
Bereft of all accomplishments
Which graces womankind.
The little crosses which to-day
Give transient pain or sorrow,
'Twixt man and wife, soon die away,
Bring greater joys to-morrow.
Of this we may all be assured,
However large our treasure,
If upon earth we know no pain,
We can enjoy no pleasure.
Tis Winter's blasts, with hail and storms,
'Benumbs with cold and pain,
Which gives the zest and cheers the soul,
When summer comes again.
The dwellers in the Torrid Zone,
I'm told do vainly pray,
For what?—why, just for what we call,
A cool, November day.
The world, and all therein contain'd,
Is wisely doom'd to change,
Except one thing, which, it appears,
Our Maker did arrange;
Which I need briefly but to name,
And which we must approve,
A woman's heart will never change—
Forsake the man she loves.
The clouds sometimes obscure the sun,
And slowly seem to move;
Yet still he shines without a change,—
So 'tis with woman's love.
Soon as the clouds are chas'd away,
His rays do brighter shine;
A pleasant word in wedded life
Will both their hearts entwine.
Whatever pleasure we may find
'Midst friends in passing life,
None do endure like "home, sweet home,"
Cheer'd by a faithful wife.
In pondering o'er these fifty years
What mighty scenes have past;
Empires and kingdoms trodden down,
By war's destructive blast.
Whilst Britain—Mistress of the Sea—
Preserv'd her soil from harm,
Remains the Isle of Liberty,
And fears no wars' alarm.
Her wealth, increasing year by year,
The envy of all lands,
Destin'd for ages to endure,
By the Creator's hand.
Then let our song be "Church and State,"
No enemy between;
Our homes, our children, and our wives,
Our country, and our Queen.
And when our days with friends on earth
All finally are gone,
May we, and they, with Christ be found
With wedding garments on.

C. J.

RE-OPENING OF THE METHLEY PRIMITIVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On Sunday, November 24th, the above school was re-opened, when Miss Weston, of Leeds, preached two able sermons, in the morning at half-past ten, and in the evening at six o'clock. Mr. Winterburn conducted the afternoon service. There was a good attendance at all the services.—On Monday, an excellent tea was provided in the school-room, and the following ladies presided:—Mesdames Burnley, Poulter, Parrott, Inman, Jackson, Eastwood, and Mrs. Winterburn. After ample justice had been done to the many good things provided, the tables were cleared, and the forms set in order for the concert. Mr. Burnley was voted to the chair, and gave an excellent speech, in which he spoke of the progress they had made during the last eight years, having built property of the estimated value of £1200, and raised nearly £750 during the above period, towards the same. He urged his hearers to give themselves to Christ, and become labourers in his vineyard—not idlers, looking on, there were too many of that kind already—and assured them that as we laboured for the elevation of mankind, and the good of those little ones God hath given to our charge, we should in no way lose our reward. He owed much to the Primitive cause, and he hoped to be useful with them and for them; he would not detain them longer, but introduce to them his friends from Carlton.—The Primitive Methodist Choir, from Carlton, then gave the celebrated Service of Sacred Song, entitled "The Pilgrim's Progress," in a very efficient and praiseworthy manner. The singing of Mrs. Tom Frost and Messrs. Albert Newton, Squire Newton, and Samuel Goldthorp, were highly appreciated, and, altogether, the concert was a decided success. After the customary votes of thanks to the ladies, the choir, and chairman, the benediction was pronounced, and thus one of the most pleasant evenings we have ever spent was brought to a close.—*Communicated.*

THE BISHOP-ELECT OF ELY.—Last Sunday evening, the Bishop-elect (Dr. Woodford) preached his final sermon as vicar, at the Leeds Parish Church, before a large congregation. Dr. Woodford will not preach his valedictory sermon at the parish church until after his consecration as Bishop of Ely on the 14th of December. The officiating prelates at the consecration will be the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of Ripon.

FOUND DROWNED.—An inquest was held by Mr. Taylor, coroner, on Saturday last, at the John O'Gaunt's Inn, Rothwell Haigh, on the body of Thomas Garside, aged 45 years, who had been living some time with his niece, Sarah Garside, of Simon's Bottoms, Churwell, near Leeds. It seems the deceased was a man of weak intellect, but quite harmless, and was in the habit of daily fetching the milk from a house only a short distance from where he resided, he went out on the 28th of October, between five and six o'clock, with a can, to fetch a quart of milk, but, somehow or other, the poor man never returned. It is supposed he may have been bewildered, and lost his way. The last time he was heard of alive, was at or near Thwaite Gate, where a tram-way is being laid. He was seen there by a night watchman, and was allowed to sleep in the watch-box, until next morning, at this time he had the milk can with him. Nothing further was heard of him until Thursday last, the 20th instant, when a young man, named Wade, living at Waterloo, saw his body floating in the middle of the canal, and, with assistance, brought the body to the bank-side, and removed it in a cart to the John O'Gaunt Inn, where it was identified by his friends by a boot and stocking on one of his feet, no other article of clothing been left upon him. The poor fellow must have been in the water about three weeks.—The jury returned a verdict of—Found drowned, there being no evidence to show how the deceased got into the water.

Local Board Meeting.

THE usual Fortnightly Meeting of the Rothwell Local Board was held on Monday last.—Present: J. CHARLESWORTH, Esq. (Chairman), Messrs. W. HARGREAVES, SANDERSON, DICKINSON, BUMBY, and WEBSTER; S. HARGREAVES, Clerk.

Mr. JOWITT, the nuisance inspector, reported that Mr. Farrer is repairing one nuisance, near the Mill Dam, but that the principal thing he had still to complain of, was the 'Bye-Wash' of stagnant water near the mill, into which sewers and privies discharge, and which had not been cleaned out for a very long time. —After mature deliberation, it was the opinion of the Board that it was the duty of the owner, or his agent, to abate the nuisance, as no surveyor had done it, so far as could be ascertained. Mr. Farrer was therefore requested to have the same immediately attended to. —Mr. Jowitt having intimated that Mr. Farrer has £32 in hand belonging to the Royds-Green portion of the Wakefield and Aberford Turnpike Trust, a somewhat amusing conversation ensued, as to the use to be made of it; Mr. SANDERSON urging that as it was obtained from the ratepayers of Royds-Green, they ought in some way or other to have the benefit of the money, and that it ought not to go into the General District Fund. The CHAIRMAN here reminded Mr. Sanderson of his remark a month ago, that 'they were all one family now,' and, as the money was paid for the repair of the roads, it would still be used for that purpose. Mr. Jowitt was therefore requested to ask Mr. Farrer to pay the amount to the collector.

After discussion, it was proposed by Mr. HARGREAVES, seconded by Mr. DICKINSON, "That the Clerk write to Mr. Smith, the owner of property occupied by Mr. T. Barrett, in the Main Street, to abate the nuisance" complained of at the last meeting. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Messrs. W. Lunn and J. Ellis being introduced, submitted plans of the proposed new Primitive Methodist Chapel and Schools, for the scrutiny and approval of the Board. After having been examined, a resolution proposed by Mr. HARGREAVES, and seconded by Mr. BUMBY, was carried, passing the plans, and giving them liberty to build as soon as they desire.—The deputation having thanked the Board, then withdrew.

Mr. HARGREAVES rose to move a resolution of which he gave notice last meeting, viz.:—"That two carts and horses be purchased by Messrs. Kendrew and Dickinson for the use of the Rothwell Local Board." Several reasons were adduced for the purchase, Mr. DICKINSON saying that by the present system of 'hire' they could not get the dirt led off and patching done on the roads when it was needed, but had to wait till they could get the loan of horses and carts, whereas, if they did their own leading, they could do these things when required. Mr. HARGREAVES also said that by their bye-laws (when they came into force), the Board would be compelled to remove the night-soil before eight o'clock in the morning. Mr. DICKINSON assured the Board that it cost £20 a month to repair the roads and lead off the dirt at present. Mr. SANDERSON, referring to the satisfactory state of the Royds-Green Road, and comparing it with the Leeds and Pontefract Roads, the CHAIRMAN called his attention to the wretched condition in which they were when the Board was formed, declaring that the metal was all but gone, and assuring Mr. Sanderson that when they had got it completely covered, the Leeds and Pontefract Roads would be in as good condition as those of Royds-Green, and that a very small outlay would then keep them in repair.—A vote being taken, for and against the proposition, it was found that the numbers were equal,—the Chairman gave his casting vote in favor of the purchase.

Dr. HEOPS, the medical officer, having been introduced, he stated, in reply to the Chairman, as to "whether any steps had been taken for the prevention of the spread of scarlet fever in the village," said he had done all he could to arrest the disease by advice, he had also written to the managers of the various schools in Rothwell, stating that, in his opinion, the schools ought to be closed for the present, as he had found that most of the children affected had gone to school up to the time of the commencement of the disease, or before they are thoroughly well again. The National Day School is closed for a fortnight." In reply to various questions from the Board, the Doctor said "that scarlet fever is a specific disease, and does not arise from any special nuisance, as typhoid fever." Being asked if there was no means of preventing its spread, he replied that "Removal from all sources of contagion, was the most manifest, the surest, and probably the only means of arresting and prevention of the disease, and isolation of all cases, and, as far as possible, to not allow the admission of people, particularly children, into infected houses. The contagious material may be taken up by clothes, and retained by them for a great length of time; therefore, all articles of clothing removed from affected persons should be carefully disinfected, as, considering the slight volatility of the poison, a person (himself not liable to the disease) may become a disseminator of it." A member here said that he had heard of one case on Sunday, where children had been freely admitted to see the body of a child who had had the disease very bad, asked if the Board had not the power to stop such headlong running into danger. The Doctor also stated that "heat being the only means whereby the morbetic principle is destroyed, the clothing, as far as possible, should be properly purified, by being plunged into boiling water on being taken off, it might be the means of saving other parties in a house from having the fever." The Board manifested extreme anxiety to use the best means they had in their power to prevent the further spread of this fearful disease; and as the evidence of the Doctor showed that the means of prevention laid with the people themselves, it was decided that the Medical Officer be requested to draw up a public notice, of general precautions, for placarding the village, and earnestly hopes the people will use the greatest care, and pay attention to the advice tendered.

Mr. HARGREAVES then rose to propose the second motion of which he gave notice last meeting—"That the Board engage an engineer, for the purpose of surveying and levelling the Township of Rothwell, with a view to a complete scheme of drainage next spring." After showing the difficulty of forcing people to make drains on their property, when no main drain existed to which they can direct their refuse, the motion was carried. Mr. BUMBY seconding.

It was then proposed by Mr. SANDERSON, seconded by Mr. DICKINSON, and carried unanimously, "That we advertise for tenders to survey and level the Township of Rothwell, in *The Leeds Mercury, Yorkshire Post, Wakefield Express, Wakefield Herald*, and *Rothwell Times*. Estimates to be sent in before December the 9th.

Accounts to the amount of £00 were ordered to be paid.

The Board here requested the Collector to get in as speedily as possible the rates in arrear, and at the next meeting to submit to the Board a list of rates owing.

SUDDEN DEATH AT ROTHWELL.—On November 25th, an inquest was held at the Coach and Horses' Inn, by Thomas Taylor, Esq:, coroner, on the body of Wm. Bennett, an old man, 74 years of age, who was found dead in bed on Sunday last. His wife, 84 years old, was his only attendant. They had, some months' ago, been removed to the workhouse, but shortly returned, not being satisfied, and lived in a small cottage by themselves. The jury returned a verdict—Died from natural causes, aggravated by want of attention.—In respect to his memory, the Rothwell Brass Band played "The Dead March in Saul" as the funeral proceeded to the Church.

J. C. DOBSON,
RENT AND DEBT COLLECTOR,
ROTHWELL,
NEAR LEEDS.

B. CLARK AND CO.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
ROTHWELL,
Invite public attention to their Stock of pure unadulterated NEW SEASON TEAS. Those deserving special notice as for general use, are their STRONG ASSAM FLAVOURED MIXTURE, of genuine Black and true Green Teas, at 2s. 8d., per pound. Also their PEKOE SOUCHONG FLAVOURED MIXTURE, at 3s., lb.
These really good and cheap Teas are an excellent combination of quality, strength and flavour, and are recommended with the greatest confidence.
LEEDS HOUSE, B. CLARK & Co.

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—8-25, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 8-35, 16-3.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-17, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-50, 11-47, 1-46, 5-16, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate).—7-5, 8 8, 9-40, 10-17, 10-58, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 9-9, 10-17. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-56.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate.) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22, 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-58, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 5-0, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52, 9-15. Sundays, 10-22, 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-25, 8-0.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-2, 2-48, 5-0, 6-21, 8-8. Sundays, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

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WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,
48, HUNSLET LANE, (Opposite Theatre Royal), LEEDS.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend LAW'S did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.

The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For LAW'S suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try LAW'S Goods for Fit and Price.

STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.
STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.
BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/6; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-
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The prices are arranged on the lowest possible scale. The Truss can be forwarded by post on receipt of the size round the body, and Post Office Order payable at Brighton, to WEST & LONG, Surgical Instrument Makers, 19, Middle-street, Brighton, from whom only the Truss can be obtained.
A Descriptive Pamphlet, 3 stamps.
A Single Truss........7s. 9s. 12s.
A Double Truss...... 12s. 16s. 21s. } Postage free.
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1873-4.
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DYSON'S WORKMAN'S WATCH, £2 5s., Stout Silver Cases guaranteed.
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Saturday, November 29th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. I, No. 6. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CURIOSITY.—To be seen in Mr. Marshall's window (the *Rothwell Times* Office), side by side, a copy of the *London Times* for 1789, and No. 1 of the *Rothwell Times* for 1873. All who are curious will be interested in the comparison.

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A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend LAW'S did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.

The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
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TEA 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
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IRON BEDSTEADS, full size from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, complete from - - 21/-

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Should not fail to call at the
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPY.,
And inspect their large Stock of
MENS' & BOYS' WINTER CLOTHING,
For Style, Quality, and Price cannot be surpassed. All the newest patterns in Wool Shirts, Mufflers, Scarfs, &c.

FELT HATS, CLOTH and SEAL CAPS,
Rugs, and Railway Wrappers, West of England Scotch and Yorkshire Woollens.

FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPANY,
NEW MARKET STREET.
Adjoining Central Market, & opposite Corn Exchange LEEDS.

LEEDS ASSIZES.

The above Assizes have been held during the past week, at the Town Hall, Mr. Justice Archibald, presiding.—In addressing the Grand Jury, his Lordship congratulated them on the comparatively small number of persons awaiting trial, and said that, whereas in 1869, the calendar included 60 charges—this year there were only 37 persons. After referring to several cases in particular, his Lordship dismissed the Grand Jury to their duties.

THE first case brought up was against JANE WORTH and ANN PEARSON, charging them with robbing a farmer, named James Ellis, living at Beeston, of his watch. They were both sentenced to *nine months' imprisonment*.

CHARLES PARKER, labourer, was sentenced to *two years' penal servitude*, for savagely wounding a man, named Gamble, at Sheffield.—Parkerwas intoxicated, and Gamble was attempting to take him home, when, without any provocation, the prisoner took out a small clasp knife, and inflicted a dangerous wound in Gamble's thigh.

ANNIE COSTELLO, (20,) factory-hand, was indicted for the manslaughter of her father, Anthony Costello, at Halifax, on the 30th of September.—This young woman was keeping a lodging house for her father, and seemed to have frequently ill-treated him.—Returning home on the night in question intoxicated, she picked a quarrel, and commenced striking her father with a rolling pin and pitcher about the head, until he became almost exhausted. She also got hold of his tongue and pulled it nearly out. He was taken to the Infirmary, but shortly died. She was sentenced to *ten years' penal servitude*.

For burglariously entering the dwelling-house of Charles Oxley, at Darfield, and stealing several articles, GEORGE HIGGINS, clerk, was sentenced to *seven years' penal servitude*, and thereafter to be placed under police supervision for *five years*.

JOHN THOMAS MARLES, (16,) pleaded guilty to forging a note, at Manningham, on 1st August, and was sentenced to *twelve months' imprisonment*.

ELIZABETH WIMBUSH, (37,) dressmaker, pleaded guilty to forging on the Yorkshire Banking Company, at Penistone, on October 24th. His Lordship said it was most deliberately planned, and there was no excuse whatever for the forgery.—She had obtained a cheque book, and had by means of forgery obtained £10, having also abundant means of repeating the act to a larger extent.—*Fifteen months.*

TOM BOOTH, (21,) engine-tenter, pleaded guilty to forging an acceptance of a bill of exchange for the payment of £20 3s. 4d. with intent to defraud Richard Riding, at Huddersfield, on the 13th May last. The prisoner was sentenced to *eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.*

THOMAS SAWYER, (26,) labourer, pleaded guilty to feloniously marrying Sarah Smith, at Leeds, his former wife, Hannah Martha Sawyer, being then alive.—The prisoner was sentenced to *six months' imprisonment with hard labour.*

ROBERT BARRATT, (30,) plumber, received a sentence of *eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour*, for criminal assault.

JOHN GEO. BEST, (38), stationmaster at Heck, near Snaith, for embezzlement, was sentenced to *fifteen months with hard labour.*

BENJAMIN WATSON, (25), mason, pleaded guilty to assaulting a man, John Shaw, at Leeds, on the 2nd August, and stealing from him a billyeock-hat. As there had been a number of previous convictions, his Lordship sentenced him to *seven years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision.*—In addition to this imprisonment, he is to receive *twenty-five strokes with the "cat."*

THOMAS SMITH, (25,) labourer, and GEO. HAWTHORN (21), puddler, were charged with assault and theft, at Sheffield, received a similar sentence without the "cat."

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, (33,) labourer, for assault at Brightside, near Sheffield, and stealing a watchguard, he was ordered to receive *twenty-five strokes with the "cat," seven years penal servitude, and a similar term of police supervision.*

SARAH ANN JAGGER (30), was charged with causing the death of her little girl, Sarah, at Halifax, by neglect. She is a woman of intemperate habits, and left her home and children in a filthy and neglected state. The husband bears the character of a sober and industrious man. The child, which ought to have weighed 45 pounds, only weighed 9½. The starvation had been going on for some months. The child died shortly after being removed to the hospital. Unfortunately, the husband could not be called, to say what money he had given her, and there was no evidence to show she had had sufficient to support the child, there was therefore no way but to *acquit* her.

GEORGE STOCKS, (25,) labourer, pleaded guilty to setting fire to a stack, at Bossington, and was sentenced to *five years' penal servitude.*

JOHN SOTHWELL, (35), pleaded guilty to stealing five banker's cheques, the property of his master at Sheffield, and also forging an order for £30, was sentenced to *eighteen months' imprisonment.*

ANN TIBBETT, (21,) who pleaded guilty to concealment of birth, at Hoyland Nether, Barnsley, in November last, was sentenced to *six mont s' imprisonment with hard labour.*

ELIZA PARKINSON, (37,) factory-hand, was found guilty of assaulting and stealing from Richard Sninger, at Leeds, on September 12th, and received sentence of *fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.*

PATRICK MONAGHAN, (31,) was charged with stabbing Wm. Smith, at Sheffield, with intent to do grevious bodily harm. A quarrel commenced in a public-house, words leading to blows, and eventually the prisoner stabbed Smith in his body—those life was for several days in danger. The defence set up was that the prisoner had suffered from a sunstroke, and sometimes hardly knew what he was doing. His Lordship sentenced him to *twelve years' penal servitude*, and said he hoped it would be a warning to all who were disposed to use the knife. In a state of frantic excitement, the prisoner was removed by two warders.

JOHN KELLY, *alias* PARKIN, labourer, and ELIZABETH BROWN, were indicted for assaulting William Brown, and stealing a purse containing 24s. at Sheffield, but as the prosecutor did not appear, the prisoners were discharged.

BENJAMIN DRURY, (46,) charged with arson, at Ousefleet, near Goole, was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and His Lordship ordered him to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

HANNAH WALKER, (41,) was charged with the wilful murder of Frances Walker, of Huddersfield, on the 29th of October. On the morning of the murder, the child, Frances, two years and [illegible] half old, was quite well at eight o'clock; a short time after, the neighbours heard screams, and on entering the house, found the child's throat cut, also the mother's throat was cut, she having a bloody razor in her hand. From the evidence, it appeared that the prisoner's father had attempted to cut his throat some years ago, and at the time, the prisoner was under great depression of spirits in consequence of losing her infant child Mr. Pritchett, surgeon, of Huddersfield, was called in, and stated, in evidence, that he had attended the woman, and was of opinion that she was not in a state of mind to know right from wrong at the time she committed the act. Mr. Price, Borough Gaol surgeon, quite concurred in Mr. Pridgett's opinion. The jury returned a verdict of *not guilty on the ground of insanity.* She is detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

JOHN MILLS, (37,) collier, and JOHN CROSBY, (24,) collier, were charged with the manslaughter of Peter Smith, at Rawmarsh, on the 15th of October. A number of plasterers were drinking at the Junction Hotel, till ten o'clock, when a slight altercation arose among the plasterers, which Crosby and the other prisoner entered into, and eventually Crossby knocked two of the plasterers down, the others running away, left the deceased who was afterwards found by a quarryman, in the middle of the road. He went to the Junction and told the landlord about it. Evidence was afterwards given which showed that the prisoners had returned to the wounded man, and were seen to throw him over a hedge and walk away. The evidence was circumstantial and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, *sentenced deferred.*

PATRICK FARRELL, (20,) striker, charged with assaulting Francis Magee, on the 15th of November, at Leeds, and stealing from him a gold watch and guard, £9, and other valuables, was discharged, the prosecutor failing to identify the prisoner.

MICHAEL KELLY, (23,) collier, ANDREW HEALEY, (21,) labourer, and JOHN FRAIN, (23,) labourer, were indicted for unlawfully wounding Noah Wales, at Batley, on the 20th of October. Frain was *acquitted*, and the other prisoner found *guilty*; but the three men were again placed in the dock on Friday, on a charge of assaulting William Hall, with intent to rob, at the same place and on the same date, and Healey and Feninplesad *guilty*, and Kelly *not guilty* —sentences deferred.

THOMAS BELL (38), overlooker, was indicted for wounding John Griffin, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, at Leeds, on the 31st August last, but the evidence proving contradictory, prisoner was found *not guilty*, and discharged.

JAMES RAINFORD (24), mechanic, was charged with the manslaughter of Francis Taylor, at Leeds, on the 11th of October last. After hearing the evidence, which inclined to the fact of the blow being accidental, and not intended for the deceased, the prisoner was found *not guilty*, and discharged.

Deaths.

ARMITAGE—November 27th, Edith Emily, daughter of Joseph and Ellen Holmes Armitage, and grandaughter of Mr. Francis Batty, Rothwell.

ELLIOTT—December 3rd, aged 8 years, Emma Elliott, of Rothwell.

NEWBOULD—November 28th, aged 5 years, Mark Newbould, of Carlton.

PEACE—November 29th, aged 4 months, George Edgar, son of John and Ann Peace, Robin Hood.

WARD—December 4th, aged 7 months, Ellis Ward, of Carlton.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH'S BOUNTY.—Mrs. Charlesworth, of Lofthouse House, has for some time past, as is her usual custom, but more especially during the winter season, been distributing largely to the necessities of the poor widows and sick of Rothwell, Carlton, Lofthouse, and other places, her gifts taking the shape of wine, blankets, and useful warm clothing. These marks of her bounty have been truly acceptable, and are deserving of the warmest gratitude of the recipients, and the commendation of all parties.

THEFT OF SHIRTS FROM A FARM AT ROTHWELL-HAIGH.—At the West-Riding Police-court, yesterday, an Irishman, named William Robertson, hailing from Queenstown, was charged with having stolen a woollen shirt, a flannel shirt, and a striped cotton shirt, valued altogether at 15s. the property of Mr. Thomas Howarth, farmer. Mrs. Mary Ann Howarth, deposed that she hung the shirts on a clothes-line [in the garth adjoining the farm-house, about a quarter before twelve o'clock on Thursday forenoon, and missed them at twelve o'clock. From information conveyed to her by a woman named Margaret Calvert she went down the road in company with one of the labourers, named John McNally, and overtook the prisoner who upon being secured was observed to be wearing the stolen articles. He was compelled to take them off, and was transferred to the custody of Sergeant Denham, to whom the charge was preferred. In defence, he said "All right sir." He was handed over to P.-C. Atkinson, to whom on the way to Wakefield he stated that he would not have stolen them but for want and hunger. Sergeant Denham said this could not be true as he had some coppers and some bread in his pocket. The prisoner, who said he was a tramp, was charged in the customary formal manner, and pleaded guilty, whereupon he was committed to gaol for two months with hard labour.

LEEDS PERMANENT BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY. The annual meeting of the society, was held at the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on Monday last. Mr. T. Dawson, the president, taking the chair.—There was a numerous attendance, including the directors and officers of the society. The secretary, Mr. Fatkin, read the report, which stated that the number of investing and borrowing members had increased to a greater extent than in any previous year. Increase of contributions received, £61,262 14s. 8d.; increase of loans received, £31,301 4s. 2d.; increase of entrance fees received, £183 19s. 0d.; increase of amount advanced on mortgage, £109,554 18s. 1d. The total income during the past year has been £368,724 12s. 6d. Notwithstanding that so large a sum as £109,301 1s. 2d. had been advanced on mortgage during the year, the directors had carefully avoided all properties of a speculative character, only accepting those which were legitimate cases of ample value. The directors referred with much pleasure to the alteration of the rules, made at a special general meeting, on 18th February, 1873, more especially by the extension of the tables, whereby an advance of £60 can be repaid, principal and interest, by an annual payment of £7 10s. for 15 years. A private mortgage of £800 at 5 per cent. cost the mortgagor £40 per annum, and at the end of 18 years he still owed £800, whereas for the same sum borrowed by the society, without any deductions, he would have to pay £65 per annum for 18 years, at the end of which time both principal and interest would be paid off, and the mortgage released. During the year, 3,169 persons had become members of the society, entering 9,686 2-3 shares. There were at the present time 9,010 members, holding 35,822 1-5 shares, and 2,536 depositors, making a total of 12,146 open accounts. Out of a net profit, for the year ending November 1st, 1873; the directors recommended a division of 2s. 6d. per share, to all members entitled thereto, which would absorb about £1,400. Five of the retiring directors (who again offered themselves) were elected, viz., Mr. H. Laupen, Mr. John Mayall, Mr. J. D. Woodcock, Mr. Geo. Sked, and Mr. Thos. Ambler, the sixth director chosen being Mr. F. R. Spark.—On the motion of Mr. J. M. Gardner, seconded by Mr. Clayton, a vote of thanks was passed to the scrutineers, and a similar compliment having been given to the chairman, the meeting separated.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

The Metropolis has just completed a process which, under the Education Act of 1870, is to be repeated every three years—that of electing its School Board. It is curious to note that although the members of this body are elected for the same period as town councillors in municipal boroughs, the entire School Board remains in office for the whole term, while in corporate bodies one-third of the members retire by rotation every year. I am inclined to believe that the plan whereby one-third of the School Board would have retired every year, was not followed by the Education Department because of the religious feeling which is imparted into these contests. Three years is a very fair breathing time, but it was felt to be inexpedient for the whole capital to be plunged into sectarian strife every twelve months. The elections which took place passed off with remarkable quietude, and in none of the divisions was any excitement manifested. The boundaries of the districts were conterminous with those of the parliamentary boroughs, but in apportioning the members of the School Board, regard has principally been had to the population. Thus, while Marylebone returns the same number of members to the House of Commons as Southwark, it sends seven representatives to the School Board; while Southwark, a much smaller place, returns only four. The precise number of members in the School Board is 49, and when our Educational Parliament has once got to work, its proceedings will be watched with interest by the ratepayers. Hitherto, by favour of the Corporation, the weekly meetings of the Board have been held in the Court of Common Council at Guildhall, but this is only a temporary arrangement, and will cease as soon as the Board are able to enter upon the occupation of their new offices, which are in course of construction upon the Thames Embankment.

The announcement that the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths have given a donation of £100 in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, has recalled public attention to the fact that this and kindred institutions do a great deal of good in a quiet and unostentatious way. The very name of the Goldsmiths' Company is suggestive of glitter and magnificence, and amongst the fashionables of London there are few who have not partaken of their hospitality. Goldsmith's Hall, at the back of the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, is one of the most gorgeous edifices of all the City Corporations. It is in this splendid building that once a year the Lord Chancellor presides over the venerable ceremony in connection with testing the value of the coinage, and known as the trial of the pyx. The whole interior aspect of the structure has lately been changed by the addition of some magnificent marbles introduced in the entrance hall and on the staircase. The vast arched corridors, the grand and solid pillars, as well as the pavement of the floor and the steps, are now composed of different varieties of costly and beautiful Italian marble, with which the walls themselves are also faced. On the latter are exhibited in profusion many specimens of the quaint "peacock marble." The balustrades are of solid alabaster, and at the top of the stairs are four massive pedestals of onyx. Throughout the place there is, indeed, an appearance of massive grandeur. The roof of the hall and the court drawing-room are of white and gold, richly and superbly decorated, and the mantel-pieces are all of the finest white Italian marble, carved with figures, fruit, and other devices. There are gilded finishings to the polished steel grates and fireirons, and altogether taste and splendour thoroughly harmonise in this magnificent edifice. The Goldsmiths' Company is of great antiquity, and it administers its immense property with a judicious liberality which is a prominent characteristic of many other city organisations.

It is somewhat remarkable that, although so much has been done in London towards providing proper house accommodation for the working classes, very little has been accomplished in the way of supplying it to the middle classes. Yet the want is a palpable one, and we may rely upon it that some efforts in this direction will soon be made. It must not be supposed that here is a deficiency in the number of houses in the metropolis, for in any of the suburbs one may see in abundance the significant window sign "To be let." But, as a rule, the rentals of these dwellings are too high for persons with small fixed incomes, who find it daily more important that some cheaper method of living should be devised. The plan of building houses in flats has been tried with success, but on such a scale of grandeur as to render the experiment of comparatively little value so far as persons of moderate incomes are concerned. There is, it must be admitted, a general prejudice against this mode of living, for it is supposed to savour of the ways of foreign social life, and is consequently regarded with suspicion by the ordinary Englishman. It should, however, be remembered that the custom is quite as much Scottish as French. I have heard the existence of a practical difficulty hinted at, and that is the doubtful profits which would accrue to the builder for constructing houses on this plan. It is urged that higher rents would have to be charged than the middle-class householder can afford to pay. But until a trial is made of the scheme, it is impossible to say whether these anticipations are likely to be realised.

That the water furnished to a community should be in no way contaminated during the process of distribution, is of scarcely less importance than that the supply should be good and abundant. Considerable doubts have lately been expressed respecting the propriety of employing leaden pipes for this purpose. It is popularly supposed that the interior of the pipes is liable to corrosion, and that the water thus acquires poisonous properties. The subject has lately occupied the attention of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and the result of the discussion was to show that there is no danger of poisoning from the action of any ordinary water upon leaden pipes. These have been used for this purpose ever since the days of the Romans, without, until lately, any suspicion of their producing injurious effects. It is a curious fact that well and river water has scarcely any effect in dissolving lead, owing to its containing a considerable proportion of salts of lime, while upon the other hand the action of rain water in producing corrosion is comparatively rapid.

It is not every visitor to London who cares to make a journey to the East End, but those who have had occasion to do so must have noticed the prevalence of crowded courts and squalid faces. How an open plot of ground is appreciated in those densely-populated districts is seen by a glance at the aspect of Victoria Park on a summer evening. A welcome addition to the free and open spaces in that part of the metropolis is likely to be made. A park of eighty acres, situated close to the Victoria Docks, has been offered for sale. Its owner, a gentleman named Gurney, has long permitted the residents of the locality to use the land for the purpose of recreation, and there is now an opportunity of acquiring it as a permanent pleasure ground for the use of the people. The market value of the land is £25,000, and of this sum the owner contributes £10,000. Local efforts may, perhaps, add another £5,000, and the Corporation is asked to make up the remainder. This they have power to do by an Act passed in the Session before last; and no one can doubt that it would be impossible to devote a portion of the rich City revenues to a better purpose than that of giving a new park to a very poor district, and one greatly in want of such institutions.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, ever anxious to promote the cause which first called it into existence, has offered premiums to the amount of £400 for improvements in the means of conveying cattle, and, with a view of inducing railway companies to acquiesce in the efforts to secure a more humane system of treatment for animals in transit, stipulate that the cost of the new truck should not be greatly in excess of those now in use. One of the prizes offered is £100 to the man who shall prevail on any railway company to build no less than fifty of the improved trucks for use on their line. Of course it is obvious that if the improved trucks were to cost much more than those now in use, the railway companies must make a corresponding increase in their charges for transit; hence the endeavour of the Society to have the new constructions as near as possible to the price of the old.

The way in which the Factory Acts are enforced in London has been made the subject of an interesting statement by Mr. Redgrave, one of the inspectors. It may be remembered that in the year 1867 an Act was passed, restricting labour and requiring attendance at school in any place where a handicraft was carried on by any child, young person, or woman, whether in a workroom or at home. At first sight this may have appeared a somewhat harsh interference on the part of the Legislature with the rights of labour, for there are thousands of homes in the metropolis where every hour's work of of every hand capable of performing it is required for the family's maintenance. It is no secret that in Bethenal-green and Spitalfields, the seat of the match-trade, children only two years old are taught to contribute their little parts towards the more simple processes of manufacture; and when, in the Budget of 1871, Mr. Lowe announced his intention of placing a tax upon matches and fusees, the anticipated impost fell like a knell upon the ears of vast numbers of these poor people. Naturally enough, Mr. Redgrave has found great difficulty in interfering with domestic labour. Objections urged by manufacturers could always be met by an appeal to their intelligence; but in desiring to restrict the efforts of a family earning barely enough to procure a precarious livelihood, the inspector found it necessary to use other arguments. Match-box makers, brushmakers, tailoresses, dress-makers, &c., working at home, have been visited in every part of the capital, and the necessity for working regular hours has been earnestly explained to them. Those of Mr. Redgrave's staff who are employed upon this duty might tell some suggestive stories if they recorded their experience. Clearly enough, however, overwork should no more be permitted in domestic than in associated labour; and it is important that children should be protected, as they are by this statute, from the tyranny of harsh and cruel parents.

The possibility of a famine in Bengal has more than once been referred to by the new Lord Mayor, and there is little doubt that should the worst fears be realised, the City of London will come out with a noble subscription towards the aid of the sufferers. Taking that part of the presidency which is threatened, it appears that over an area which contains a population of 25,000,000, the yield of grain is not expected to be half an average. The Indian Administration is, however, working with energy, and has sanctioned an expenditure of a quarter of a million sterling for the purchase of rice and the prosecution of public works in the threatened districts. It is well-known that in cases of necessity the citizens of London have never been appealed to in vain, and if proof of this were needed, I might cite the experience of the year 1871, when, during the mayoralty of Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin, the immense sum of £200,000 was dispensed from the Mansion House to the starving people of Paris and the burnt-out population of Chicago.

The Queen and the two Royal children who yet remain at home are again at Windsor Castle, after their long sojourn at Balmoral; and, as is usual, preparations are making for spending the Christmas at Osborne. It is customary for Her Majesty to remain at her marine residence until the middle or the end of February, except when she comes to London to open Parliament in person, an occurrence which has happened three times since the death of the Prince Consort, viz., in 1866, 1867, and 1871. It is rumoured here that the Queen will herself open next session, instead of delegating that duty to a Royal Commission and if it should prove correct, the route from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords is certain to be occupied by an enormous crowd. In the earlier years of her reign the Sovereign not only opened Parliament, but also invariably prorogued it in person. I may add that the intelligence in the London papers under the heading of "the Court Circular" is supplied in what journalists call "flimsy," every night, by a gentleman whose sole duty it is to chronicle the movements of the Court. Before it is sent out, it is regularly submitted to the Queen's Private Secretary, and the most scrupulous care is taken with regard to the exactitude of the expressions which it contains.

TERRIBLE COLLISION AT SEA.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX LIVES LOST.

At Cardiff, on Monday, the news was received of one of the most terrible catastrophes which have happened at sea during late years, paralleled only by the wreck of the ill-fated *Northfleet* in the early part of the present year. At two o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of November the French steamer *Ville du Havre*, with mails and passengers, came into collision with the sailing ship *Lochearn*, of Glasgow, and was sunk in the brief period of 12 minutes, with nearly the whole of her crew and passengers, numbering 313 souls.—We take the following account of the fearful disaster from *The Times* :—

The *Ville du Havre* left New York with 89 first-class passengers, 19 second class, 27 third class, and six stowaways, making a total of 141, besides the crew, which numbered 172 all told. Many of the cabin passengers were gentlemen with their wives and families, who were leaving America to spend the winter in France—some for pleasure, and others going there for the benefit of their health. Among the survivors are children who have lost their parents, and parents who have lost their children; others their sisters and brothers. From the time of the vessel sailing from New York a thick fog prevailed, which necessitated the most careful attention on the part of the Captain and officers. On the night of Thursday, the 20th, the fog began to clear away, and on Friday a breeze sprang up, which raised a somewhat heavy swell. Friday night was a bright starlight night, and passengers and crew, relieved to some extent from the danger which surrounded them during the fog, retired to rest with hopes of a pleasant voyage to France. The Captain, who had scarcely quitted the deck since the vessel left New York, went to his cabin about twelve o'clock, leaving the Second Officer in charge. The passengers were all in bed, and everything seemed going on well. About two o'clock on Saturday all were startled from their slumbers by a dreadful crash, which seemed to shake every part of the vessel. Men, women, and children rushed on deck in their nightdresses, to see the bows of a large vessel projecting over the deck of the *Ville du Havre*, and to hear the rushing of the water into their own ill-fated vessel. The *Lochearn*, a large vessel belonging to Glasgow, bound from Liverpool for New York, had struck them on the starboard side, just about midships, cutting a hole in her deck 12ft. deep, and breaking in the iron plates of the steamer for 25ft. or 30ft. The vessel was then in lat. 47 21, long. 35 31, with a rather heavy sea and but little wind. The terror which prevailed among the passengers paralyzed their efforts to save themselves. Many threw themselves on their knees in prayer; many giving themselves up to despair on hearing the water rushing into the vessel, and feeling that she was rapidly sinking, never quitted their state rooms, fathers, mothers, and children going down together. At this moment there was no struggle; all seemed to meet calmly the death that was soon to overtake them. From the force of the collision, the mainmast and mizenmast fell, smashing, in their fall, the two large boats of the steamer, and killing numbers of passengers; and from the rapidity with which the vessel went down the crew were only able to launch the whaleboat and the captain's gig. In twelve minutes from the time of the collision the *Ville du Havre* had sunk, carrying with her the crew and passengers, with the exception of the Second Lieutenant, who had succeeded in launching the whaleboat, which was under his care, and several of the crew who had got into the Captain's gig. The *Lochearn*, after getting clear of the *Ville du Havre*, kept on her course for a mile, and then hove-to and launched four other boats to pick up the passengers and crew, who were floating about on the sea—some on pieces of plank, some on lifebuoys, others on casks, on anything that would serve to keep them afloat. So sudden was the catastrophe that not a single person was saved from the deck. Those who were on deck when she went down afterwards floated, and were picked up, but a large number, after rising to the surface, sank again to rise no more. The Second Lieutenant, with the whaleboat, ordered it, after being filled with persons, to row to the *Lochearn*, and, after putting them on board, returned and picked up another boatload. The Captain and Second Officer remained on deck and went down with the steamer, but on floating were picked up by the whaleboat, after being in the water for two hours. The Purser and Assistant Purser were both saved. The second Officer swam to the *Lochearn*, a distance of a mile. The Assistant Engineer was saved, and he was the only person saved from the engineer department. The Captain, who had been for three days and nights without sleep, was worn out with fatigue at the time of the collision; but he did all he could in launching the boats from the ship. The officer who was in charge of the vessel sank with her, and was never seen again. A large number of those who were saved had, fortunately, secured for themselves some piece of the floating timber; and many of the ladies were picked up after being in the water for nearly two hours. The boats of the *Lochearn* and those of the *Ville du Havre* remained about the scene of the accident until all hope of saving life was abandoned, and they then returned to the *Lochearn*. Here it was found that one lady had lost her husband and four children, three young ladies had lost their parents, and one young man had lost father, mother, and sister. One gentleman going with his sister to France for the benefit of her health, found that she was among those who had gone down in the vessel. The scene on the deck of the *Lochearn* was most distressing. Those who were saved had lost their all; the ladies and gentlemen who escaped had only time to rush on deck in their nightdresses, and all owe their safety to some accidental circumstance of being able to reach something floating when they rose to the surface. Their sufferings during the time they were in the water were intense, the cold rendering them almost lifeless. When taken off the pieces of plank into boats but little life remained, and they must soon have fallen into the water from cold and exhaustion.

On examining the bows of the *Lochearn* it was found that she was much damaged, and about eight o'clock in the morning an American ship, which was afterwards discovered to be the *Tremontain*, hove in sight. Signals were made to her, and she hove to. It was found she was bound for Bristol from New York, and after a second survey of the *Lochearn* it was deemed advisable to transfer the survivors, 87 in number, to the *Tremontain*. They were received on board by Captain Urquhart, and every attention was paid to them. The *Tremontain* came to anchor on Sunday morning in the Cardiff Roads, and sent the survivors on shore, where they were received at several of the hotels in the town. A large number have been accommodated at the Royal Hotel. Among the 87 persons saved there are 23 first-class passengers—10 ladies and 13 gentlemen; of the second-class passengers only one lady is saved, and of the third class three are saved, all men; of the crew, 54, and six officers, making a total of 87, out of 313, 60 of whom were ladies and children.

LIST OF PASSENGERS SAVED.—Miss Mary Hunter, Miss Ann Hunter, Mrs. Spafford, Miss Breaden, Miss Edga Corgelia, Mrs. Bulkeley (who lost three children), Mrs. Surfite, Mrs. Charles Waite, Mr. James Bishop, Mr. Francisco Slade, Mr. R. A. Wittins, jun., Mr. Alfred Barbacon, Mr. Theophile Lorianur, Mr. Legrand Cramer, Mr. M'Kosky Butt, Mr. Creary, Mr. Henry Bulkinge, Madame Creste, Mr. Hypolite Waite, Mr. Frederic Marconnet, Mr. Farrier Piquignot, Mr. Emile Cook, and Mr. Nathaniel Wees.

THE PURSER'S STATEMENT.

The Purser has furnished the following narrative of the disaster :—

"We had been out of New York seven days when our ship accomplished her terrible destiny. A thick fog settled over our course during the first five days of the voyage, but on the night of the woeful event the mist had cleared away, and the weather was fine and bright. I retired to rest at the usual hour, and was sleeping in my cabin when the collision occurred. The shock, of course, awoke me, and I immediately rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the unwonted disturbance. I descried a sailing ship, and I knew at once that it had come into collision with our right side. The rigging of the mainmast was gone, and five minutes afterwards there broke over me the fearful conviction that the ship was going down by the bow. The scene which followed will ever remain with me as a living memory, but I cannot attempt to describe. Some 30 or 40 of the passengers had managed to get into the longboat, lowered by order of the Captain, and the feeble hope which had remained with them that they might all escape with dear life grew strong when they found themselves thus freed from the sinking ship. Just at that moment, however, an awful fatality happened. The mizenmast fell on the left side of the vessel, and either killed or wounded nearly the whole of the occupants of the boat. Half a minute afterwards the mainmast fell on the deck, killing two and injuring several others. The horrors of the catastrophe seemed, as it were, to concentrate at this point, and surely a more terribly heartrending scene was never enacted in mid-ocean. I hear even now the groans of the wounded, the grievous, but unavailing cries of 'Help, help,' the heart-rending shrieks which pierced the air 'as one was taken and the other left.' I hear even now the calmly expressed determination issuing from many a manly heart to 'die nobly, as die we must.' I hear even now the sound of the water rushing down the windpipe into the hold with a velocity which convinced all who knew what it meant that the vessel was sinking, not gradually, but with wondrous, awful rapidity. I undressed, and with another jumped into the water. We swam towards the English ship *Lochearn*, which had then hove off at a distance of half a mile from the *Ville du Havre*. I heard the ship cracking, and, turning my head round, saw that the vessel would be under water immediately. I exclaimed to the gentleman who was swimming by my side, 'Look behind you, the ship is going down.' As a rule when a vessel sinks she reels and 'shivers,' but in this instance the ship went down forward. For a moment a mightier shriek rent the air, and the cries from the vessel were evidently the outbreak of the last great agony. Then all was peace where all had been confusion, a deathlike calm succeeded noise and tumult, and I knew that the good ship and the souls on board her had sunk into a watery grave. I should like to add that our captain remained on the bridge during the whole of this scene, and went down with the vessel. He was rescued, however, in the course of an hour afterwards. All the officers saved were picked up out of the water, with one single exception—viz., the first lieutenant, who left, by command of the captain, in a boat for the English ship, in order to ascertain whether it was sinking or able to receive the passengers. There were 15 officers in all, and only six of these remained to tell the tale. With regard to myself, I swam in the direction before indicated for half an hour, but when I did succeed in getting close to the ship I missed the ropes thrown out to me. I continued swimming for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour longer, when I was picked up by the life-boat belonging to the *Lochearn*. I should like, as a Catholic, to mention one incident which arrested my attention, even amid the fearful confusion which prevailed at the time. Among the passengers on deck was a French priest, who never for a moment lost his self-control in the frenzy which raged around him, or missed, as far as I could see, a single opportunity of comforting and nerving those who were about to die. 'Are you a Catholic?' I heard the Father ask of a passenger near him. 'I am,' was the reply. 'Repent, then, and I will forgive you your sins,' said the priest, and those were his last words on earth. The vessel sank immediately after he had uttered them, and the Father was drowned, but the gentleman with whom he conversed is among the saved. We cruised in boats around the scene of the disaster until ten o'clock in the morning, when we sadly abandoned the task as hopeless. The survivors remained on board the English vessel till three in the afternoon, when they were transferred to the American ship which conveyed them to Cardiff."

CAPTAIN URQUHART'S NARRATIVE.

The Captain of the American ship *Tremontain*, by whom the survivors were brought to Cardiff, furnishes the following particulars of his falling in with the *Lochearn* :—

"On Saturday morning, the 22nd of November, when in lat. 47 27, long 35 30, we saw a vessel on the weather bow with her bowsprit gone and sails flying. We hauled up for her, and found she was flying signals of distress. She proved to be the sailing ship *Lochearn*, of Glasgow, bound from London to New York, eight days out. We spoke with her and on coming alongside the captain asked me to take off 50 of the passengers and crew from the *Ville du Havre*, which had been sunk by the *Lochearn* at two o'clock that morning. I held a consultation with the captain of the *Lochearn* and the passengers, and we came to the conclusion that it was advisable to transfer the whole of the survivors to my own ship; accordingly, they were transferred as soon as possible, with the exception of two. One of these, a French clergyman, was reported to be deranged, owing to which it was thought prudent to leave him on board the *Lochearn*; the other was left to take care of him. It was pitiable to see those 87 survivors crowded together in the small cabin of the ship, most of them heartbroken, ill-clad, friendless, and destitute. In the midst of their grief and destitution, however, they were very thankful to the captain and crew of the *Lochearn*, who had not only saved them from a watery grave, but had done their best to furnish them with clothing and whatever other requisites were available. Some of them were but half-dressed, some almost naked, and others badly injured by fragments of wreck which they had encountered. After taking them on board the *Tremontain* I consulted with the officers, and we decided to cruise about the spot where the disaster happened. This we continued to do until it was nearly dark, but we were unable to see anything but two casks floating in the water. The search was then given up, and we proceeded on the voyage to Bristol. It was our intention at first to put into Queenstown, but the wind being so favourable for Cardiff, we made with all speed to that port. One of the principal reasons why we did so was that from Cardiff we thought the passengers could be quickly sent on to their destination, and so they were. The few surviving passengers and those of the crew whom I had the happiness of bringing to land spoke very highly in praise of the captain and crew of the *Lochearn*, who rendered them every possible attention, nor did they attribute to them the smallest blame for the catastrophe. On the contrary, they gave them credit for having done all in their power to prevent the enormous sacrifice of life which resulted. The boats were lowered and sent to cruise over the fatal spot for five or six hours, but all was over: there was not a single man, woman, or child, not a vestige of the noble ship which a few hours before had sped boldly on her course could be seen; and at ten o'clock I believe the search was given up. The *Lochearn* was very badly damaged in her bows; her bowsprit was clean gone, and there was a great hole; but, fortunately for her and her crew and the 87 human beings rescued from the steamer, the hole was above the water-mark. Had it been below the mark, she too would most likely have gone down, and the sad tale would have been made still sadder by a greater loss of life. Some of the survivors told me that during the thick fogs—and I know those Atlantic fogs are thick—the captain of the *Ville du Havre* used every possible precaution, and was constantly on the bridge. We arrived in Cardiff Roads about ten o'clock on Sunday night, and as soon as I could get a tug-boat two of the passengers were sent ashore. At three o'clock the next morning the whole of the survivors were brought to land, and were at once conveyed to the Royal Hospital."

A PASSENGER'S NARRATIVE.

The following story of the disaster is related by Mr. C. B. Waite, of New York :—

"The awful rapidity with which the ship went down after she was struck is scarcely credible. We were sleeping tranquilly in our berths when a dreadful crash and the shivering of the vessel awoke us in a moment. The passengers, men, women, and children, rushed on deck, some of them half dressed, others in their night dresses. At once we saw the extent of the accident which had occurred. There were the bows of a large sailing vessel projecting over the deck, and there, too was a frightful hole in the side of our steamer, through which the water was rushing furiously in. The crew, under the orders of the captain, were manning the two longboats and helping passengers into them as fast as possible under the excitement of those terrible moments. While they did so, however, the mainmast fell with an awful crash, bringing down the mizenmast also with it. These two masts fell upon the longboats, and killed a number of the passengers and injured many others. The terror which prevailed among them at this time prevented a great many of the passengers from making any attempt to save their lives. Some of them, in a paroxysm of despair, threw themselves on the deck in earnest prayer. Although there were eight boats altogether belonging to the ship, owing to the brief time in which she sank the crew were only able to get the captain's gig and whaleboat into the water. The whaleboat was launched by the second lieutenant, who, with several of the crew and two or three passengers, succeeded in getting into it just in time to escape going down with the ship. Some others got into the captain's gig, and these, with those in these two boats and some others picked up afterwards by the *Lochearn* were all that escaped out of the 313 souls on board the *Ville du Havre* when she was struck. The *Lochearn*, after clearing away from the sinking vessel, put off to a distance of about half a mile, where she hove to, and sent her boats to pick up any of the passengers and crew who might happen to be floating on the sea. Some were found on pieces of plank, some clinging to portions of the broken spars, others on life-buoys, casks, and various other remnants of the wreck. Not a single person was saved from the deck, the panic being so great and the time so short before all was over. The Captain and Second Officer behaved with great courage through this scene of agony and despair. They both remained on-deck to the last, and went down with the steamer, but came to the surface and floated for three-quarters of an hour, when they were picked up by the whaleboat. The mental anguish of some of the fortunate few whose lives were saved was heartrending in the extreme. One lady (Mrs. Spafford, of Chicago) had lost her four children, and another (Mrs. Bulkeley) had lost three. A gentleman, who was taking his sister to France for the benefit of her health, was among the saved, and his grief on finding that his sister had gone down in the vessel found a parallel only in that of parents who were lamenting the loss of their children and children the loss of their parents. Never can I forget the harrowing scene which I witnessed on the deck of the *Lochearn*—a scene surpassed in agony only by that I had beheld just before on the deck of the ill-fated *Ville du Havre*. Ladies and gentlemen who had never before known a single privation were standing there shivering and destitute, and officers and seamen whose lives perhaps had been spent in travelling the ocean suddenly found themselves helpless, and deprived in some cases of everything that they had possessed. About eight o'clock we sighted the American ship *Tremontain*, bound from New York for Bristol, and upon our signalling her she hove-to and bore down alongside of us. We were then all transferred to that vessel on board of which we were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration both by Captain Urquhart and his officers and men. Thanks to their kind attention, in two or three days nearly all the survivors had to a great extent recovered from the serious effects of their immersion in the sea."

Mr. James Bishop, 32, Broadway, New York, left the ship on a plank; floated about three-quarters of an hour, and then was picked up by a French boat.

Mr. Henry Bliknap, 8, Mount Vernon-street, Boston, swam from the wreck, and was picked up about an hour after by an English boat.

Mr. Andrew M'Creery, 8, Rue Beaujean, Paris, left before she sank, and was picked up about one hour after by a French boat.

Alfred Barbancon, 20, Rue de Hamones, Belgium, swam from the wreck, without support, for one hour, and was picked up by a French boat.

Mr. Theophile Lorrian, 9, Rue de Batignolles, Paris, floated direct to an English ship on a raft, and was picked up by a French boat.

Mr. Le Grand Cramer, Troy, New York, sank with wreck; severely injured about the head; floated about one hour, and saved by English boat; lost an aunt.

Mr. R. D. Withaus, jun., 31, West Thirty-fourth street, New York, swam from wreck, found support, floated about one hour, and picked up by an English boat.

Mr. William R. Swift (Swift and Allen), New Bedford, United States, jumped overboard with life-preserver; floated about one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. He has lost a daughter.

Mr. Francisco Llado, 132 and 134, Maiden-lane, New York, and 35, Rue de Luxembourg, Paris, left the ship before she sank, floated on a plank one hour, and picked up by an English boat.

Mr. Charles B. Waite, Brevoort-house, New York, and 35, Lane, New York, and 62, Avenue d'Alma, Paris, sank with the ship, swam for a time, then found a piece of timber, and floated three-quarters of an hour. He was picked up by a French boat. He has lost sister.

Mr. M'Koskey Butt, New York, sank with ship, floated with piece of timber three-quarters of an hour, and was picked up by a French boat.

Mrs. M. A. Buckley, Rige, New York, sank with ship, floated with timber one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost a daughter.

Mrs. Henry D. Stafford, 159, La Salle-street, Chicago, Illinois, sank with ship, floated with timber one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost three children.

Mrs. William R. Swift (Swift and Allen), New Bedford, left ship with life-preserver, floated one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost one daughter.

Mrs. Chresto, Paris, sank with ship, floated with timber one hour, and was picked up by a French boat. She has lost her husband.

Miss Addie Breeden, 27 Avenue de Paris, Versailles, France, and New York, sank with ship; floated with timber one hour, and was picked up by a French boat. She has lost her father.

Miss Fanny Bininger, 39, Broad-street, New York, sank with ship; floated on pilot's steps three-quarters of an hour, and was picked up by a French boat. She has lost her mother.

Miss Mary Hunter, 12, K Street, Newport, R.I., sank with ship, floated on timber one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost father, mother, and sister.

Miss Anna Hunter, 12, K Street, Newport, R.I., sank with ship, floated on timber one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost two sisters.

Misses Madeline and Helene Mixter, 195, Beacon-street, Boston, Massachusetts, sank with the ship; the former floated on timber, three quarters of an hour; and the latter on pilot's steps one hour, and they were picked up by an English boat. They have lost father, mother, two sisters, and grandfather.

Mrs. C. Eggar, 22, East Seventeenth-street, New York, sank with ship, floated on timber one hour, and was picked up by an English boat. She has lost her husband.

Left on board the *Lochearn*.—Rev. E. M. Cook, Paris.

Officers saved.—Captain Surmont, sank with the ship, swam for three-quarters of an hour, and was picked up by a French boat. Captain Paray, sank with ship, floated with timber for two hours, and was picked up by a French boat.

First officer at his post lowered his boat and saved those rescued by the French boat.

Purser Vie sank with ship, picked up by French boat, and then assisted to save passengers.

Second Purser Dubec swam from ship nearly to the English boat, and was then picked up by French boat.

Second Engineer sank with ship, floated with timber three hours, and was the last saved by the English boat.

The ship's papers were not saved.

The screw steamer *Ville du Havre* was originally a French paddle steamer. She was turned into a screw steamer and lengthened by Messrs. Andrew Leslie and Co., Hebburn-on-Tyne, being intended as mail and passenger steamer between Havre and New York. She left Shields harbour on the 8th of March this year. She was of about 4,000 tons and had accommodation for 1,000 passengers.

It is understood that the London marine insurance companies will be very heavy losers by the loss of the *Ville du Havre*. The aggregate of the insurances effected on the hull of the steamer represents an amount of between £80,000 and £90,000. Considerable stir was caused at Lloyd's on Monday morning when the telegrams announcing the disaster were posted. There have, of course, been numerous and heavy insurances on the cargo and passengers, but no approximate estimate of the amount could be ascertained at present. The French insurance associations have suffered to a limited extent only, because all the principal marine underwriting business is done in London and Liverpool, where far better terms can be secured. It is rather too early to speak with certainty on the subject, but already it has been asserted that proceedings will be instituted in the English Admiralty Court, when the whole of the circumstances attending the disaster will be inquired into. It may be asserted generally that, according to the regulations for preventing collisions at sea, it is the duty of a steamer to keep clear of a sailing ship.

GLASGOW, Dec. 1.

The *Lochearn*, which came into collision with the *Ville du Havre*, is owned in Glasgow by Messrs. Aitkin and Lilburn, who, up till this evening, have heard nothing about her. She was commanded by Captain Robertson, and sailed from London for New York on the 14th of November. She is of 1,200 tons burden, and is built of iron.

PARIS, Dec. 1.

The news of the terrible disaster which has befallen the *Ville du Havre* has produced a most painful impression here.

The *Warrington Guardian* states that the Rev. Emile Cook, one of the few saved from the *Ville du Havre*, but detained on board the *Lochearn* by his injuries, is the well-known French Wesleyan minister of Les Ternes and Rue Rocquépine Chapels, Paris, who was distinguished during the siege of that city, and afterwards nearly lost his life by the Communists mistaking him for a German. Mr. Cook had gone to the Evangelical Alliance meeting at New York. At present the extent of his injuries is not known, and his wife and family of eight children in Paris are kept for a time in painful suspense. Mr. Cook received his English College training at the Wesleyan College, Richmond.

NARRATIVE OF ONE OF THE SAILORS.

The following is the narrative of one of the seamen belonging to the *Ville du Havre*, which is related as nearly as possible in his own words. He says :—

"I think it was about twenty minutes to two o'clock when I felt the shock of the collision. I had been on the sick list for some days and was then sleeping in my berth. The first thing I heard after our ship was struck was a call for all hands to come on deck. I rushed up the gangway at once and then I saw at once what had happened. We—that is, myself and some of my mates—tried to get one of the boats ready, but the panic was so great that we could not do it. The passengers were crying, shrieking, and calling out 'Help! help!' They made a rush at the boat, and I don't believe you could have kept them back; no, not even if you had threatened to shoot them. Didn't we see the *Lochearn* coming? Well! yes, I believe somebody must have seen her, for there were 20 men or more on deck. Heard that the second officer saw her fifteen minutes before she struck us; but, of course, I can't say. The captain came out of his berth just as her jibboom was a comin' over our bulwarks, and he sez to the quartermaster, 'Why didn't you call me?' He blew the whistle, but it was too late then. She was down on us with a crash like a thunderclap, and the water came pouring in terrifically. Don't say anything against the captain, for he had been three days and nights keeping watch, and only laid himself down that night on the sofa about half-past eleven. When she was struck the passengers, as I said, came rushing up from below and began to fill the boats. There was about 50 of them in one of the longboats when the mainmast fell bang on it; and oh! I shall never forget that there scene. Some of them were killed right out; some had their heads smashed, others had broken their arms and their legs. The squealing of the women—but, there, I can't tell how awful it was; the mast struck me across the forehead as it fell, and the boatswain was killed by my side. Some of the sailors I picked up with their legs broken, but all we could do was just to move them out of the way, poor fellows! The mainmast brought down the mizen with it, and that, too, smashed a boat with 50 or 60 people in it. I think everybody in that boat was either killed or injured. Could not we have got some of the others into the boats? Lor' bless you, sir, they were too frightened and excited. If they had been quiet and waited a bit, we might have saved some of them; but there was no order, not a bit. But there, it's always so. I've been shipwrecked three times myself, and nobody knows what them scenes are that don't go through them. The *Lochearn* smashed two of the boats with her spars and rigging, and when the two long ones had been broken up by the falling masts there were only four others left, and two of them were small. It was them masts, however, that did all the mischief afterwards. If they had not fell, and if we only could have kept the passengers quiet a bit, I don't believe 20 of them need have been lost. Why did they not jump on the *Lochearn's* bows? There wasn't time for that, Sir. She was going at 12½ knots, and we were doing 12, so that she bounded back and was gone from us almost directly. Our captain remained on his bridge all the time giving orders, and was on it when she went down below the water. I went down with her, too; I should think 20 or 30 fathoms. On coming to the surface again I looked round and saw many a poor struggling creature in the water. Then there was a boat near me, and I held on to the keel until I could get inside. I pulled in three or four women; leastways, I gave them a hold on the boat until they could be dragged in. Then I pulled off some of my clothes and jumped into the water and swam to the *Lochearn*. Three or four lines were thrown out to me and at last I was hauled on board. That's all I can say about the collision, but I should just like to say a word or two about our captain. He was always very careful and in the fogs never seemed to like trusting much to his officers. He was the last man on the bridge, and remained there till the very last moment. The second officer was a very good officer, but it's my belief the captain had a good deal of suspicion of him and used to watch him close. I don't like to say much about them as he is gone, but I do think he might have called the captain sooner than he did."

A STEWARD'S ACCOUNT.

An account of the melancholy event is given by Alcide Lalaux, who was one of the French stewards on board the ill-fated ship. He says :—

"The *Ville du Havre* left New York about two o'clock in the afternoon of November 15. The weather was fine then, but a day or two afterwards it became very hazy and for four or five days dense fogs prevailed. On the second day after leaving New York we lost a blade of our propeller, and consequently were obliged to be very careful not to put on full speed, for fear of breaking the others. The night of Friday, the 21st, was clear and starlight, but there was no moon shining. We had our head sails and topsails set, and were going before the wind at about 12 knots an hour. I went to bed that night at about half-past nine and was awoke by the collision. I immediately rushed on deck, saw the *Lochearn* astern of us, and heard some one call out that we were sinking. I went back to my bunk for the purpose of putting on a pair of pants and found it already up to my knees in water. On returning to the deck I went to help to get one of the longboats over the side. The passengers were all rushing backwards and forwards, some crying 'Save me! save me!' meanwhile others fell down and prayed. They were all so excited that we could do scarcely anything. I tried to help some of the sailors to get No. 4 boat off, but the passengers were all jumping into it and frustrating our efforts. As soon as our ship began to fill she commenced to lean over on the portside; this I think accounts for the snapping of the mainmast, which brought down the mizenmast with it. The Captain just happened to come out of his room before the collision occurred, and as soon as he opened his door he saw the *Lochearn's* jibboom over the bulwarks. After going on the bridge he made every possible effort to keep the people quiet and to get the boats over, but the passengers all seemed so terror-stricken that we could do nothing scarcely. It was fearful to see the women and children running about the deck crying and entreating us to save them. We did all we could for them, but the time was so short that all was very little. As soon as I saw her before water I jumped off the rail astern, and swam towards the *Lochearn*. The cries of the struggling people behind me I never, never can forget, and I seem to hear them now ringing wildly in my ears. After being in the water a few minutes, I got hold of a buoy, which enabled me to keep afloat for nearly an hour, when I was picked up by one of the *Lochearn's* boats. From what I have heard, I should think the *Lochearn* was seen five or six minutes before she struck us. I heard from the man on the look-out that she had no side lights burning, but whether that is true or not of course I cannot say. I certainly did not see any, and it seems to me very likely that she had none burning."

The following is an extract from a letter of a correspondent at Cardiff :—

A few incidents of a very thrilling character were related by one or two of the passengers, upon whose minds they had made an indelible impression. One lady, a Mrs. Spafford, of Chicago, was with her four children when the ship went down. They were all drowned excepting the mother, whose grief when she discovered that she alone had been saved was pitiable in the extreme. The only child rescued was Miss Helen Mixter, nine years of age, who was crossing with her parents, her grandfather, and an elder sister, Miss Madeline Mixter. The little girl was picked up by one of the boats, but unhappily only to find herself left an orphan in the world, for the rest of the family all perished. Mr. Charles Waite was accompanying his sister to France for the benefit of her health, but she alone has survived to tell the sad tale of the wreck. A singular fact is related in connection with Mr. James Bishop, of Broadway, New York, who is among the passengers brought to land. This is said to be the third occasion upon which Mr. Bishop has had a very narrow escape of his life. On one occasion he was travelling in a railway carriage in America when it was precipitated into a river, and he escaped by diving out of the window. At another time he narrowly escaped being killed by a torpedo, and now for the third time he has been snatched from the jaws of death. Among the passengers was United States Judge travelling to France in company with his wife. As the ship was sinking he was seen to clasp his wife's hands, and just before they were engulphed he exclaimed, "Let us die bravely." One lady is reported to have been rescued with a bag of gold said to have contained £200 round her neck. The first-class passengers included Captain Hunter, of the American navy, and his three daughters. Of the daughters two were rescued, the other and the father were drowned. As they stood on the deck, the father, while taking an affectionate farewell of his daughters, expressed his belief that his daughter May would be saved. "I know God will save you," he said; "there is something for you to do: you must go on again." Miss May Hunter and her sister Annie were two of the 27 passengers who landed at Cardiff.

The Times, on Wednesday, published the following letter :—

In the account given by the purser of the *Ville du Havre* there is a very regrettable omission. He speaks about the Catholic priest conveying to those around him religious comfort and consolation. We all admired the noble conduct of that faithful clergyman, but the narrative adds, "while around the priest there was a terrible excitement and frenzy." That is not correct. Never have I seen people so calm and resigned as the passengers of the *Ville du Havre*. Not one shriek, no one cry, was heard from the moment the *Lochearn* struck us to the moment we went down. Every one was composed and wonderfully calm.

A young lady was pressing her mother on her breast, saying, "Courage, dear mother; it will be one minute's struggle, then we shall enter together into heaven." Four sweet little girls were surrounding their mother and two friends, who were with her saying, "Let us pray; let us ask God to keep us." About ten or twelve ladies were a little further on engaged in earnest prayer. I have never witnessed such a manifestation of the power of faith.

After we had been taken on board the *Tremontain* we had religious service every day in English, one day in French; and all the rescued officers of the *Ville du Havre* and the passengers were regularly present.

No words can render the meek and submissive attitude of the ladies after the catastrophe. The poor mother whose four children had gone down, almost dead with cold and fatigue, told me, when we met on the *Lochearn*, "The Lord had given me those dear little ones; He takes them away. I will submit to His will."

It will comfort the numerous friends of the unfortunate and bereaved passengers of the *Ville du Havre* to know that the Lord sustained them, and that both Protestants and Catholics felt they were under the mighty and tender care of the same merciful Father.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

TH. LORRIAUX, Pasteur à Paris, one of the Passengers of the *Ville du Havre*.

London, Dec. 2.

THE POOR "STOWAWAY!"

In the melancholy catalogue of the poor people engulfed in the *Ville du Havre* we read that there were twenty-seven third-class passengers and six "stowaways" (remarks the *Daily Telegraph*). This last-named term is sufficiently curious to call for explanation, and in tendering it we touch upon one of the most wretched features of emigrant life. A "stowaway" is an individual who, at the last moment, just before the vessel leaves the dock for her destination, slinks on board, creeps below, and conceals himself as securely as he is able, in remote nooks and corners of the lower deck or the forepeak. Sometimes he gets into the hold; but there, if the hatches are battened down, he runs the imminent risk of being smothered. At all events, he crawls into his coign of vantage, and crouches there like a rat behind the wainscot, quaking for fear of discovery. And [illegible] doom of the stowaway. So well is the practice of smuggling human baggage known to the seagoing folks, that prior to a large emigrant ship sailing there is generally organised a picket of sailors, headed by one of the mates, and furnished with lanterns and cutlasses, who make a tour of exploration among the packing cases and the provision casks. "Hunting for stowaways" is a most exciting sport; the wretched defaulters are "started" from their holes, roundly abused, hustled on deck, "slanged" by the captain—happy they, in an American clipper, who escape being "Shanghaied" by the boatswain, or "booted" by the first mate—and are then contumaciously kicked over the side. Some stowaways, however, generally contrive to pass unnoticed in the search; and six—the number found on board the *Ville du Havre*—may be considered as a fair average among a hundred and fifty passengers. The ship, in any case, cannot be many days at sea before they are discovered. Every fresh hogshead of beef or biscuit that is unheaded diminishes their chance of immunity; still there have been known instances of the unfortunate creatures being inadvertently jammed up between and behind heavy piles of merchandise, and so suffering a living entombment rivalling that of Constance de Beverley in horror. Stowaways dragged from their hiding places when the ship is in blue water have to take their chance; and a very calamitous chance it is. If the culprit be a woman she has not much to fear. Jack is proverbially gallant, and an active woman may make herself very useful in the cabin and in the cookhouse. But when the offender happens to be a raw lad—which he generally is, and Irish to boot—he has emphatically a "bad time" of it. He may consider himself fortunate if he is allowed to earn the worth of his bed and board by performing the most menial drudgery, and at the end of the voyage the captain can, if he chooses, take the stowaway before a magistrate and have him punished for fraud. It usually happens, however, that the skipper, when the run is over, is as glad to get rid of his unprofitable passenger as that passenger is to be well out of the ship. The former says nothing about the pecuniary loss his owners have suffered, and the latter is quite content to be silent with regard to the numerous attentions conveyed through the instrumentality of marlinspikes and ropes'-ends with which he has been favoured by the boatswain and his assistants. What the French authorities would have said to these waifs and strays on their arrival at Havre is uncertain; but the poor fellows need fear no frowns of human justice now. They are drowned.

REPULSE AND RETREAT OF THE ASHANTEES.

The *Daily News*, on Monday, published the following telegrams :—

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

CAPE COAST, Nov. 8, 2p.m.

We have returned from Abrakampa. Sir Garnet has just marched in triumph literally with the *spolia opima* of the opposing General carried before him. Yesterday morning, after two days and nights of a most persistent and pluckily conducted attack, at least 15,000 Ashantees fled in panic from athreatened counter attack. We found an immense camp deserted, with everything left as it had been—soup boiling, guns and ammunition dropped, the General's chair, his sacred cock, &c. The whole ground for a mile and a half of road, was covered with spoil. The excitement among the natives is immense. It seems unlikely that any but stray Ashantees will cross the Prah alive. No answer has been received from the King to the summons addressed to him. The defence was splendid. Inside there were only 400 native levies under English officers, eighty-five of the 2nd West India Regiment, and fifty of the Naval Brigade. Major Russell and his officers were on foot incessantly for two days and nights, till the force from here relieved them. Major Russell had a slight fever all the time. No white man or officer was wounded. Several of the native allies were wounded. The Ashantee camp at Mampon has been deserted and burnt.

The Ashantee attack on Abrakampa on the 5th was in great force, and most persistent. It began at four p.m., and the first attack continued till half-past five. The Ashantees could not face the fire; all the troops in Abrakampa being completely protected, so that even the native levies fired with some effect. The attack began again after dark, and continued till four p.m. It was renewed at 11.30 a.m. Fifty Marines and Blue Jackets were sent from Cape Coast Castle, and 300 followed. On the 3rd November Colonel Festing attacked the Ashantee forces near Dunquah, and caused so much loss to them that after a council of war they decided to break up and reach the Prah as best they could. In this engagement Lieutenant Eardley Wilmot was killed and Colonel Festing slightly wounded.

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.)

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Nov. 8.

Since Saturday, the 1st, the enemy has shown himself in great force on the Ashantee Road, and made a raid on us at Dunquah on the 3rd, killing and wounding about fifty of the Fantees. On our side, the dead body of Lieutenant Eardley Wilmot was brought into Cape Coast Castle the same evening, and interred the next day. Lieutenant Wilmot was the only European killed. He displayed conspicuous gallantry during the action, and was struck twice before he received his death wound. A station is being made at Assayboo, on the Dunquah road, for troops, so as to protect our couriers, who are frequently in danger from the Ashantees. Raids of the nature I have described are constantly to be expected. Reports come in that the Ashantees are concealed in the bush immediately in the neighbourhood, and are so greatly superior to us in point of numbers that it renders the state of things serious. The couriers will feel unsafe on their journeys to Dunquah and back until we can make stations at shorter distances. The Anamaboes have reported that a large force of Ashantees has been detached from Mampon, and are marching on Aikim, so as to threaten the western bush town of Accra. It is therefore probable that the King intends to keep a large force hovering over both Cape Coast and Accra, so as to harass the lines of march by every road we may take. The Governor greatly commends the Anamaboes for their conduct, and arms and blankets have been sent out to the various encampments. Last Friday it was discovered that an Elmina merchant was supplying the Ashantees with gunpowder. He was detected by soldiers on their march from Abbaye. The merchant has been put in prison, and has since implicated several of the Elmina people, who have also been imprisoned. This will effectually put a stop to the Elmina trade. Another batch of native troops from Sierra Leone, of whom a thousand have been engaged, have arrived. They do not use firearms, but have hatchets and knives for close quarters. The Ashantees in bush warfare have an ugly habit of closing round some portion of their enemy, and catching them alive for subsequent punishment; and as this is the method the men from Sierra Leone also adopt when they are engaged, it will be a case of Greek meeting Greek.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Nov. 8.

An engagement was fought at Dunquah on the 3rd instant, lasting four hours. Lieutenant Eardley Wilmot was killed. Staff-Surgeon Gore and Lieutenants Jones and Patchett were wounded, as well as about forty men, and Colonel Festing was slightly hit. There was another engagement on the 5th at Abrakampa. An attack was made by the enemy on the British position at four p.m., and fighting continued with but slight intermission until ten p.m. on the 6th instant. General Wolseley, with 250 marines and blue jackets, left for Abrakampa at 8 a.m., and arrived at 6 p.m. The enemy fought well. The British troops were well under cover. Three officers are reported to have been wounded, but no deaths are announced. The Ashantee General Amanquartier is reported to have been captured on the 7th inst. The report is not confirmed, but it is believed to be true.

LATER NEWS.—The Ashantees have been totally defeated at Abrakampa, and are in full retreat on Prahsu.

THE FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT WILMOT.

The Correspondent of the *Standard* writes :—"The funeral of poor young Wilmot took place at the cemetery here yesterday afternoon at five o'clock. Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff, and nearly, if not quite, every officer at present down here attended, while the navy were represented by Captain Freemantle and some ten or a dozen officers from the fleet. The body had been brought down from Prospect House, to which it had been first taken, and was placed in a room by the General Hospital. A gun was brought, dragged by a party of Marine Artillerymen and Marines, who had come on shore for the purpose, commanded by a naval officer. Captain Rait, R.A., commanding the Royal Artillery here, superintended the preparations, and followed as chief mourner. As the coffin, covered by a flag, was brought out of the cemetery, and on the gun, all the officers saluted to their dead comrade, and then fell in behind the carriage at a slow march. There was no military music, but I think the slow measured tramp was more moving than any pomp or military display could have been. Never before was such a procession of officers seen on the Gold Coast, and a crowd of natives assembled to look on. Our road led by the sea shore; the dull moan of the surge was a more appropriate music than any made by human instruments. A quarter of a mile brought us to the cemetery, and as we stood round and listened to the solemn words, it is, I trust, no derogation to our manliness to say that many a lip was bitten hard, many a hand dashed across the face to hide that emotion which, however great the cause, Englishmen always strive to conceal. During his month's stay at Cape Coast, assisting Captain Rait to turn the wild Houssas into steady gunners, he had won all hearts, and among us all there was but one feeling, that of deep regret for the kindly, gentle, unselfish young fellow who had left us but a few days before in high health and spirits, and who was brought back only to be laid in this lonely grave by the never-ceasing surf of the Atlantic ocean."

SPUTTERINGS FROM "JUDY'S" PEN.

WHAT is the earliest financial transaction on record?—When PHARAOH received a check on the bank of the Red Sea, crossed by "MOSES & Co."

ARITHMETICAL.—How to become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.

WHAT'S the difference between the side of a right-angled triangle and an old maid's teapot?—One is a hypothenuse, the other a teapot-in-use.

QUERY.—Ought not the common appellation of buck-shot for the Ashantee affair to be dubbed coffee canister?

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM, quietly submitted to the Board of Trade and Railway Companies.—If a sleeper on a railway track costs one and sixpence, what is the value of a *sleeper* in a first-class compartment?

THE LAST THING OUT.—We understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having failed to tax the poor people who *make* matches, intends next year to tax the poor people who *don't* make them, and thus all bachelors will be matched in strict proportion to their eligibility.

WHEN does a man swallow a field?—When he drinks a little mead.

I'LL toss you for it, the bull said, whether you have your way or mine.

MUST strong beer necessarily be (h)ale?

WE all have our trials. The Claimant has his.

THE police have not lately got a good name for politeness but yet they have a taking way with them sometimes.

—*Judy.*

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

President Grant's Message was read in Tuesday's sitting of the United States Congress. The President points out that the revenue has decreased since June, owing to the financial panic, but that the receipts in coin are still in excess of the interest accruing on the national debt. Should they fall below the requirements of the public service, he recommends additional taxation, rather than a loan. In connection with this subject, the President urges Congress to make a thorough investigation of the currency question, with a view to return to a specie basis. Referring to the seizure of the Virginius, President Grant says that the question is now in course of "satisfactory adjustment in a manner honourable to both nations." With regard to Cuba, he says that the slavery party there are displaying more and more hostility to the Home Government, and while maintaining a political connection with it, defy its authority, and are guilty of acts of oppression and injustice. Slavery, President Grant maintains, is the principal cause of the lamentable condition of Cuba, and he expresses the hope that Congress may share with him in the desire that it may soon disappear. Pending negotiations with reference to the capture of the *Virginius*, he has ordered the navy to be placed on a war footing, and he trusts the course he has adopted will be justified by public opinion. Among other subjects referred to in the Message are the awards of the Mixed Commission and the subject of nationality.

The Town Council of Bristol on Friday, with only one dissentient, adopted a resolution in favour of the establishment of free libraries in Bristol under the Public Libraries Acts, 1855 and 1866.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

[Our limited space precludes us from giving more than the following condensed account.]

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

The judges took their seats at ten minutes past eleven o'clock on Monday. The court was crowded; but outside there was not a score of loiterers to give the Claimant his wonted morning greeting. There was a large muster of barristers, a rumour having arisen that attention was to be drawn to the extraordinary scene which took place in court on Friday night.

Mr. Kenealy then commenced by referring to the incident that took place on Friday afternoon at the rising of the Court, and read a notice that he had received from the prosecution that they intended to give evidence to-day to prove that Luie's statement as to the date of his arrival in London was untrue.

Mr. Hawkins said that, as regarded the two witnesses who came into Court on Friday to identify Luie, the Lord Chief Justice had intimated that if the evidence only affected his character it would not be within the scope of the testimony he was at liberty to offer. Under these circumstances he made no application to their Lordships, but it was thought necessary to give the notice referred to, with a view, if possible, to avoid any further delay. Having, however, with his learned friends, carefully considered what should be done he had arrived at the conclusion that the evidence in question was not strictly what they would be entitled to offer in reply, and with the object moreover of avoiding another adjournment, he did not propose to make any application to their lordships.

Mr. Kenealy: My lords, I have now to move your lordships for an attachment for contempt, as it seems to me, of the most scandalous and disgraceful character which has been offered on this trial. It arises out of the indecent scene which took place here on Friday last, in the presence of the jury, by the solicitor on behalf of the prosecution. Your lordships will bear in mind that Jean Luie was under no obligation at all except the promise he made to your lordships to remain in this country. It is perfectly true that a witness, once he has been examined, is bound to attend the court from day to day; but this man is a foreigner—an American citizen; and if he had not been able to give recognisances for his attendance here from day to day I hardly think the court would send him to Newgate because he was under that disability. He came here from day to day upon his promise of attendance upon the court. On Friday, when he was in attendance in that way, happened that most scandalous and shameful scene which I must put before your lordships as undoubtedly the worst contempt of court that could have been made, for the purpose of prejudicing and influencing the mind of the jury and poisoning the current of justice which I say was advisedly done by the advisers of the prosecution in this case. I will not allow Mr. Hawkins to ride off unaffected because he says he did not know who these people were. He and his friends are counsel of experience, and they must have known; and I defy them in a matter of a criminal nature ever to bring it forward against a man——

The Lord Chief Justice: You need not say you defy them.

Mr. Kenealy: I will read the affidavit of Luie. [Mr. Kenealy then read the affidavit, which stated that he (Luie) was told by Mr. Pollard at the rising of the court to stay in court, Mr. Pollard at the same time calling several persons to his assistance to see that he did not leave the court. The affidavit went on to state that Luie had been watched by detectives, and that he had been obliged to complain to the detective department about it.] Now, my lord, I say that that was calculated before all other things to prejudice and poison the minds of the jury, and consequently it comes within that doctrine your lordship has laid down, that any speeches or newspaper articles which attempt to prejudice the public mind in any way are contempts of court, and the authors are liable to be fined and imprisoned by your lordships. I need hardly recal your lordships' attention to the exciting scene that followed the course of these proceedings. All the jury were standing up with amazement and astonishment, expecting that something would be done with this man. You lordships were recalled; you were hurried back into court.

The Lord Chief Justice: We heard there was a question of identity, and we came back. The short course to take will be for Mr. Pollard to make an affidavit in reply stating his version of the facts to which our attention is to be called.

Mr. Kenealy: I hope your lordships will not allow Mr. Pollard to insert anything as to Luie which may prejudice the jury.

The Lord Chief Justice: You ask us to visit Mr. Pollard with the consequences of a contempt of court, and do you mean to say that he is not to mention the circumstances affecting Luie which induced him to act as he did?

Mr. Kenealy: Yes.

The Lord Chief Justice: Then, I say, that would be a most monstrous injustice.

Mr. Kenealy: Such a statement would be another contempt of court.

The Lord Chief Justice: Well, all we direct at present is that Mr. Pollard shall answer the affidavit of Luie, but to say that he is to exclude from his affidavit what he may think necessary for his defence would be a gross injustice.

Mr. Kenealy: I was going to tell your lordships that this scene took place in open court in the presence of the whole of the jury.

The Lord Chief Justice: We know that.

Mr. Hawkins: When it was said that this was done advisedly for the purpose of prejudicing the case of the Defendant, I must assure your lordships that neither myself nor my learned friends had any idea before those two persons entered the court for the purpose of seeing Luie, that they were coming. Neither had I a full knowledge of the contents of the letter, as I had only just begun to read it when I handed it to your lordship. If I had wished to prejudice the case I might have said much more, but I did not know what the witnesses were going to say, and had not the slightest idea of who they were.

The Lord Chief Justice: I have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Pollard did what he did with a view, I will not say of "poisoning" the mind of the jury, as that is an inflated expression, but of influencing the mind of the jury, he would have been guilty of a very gross and serious contempt of court; but in order to judge how far he is guilty it is essential he should be as liberty to explain. I understood the allegation had reference to the presence of Luie in this country, at a time when he said he had not then been in this country; and in that case it would have been most material. If it should so turn out, and that, in his desire that the witnesses should see Luie to identify him, in the excitement of the moment he acted with less prudence and calmness than was desirable and touched Luie on the shoulder and said what he did—if that be all true, he would be guilty, as I have said, of gross contempt of court, but that in order that we may judge of that, we must know the circumstances which induced him so to act, and to direct him to exclude that from his affidavit would be a signal instance of injustice.

Mr. Hawkins: I should ask that we may put in an affidavit from Mr. Pollard sooner than to-morrow morning.

The Lord Chief Justice: Yes; after the adjournment for luncheon.

Mr. Kenealy: I sincerely hope you will not permit me to be interrupted in the middle of my speech. If there are stated any facts derogatory to the honour and character of Luie, I must ask your lordships to adjourn that I may reply to them.

Mr. Whalley (who sat in the seats appropriated to barristers but without his robes)—My lord, as the person——

The Lord Chief Justice: Mr. Whalley, what are you doing? Are you addressing the court as a barrister, without being robed in gown and wig?

Mr. Whalley: I do not address your lordship as a barrister but your lordship said that whoever dictated the affidavit of Luie, stating that the evidence he had given was true, was guilty of contempt of court. My lord, I am the man——

The Lord Chief Justice: Then, as one of the public, you know you have no right to address us; and I desire that you will sit down and be silent.

Mr. Whalley: My lord——

The Lord Chief Justice (with emphasis).—Sit down, sir, and be silent! (Mr. Whalley then resumed his seat.)

The case then took a most unexpected turn, Mr. Hawkins stating that after what had fallen from the bench he intended to call not only the two witnesses who came on Friday, but some other persons.

Mr. Hawkins then called PETER PETERS, chief clerk of Messrs. Hoffman, Schenck and Co., ship and insurance brokers, of Vine-street, Minories, London, who said that on the 29th of March last the firm received a telegram, to their care, for Captain Sorenson, and in the afternoon of the same day a person called for it. He saw him several times afterwards. The man Luie, whom he saw in court, was the same individual. When he first came he said he was Captain Sorenson, and he intimated that he was master of a vessel called the *Girda*, which was then lying at Hayle, in Cornwall. The witness then stated that Sorenson entered into negociations with the firm with the object of obtaining a freight for the ship, and ultimately applied for a loan of £20, which was not granted, as, on inquiry, no *Girda* was found at Hayle. He was positive Luie was the same man.

Mr. Kenealy said he could not cross-examine the witness, as he had no materials for that purpose.

JOHN STETTAFORD, another clerk in the same firm, gave corroborative evidence. He saw Sorenson several times in March and April last. Once he was requested to follow him, and he traced him to a coffee-house in Leman-street, Whitechapel. When he was told that they would prosecute him for trying to extort money under false pretences, he offered to pay the expenses they had been put to in regard to the ship. He said he was as positive Luie was Sorenson as he was of his own existence.

PETER VAN SCHAIK, sworn and examined by Mr. Serjeant Parry: I am clerk to Mr. D. Brown, 146, Leadenhall-street. In March and April I was clerk to Hoffman, Schenck, and Co. I saw Luie there many times, speaking to Mr. Peters. I don't know how many—sometimes five or six times a day. He is here now. It is Jean Luie whom I knew as Sorenson. I saw a photograph of him last Saturday week (photograph handed to witness). That is not the one. I recognised the photograph in the shop as Sorenson. I looked in the window a quarter of an hour, because I was not sure of him. I recognised him on Friday in court.

Mr. Kenealy: Your lordships will not, I understand, postpone the cross-examination of this witness.

The Lord Chief Justice: You have all the materials before you for cross-examination. I quite understand that counsel may be taken by surprise so entirely by the nature of evidence given that they ought to have an opportunity of re-opening the matter; and if they can show a good reason for postponing the cross-examination, it will be granted.

Mr. Hawkins: Whatever your lordship thinks is right, will be done.

FREDK HAMBLIN: I am a joiner, and was so in March and April, 1873. I saw in those months the person calling himself Captain Sorenson. I saw him three or four times. The person here calling himself Jean Luie is the same person that I knew as Captain Sorenson. I am certain he is the same man.

IVO COBETT, a partner in the house, said that on Saturday, the 29th of March last, he saw a person calling himself Captain Sorenson, at their office in Vine-street. Saw him now in court. Luie was the man. He was quite satisfied about it. He represented himself as the master of the *Girda*, lying at Hayle, formerly called the *Amazon*. Witness apologized to Captain Sorenson for having opened the telegram. It purported to be from Queenstown, and said that there was not a sufficient draught of water in that place for the ship. Captain Sorenson said he should be off that freight for his ship, and he (witness) then offered to get him another freight. He came again on the Monday following. He wanted 23s. for the freight, but they could only get him 22s. On Tuesday he applied to witness for an advance of £20 to purchase a second hand chronometer. Witness said "Yes," and began to write out a receipt, but it occurring to him that it was a singular request, he went upstairs to think the matter over, leaving the receipt on the desk unfinished. He sent for the captain upstairs, and said he could not give the advance as he was only one of three partners. He said it did not matter, as he could get it from a Mr. Dahl, a shipbroker, and then he requested him to call again. In the meantime he (witness) telegraphed to Hale, and on receiving a reply, he taxed Captain Sorenson with saying that the vessel was there when she was not. He persisted in saying that the vessel was at Hayle, and witness showed him the telegram, which was from Lloyd's agent, and said he exposed himself to be given in charge for attempted fraud. He replied that he had done nothing wrong, as he had got no money from them. Witness said he had put them to some expense for telegrams, and he offered to pay that. He suggested that he should introduce them to Mr. Dahl, and he consented. He (witness) and clerk went with him for that purpose, but when they got to Crutched Friars he said he was not obliged to go to that gentleman. Witness threatened to give him in charge, and he said he would get the money from his lodgings for the expense they had been put to, about 20s. Witness insisted on accompanying him to his lodgings, which were at a small coffee house in the Minories. He walked to the bar, and seemed to ask for a newspaper. He (witness) asked the woman if she knew him, and she said he had slept there a night or two and paid 1s. for his bed. She added that he was not staying there at that time. Captain Sorenson wanted to take them further east, but he thought it was better to take his word for sending the money, and they parted. Never received the money and never saw him again until to-day.

Mr. Kenealy hoped the court would grant an adjournment, saying he proposed to recall Luie and then to make inquiries as to the evidence just given.

JEAN LUIE was then recalled; In reply to Mr. Kenealy, he said it was not true that he called at the office of Messrs. Hoffman, Schenck, and Co., and he did not know where it was. No telegram was ever handed to him by Peter Peters. He never had a telegram in his life in England, and the only letters he received came from the United States. He gave a positive denial to the other statements of the preceding witnesses, and said that in March, April, and May last he was on Lake Michigan on board the *Ironsides*, commanded by Captain Harris. He left the United States in the middle of May, coming over in a ship called the *Circassian*, bound from New York to Liverpool. He arrived at the latter port about the beginning of June, and came at once by rail to Folkestone. He then went by boat to Ostend, and afterwards to Antwerp and Brussels. He did not know the coffee-house, and never saw Mr. Cobett.

STETTAFROD and SCHAIK were recalled, and in answer to the Lord Chief Justice said they recognised the same voice and peculiarity of manner and accent in Luie as in Sorenson. The keeper of the coffee shop is ill in bed, and cannot be seen.

LUIE recalled by Mr. Hawkins: I came from New York to Liverpool in June. I don't know the line of the packet, or whether it was a Cunard or Inman line. I came to England in my own name. I went from Liverpool to Folkestone by rail. I don't know if I came to London on the way. I had to change carriages. I took a through ticket direct from Liverpool to Folkestone. I paid 23s. for the ticket. I left Liverpool about four o'clock in the evening, and arrived at Folkestone about nine or ten in the morning. I don't know the name of the Folkestone boat that took me to Ostend. It was the regular boat that plies from Folkestone to Ostend. I think she carried the mails. I don't know the name of the captain or any one on board the *Circassian*. A great many on board the ship knew me, but I don't remember their names. The people at the railway station at Liverpool advised me to go by way of Ostend as the most direct route. I said on my previous cross-examination that I was never in England before June last. I was in Ireland during the famine. Dahl in New York was a steamboat runner. I don't know the name of Dort. I know Mr. Baigent. I have seen him two or three times at Poet's-corner. I have been to the Reform Club to see Mr. Whalley. I did not see Baigent there.

By. Mr. Kenealy: I never had any conversation with Baigent about the evidence I was about to give.

The Lord Chief Justice: We feel that we are in a difficulty with this witness. I am extremely anxious not to do anything that can prejudice him in the minds of the jury. The evidence which he has given is of a very important character, and if believed, though by no means conclusive of the case, it will be one of the elements to which the jury must give their most attentive consideration. I am anxious not to interfere with the intellectual exercise of their free and independent judgment upon it. On the other hand, the evidence has been met by contradictory evidence of a most important character, which must also be taken into account by the jury. If in their opinion the latter is such as to disentitle the witness to belief at their hands, and if they should come to the opinion that he has committed perjury, it is perjury of the most serious character and deserving of serious punishment. With this contradictory evidence to allow witness to be at large without being under recognisances, that if the jury should be of opinion that he has perjured himself he should have an opportunity of escaping, is what we cannot allow. I feel that we must use that power upon the witness that will prevent him from leaving the country if he should be so minded to do. I hope, therefore, the jury will distinctly understand that what is about to be done is to prevent Luie's escape in the meantime. The court does not take this course because they entertain any opinion on which side is the truth, but only to insure that justice shall be done. The court, therefore, must call on the witness to enter into his own recognisances in £300, and two sureties in £150 each, to be forthcoming from this time until the end of the year.

A long conversation took place between Mr. Kenealy and the bench for an adjournment of the Court to enable the former to prosecute inquiries about Captain Sorenso, and produce him, if possible, and to call further witnesses; but the Court declined to grant it. They, however, intimated that, if necessary, they would allow the learned counsel to call evidence to show that it is a case of mistaken identity.

Mr. Kenealy said he could not pledge himself to call any witnesses.

Mr. Hawkins then handed in Mr. Pollard's affidavit relative to what occurred on Friday afternoon, when the court adjourned, with reference to Jean Luie, which called forth some severe strictures from Mr. Kenealy, who observed that the explanation offered by Mr. Pollard was no vindication of his conduct. The manner and mode adopted by Mr. Pollard for the witnesses who had been called to-day to identify Luie was calculated to injure the man and the cause of the defendant.

The Lord Chief Justice said there was no pretence for saying that Mr. Pollard had committed any contempt of Court. Mr. Pollard found himself placed in a position of difficulty and acted on the spur of the moment. If there had been more time for deliberation, he no doubt would have acted otherwise. He regretted this application had been made.

Mr. Justice Lush said he had too high a respect for the intellect of the jury to suppose that they would be influenced in any manner by what had happened.

DR. KENEALY'S ADDRESS.

On Tuesday morning, as soon as the judges had taken their seat on the bench, the 132nd day of the trial, Mr. Kenealy began his address on the part of the Claimant. The court was greatly crowded, and a large assemblage of people had collected together in the hall. The learned counsel spoke at the outset, and for a considerable time afterwards, in so low a tone that he could scarcely be heard even by those in his immediate vicinity, which led the Lord Chief Justice to ask him to raise his voice, observing that only half of what he said reached the bench. Having made an earnest appeal to the Supreme Judge to guide the jury in this great drama by wisdom, impartiality, and justice, so that they might arrive at a right conclusion, without fear, favour, or affection, he expressed his overwhelming sense of the terrible responsibility that was cast upon him, and confidently hoped that if from over-zeal he had occasionally gone beyond the strict limits of moderation, they would grant him their indulgence, bearing in mind the enormous difficulties under which he had laboured in the conduct of the case. During the trial his mind had been continually under a mighty strain, and he had never been able to indulge in recreation of any kind, or even to leave his chambers. Still he had never turned from the faithful discharge of his duty as counsel, and would rather walk the streets in poverty than, by basely deserting his client, rise to the highest dignities of the bench, or ride in gorgeous equipages. He was supported by the consciousness that in spite of oratorical artifices and elaborate fallacies the twelve men in the box would be able to discriminate between truth and falsehood, and that the maxims, *Vincit omnia veritas* and "Great is the truth, and it shall prevail," would be realized in the result. Mr. Kenealy then went on to say that he should show that in this case gold and power had been used to support the most monstrous falsehood that had ever been concocted in this country, adding that though he might well be alarmed at his formidable and unscrupulous adversary, he was resolved to battle with him to the very last, and he hoped he should be able to thwart the accomplishment of his unholy end. He next spoke of the fearful difficulties under which his client laboured in defending himself, and said, although blotched and bleared here and there, his career presented one harmonious and consistent picture until he surrendered himself to folly and madness, and found himself there as a victim of that folly and madness, called upon to answer the gravest charges that ever were made against any man. Earnestly appealing to the jury to disabuse their minds of any preconceived opinions on the guilt or innocence of the accused, he said people might have gone from dining-room to drawing-room or club, denouncing him as an impostor and declaring that if they had an opportunity they would give effect to their opinion—

The Lord Chief Justice: Who said that?

Mr. Kenealy: I did not say any one did.

The Lord Chief Justice: You suggest it.

Mr. Kenealy did not think he had said anything to justify his lordship's question. He was certain if any of the jury had before entering the box formed an opinion of the case, he would not allow it to influence him now, and he seriously warned them, by reference to the examples of past times, of the danger of their giving way to prejudice against an individual. He then urged the jury to emulate their predecessors in the case of the unfortunate wanderer, James Annesley, whose story now formed the plot of an interesting drama at one of the theatres—a jury who covered their name with a glory that excited the admiration of every student of history by giving a verdict for right and justice against the wicked machinations of influence and wealth. As regards the present case, after full and ample consideration, he did not hesitate to characterize it as the worst, the wickedest, the blackest, and the most profligate prosecution in this country since the days of the Stuarts. Having referred to the treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh, who on his trial was denounced by Sir E. Coke as a "spider of hell," and to the judicial tyranny of Jeffreys and Scroggs, he passed on to the treatment of his witnesses by the counsel on the other side, which he said was a disgrace to the administration of justice, and observed he should have thought that men who had flourished forged documents in the face of the jury would have exhibited some mildness and some sense of decency. Especially would be have thought so when bribery was added to the enormity because, disguise it as they might, giving Captain Oates two guineas a day—a permanent Government situation—was bribery; and so was giving Charles Orton £75 a year.

The Lord Chief Justice: That is not proved.

Mr. Kenealy: I think there is some proof of it, although it may not be the best.

The Lord Chief Justice said that the suggestion only rested on a conversation with Charles Orton which was not admissible in evidence, and was not admitted.

Mr. Kenealy: I am corrected, but the giving of the money we have heard of to witnesses as remuneration or compensation I contend is really bribery.

The Lord Chief Justice: To what instances do you refer?

Mr. Kenealy: The £1,000 to the McAllisters.

The Lord Chief Justice: That has already been remarked upon.

Mr. Kenealy: And £9,000 given to Gosford.

The Lord Chief Justice: There is no proof whatever of that.

Mr. Kenealy: The best proof is that he has not paid the money.

The Lord Chief Justice: He has not got it to pay. If he had the trustees would wholly fail in their duty to the Court of Chancery if they did not compel him to pay.

Mr. Kenealy: He has not paid the money, and I hold that is bribery. (Laughter.) I may be wrong, but that is my notion, and so it is as to the money given to other witnesses. The learned counsel then said that, taking all these things into consideration, the counsel for the Crown ought to have been a little less triumphant, overbearing, tyrannical, and despotic in the treatment of the defendant's witnesses—a treatment against which he strongly protested. According to them the witnesses for the prosecution embodied all the virtues under heaven; those on the other side most of the vices of another place.

The Lord Chief Justice said that what the learned counsel had uttered was a serious reflection on the Court, and he took on himself emphatically to deny its truth. If the judges had seen any ill-treatment of a witness it was their bounden duty to protect him; but he had not seen any, and no application had been made to them on the subject. He had heard a great deal trenching on the limits, he would not say of propriety, but of endurance; but when these charges were openly made reflecting on the conduct of the Court, he felt bound to say they were wholly unfounded in fact.

Mr. Justice Lush: I cannot help adding that there is not the slightest ground for the insinuation.

Mr. Kenealy: I am sorry to hear your lordship say so, because I have the strongest opinion the other way.

The Lord Chief Justice: And a counsel fails in his duty if, when his witness is ill-treated, he does not ask for the protection of the court.

Mr. Kenealy said he had protested two or three times against the way Mr. Hawkins had treated his witnesses.

The Lord Chief Justice, observing that he did not remember the occasions, said it had always been his practice to protect witnesses against being brow-beaten or insulted by counsel.

Mr. Kenealy was satisfied he should be able to show that his witnesses had been deliberately insulted, and in the most offensive way. Next adverting to the rebutting evidence he said that in consequence of the course pursued by the Crown, as if it were not enough to have to decide whether the defendant was Roger Tichborne or not, they had the additional luxury of having to determine whether Jean Luie had committed perjury and was really Captain Sorenson, and probably he would be put on his trial without having an opportunity of properly defending himself.

The Lord Chief Justice said the court thought that where the jury were of opinion that a witness had committed perjury, the witnesses to prove it should be bound over to appear before a magistrate, and that was a course they recommended other judges to pursue.

Mr. Kenealy, continuing, said that if the Crown got a verdict, he did not know where these prosecutions would stop, and supposed Mr. Whalley, Mr. Bulpitt, and Mr. Biddulph could not possibly escape from the charge of wilful and deliberate falsehood. Yet he had hope. The defendant had not called so many lords and colonels, thank God, but he had a fine body of Carabineers, who would weigh much more in the scale. (Laughter.) In criminal cases the jury were bound to give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt they might entertain, but he scorned to rest his defence upon doubt, and relied upon the positive and overwhelming evidence of Lady Tichborne, Mr. Hopkins, and others to satisfy the jury that the defendant was the man he represented himself to be. He proceeded to argue that the manner and conduct of the defendant proved that he could not be the low, illiterate, and vulgar brute which Arthur Orton appeared to be; and that the way in which he boldly and openly presented himself to the public throughout the country showed an inward consciousness of innocence. If he were Orton, would he not, on being liberated from Newgate, have escaped, as he might easily have done, and left his bail in the lurch, especially when he knew that the Government would only have been too glad to have got rid of the case in that way, and would not have attempted to bring him back? He, on the contrary, remained to meet his accusers, satisfied that the jury would vindicate his rights. Speaking of the unprecedented course of putting a Cabinet Minister in the box, he said that Mr. Childers had sworn as to the gold fever what was now clearly untrue; not wilfully, but recklessly and rashly. Although (he went on to say) the defendant had degraded himself, yet he had about him the genuine but indefinable essence and air of a true gentleman, as could be seen by any one when he walked down Westminster Hall. (Laughter.) He could bear that laugh. As Queen Elizabeth was known by her lion port, so the defendant was known by the port of a gentleman. The greatest possible allowance must be made for a man who had been so circumstanced as the defendant had been. Nothing but a consciousness of innocence could have supported a man who had been denounced in the House of Commons, in public and private, who had to fight against clever antagonists, and against an army of tigers and raging lions. There have been plenty of men who have atoned for wild and foolish acts, and have redeemed their characters by a life of beneficence afterwards. They had a great opportunity offered to them of sending this man back to atone for all the follies of which he had been guilty—of sending him back to his ancestral home to atone by a future life for all the misery and folly that he had committed, and probably of bringing around him those now arrayed against him. The man had been to a certain extent crushed and made a bankrupt. He was thought to be in the power of his enemies, who considered this a grand and splendid game for which some were playing, worth the expenditure of unbounded wealth. Convict this man, say they, and we have his estate.

The Lord Chief Justice: Who are we?

Mr. Kenealy: His enemies.

The Lord Chief Justice: The estates are in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the infant heir.

Mr. Kenealy said there was no difficulty in any person invested with the sacerdotal office training the heir to be the servant instead of the master, and so enrich the power that was at work here. There were great and unseen powers at work behind the prosecution against this man for their own purpose.

A Juror: Is not the defendant a Roman Catholic?

Mr. Kenealy: I fear he is a very bad one. I fear also that what the defendant said in 1866 has been carried to other places, viz., that he is not going to be so liberal to certain parties as his ancestors have been.

The Lord Chief Justice said it was not known until Gibbes mentioned it, and the statement that 3s. in the pound was given to the Church was too preposterous for belief. It was denied by Mr. Gosford.

Mr. Kenealy said there was more done in that way than many supposed. He declined to take Gosford's denial. If Sir Edward Doughty's cheque books had been produced they would have told a different tale to that of Gosford's. Probably what had been communicated to Gibbes might have given an idea to certain people that they would not get much out of the defendant, that he was not the man for them, and that might have given rise to much that had been done in the course of this case. The learned counsel proceeded to say that he had called witnesses who had recognised the defendant by his features, his hair, walk, his voice, and by his smile of remarkable grace and sweetness (laughter). He was serious in his remark, although it had given rise to that smile. An officer was a prominent figure in the landscape, and who was a person who was taken particular notice of by his men, and they were more likely men to remember the correct figure and features of those who had commanded them than those who were their companions and friends.

The Court then again adjourned,

At the sitting of the court on Wednesday morning, Mr Kenealy resumed his speech by contending that the prosecution was founded on a principle utterly abhorrent to the English law, and indeed to every principle of justice, because the crime was taken for granted, and innocence as a thing that did not exist. The whole of the opening for the prosecution was based on the idea of guilt; the whole evidence for the defence was treated as if it were evidence proving the crime. The only excuse that could be offered for such a proceeding was that the mind of the leading counsel was so imbued by the prejudice of many years (as appeared by his own admission) that he was unable to divest himself of it when he came into this criminal court to press his charge against the defendant. Ordinarily, in criminal cases, the person who conducted the prosecution did not preface his evidence with a statement expressive of a foregone conclusion of guilt, and, in his judgment, the language used in this case was without parallel in any criminal proceeding, unless in infamous days, when Attorney-General Coke thought it decent and right to address a prisoner in the words he had quoted yesterday—days which would always be reprobated by every honourable man, and, he hoped, had passed away for ever. Having read a passage from Mr. Hawkins's speech, Mr. Kenealy said he distinctly invited the jury to take the guilt of the accused for granted. Commenting further on the course so taken, he went on to say, "This has never been the law of England, and, in my opinion, it is the law of hell."

The Lord Chief Justice: Really, Mr. Kenealy, we must interpose. That is not an expression to use in a court of justice. It is taking a great deal upon yourself to say what the law there is.

Mr. Kenealy: If your lordship takes on yourself to prescribe to counsel——

The Lord Chief Justice: I take upon myself to say that language should not be used—I will not say blasphemous—but most indecorous and improper to be used here.

Mr. Kenealy: I demand to be heard. If your lordship intends to prescribe to counsel what language or what argument he shall use——

The Lord Chief Justice: No; certainly not argument, but I do undertake to prescribe what is proper language in court.

Mr. Kenealy: It is proper language.

The Lord Chief Justice: Sir, I say it is not, and it shall not be used. There is not the least occasion for it, and it must shock some ears if it does not shock yours.

Mr. Kenealy: I hope my ears are as fastidious as anybody else's.

The Lord Chief Justice: I dare say; but I think it is the duty of the court to interfere when such improper expressions are used.

Mr. Kenealy, continuing his address, said that no language of his could be sufficiently strong to express his abhorrence of the course adopted or his utter disgust of the way in which the case against the defendant was presented to the jury. According to the English law, every man was presumed to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty, but by the conduct of this prosecution the prisoner was presumed to be guilty and called upon to prove his innocence. That he reprobated as a scandal and a disgrace to any earthly tribunal, and said it was only fit for the tribunal to which he had referred. Then out of doors some people said that if the defendant was Roger Tichborne he ought to be hanged, and that if he was not he ought to be hanged; in either case he was equally guilty. That was a short and, perhaps to some, an agreeable and satisfactory mode of settling the case, but it was not the mode of settling it in a court of law or justice. They were not to hang him under any conceivable circumstances, but only when he was proved to be guilty. He, therefore, hoped that the jury would not be influenced by what they heard out of doors. The learned counsel then said that in one respect this was the most remarkable trial in England—perhaps in the world—viz., that the prisoner was called upon to answer his whole life, and that if he had forgotten the most trifling events of his childhood, youth, and manhood, he was guilty. His recollection of these periods was put against the united recollections of 200 witnesses, each of whom, added by diaries, journals, letters, and memoranda, remembered some isolated fact, and if he could not satisfactorily reply to questions on this great congeries of facts, he was a perjurer, and the jury were asked to find him guilty. Even if he spoke rightly, it was not put down to his knowledge or recollection, but was treated as evidence of falsehood and design, and it was said he had been coached by old Bogle, Miss Braine, M'Cann, Carter, and Mr. Onslow. He was, in fact, put in this dilemma—that whatever he did he was said to be guilty, and he had no possible chance of escape. It was consequently most unfortunate that the defendant was permitted to take his trial under circumstances which made it necessary that he should answer for his whole life, when if he had been charged for perjury simply upon his evidence as to Stonyhurst, Miss Loder, Miss Hale, or Miss Doughty, which would have answered every purpose, the trial might have occupied only two or three days, and there would have been something like fairness in the prosecution. Having remarked that no man in England could pass satisfactorily through a cross-examination like that to which the defendant was exposed as to the whole course of his life, he entered into a long argument to account for the defendant's forgetfulness, supporting his theory by reference to Dr. Aikin's "Eyes and no Eyes," and Montaigne's confessions of ignorance of the simplest things connected with husbandry, although they were constantly passing under his eye in the country where he had lived from his infancy. He also passed over the same ground that he had taken up in his first speech to show that, in addition to his want of the powers of observation the mind of the defendant had been weakened and almost destroyed by drink and dissipation, and said that the jury must also bear in mind that if his story were true, they must be prepared for any act of downright folly on his part. The wild way in which he abandoned home, parents, relatives, and friends, and led a life of exile and seclusion from all civilisation, could only be attributed to extreme folly, extreme fanaticism, or extreme despair, or all combined.

Mr. Kenealy then dealt with the defendant's evidence about Stonyhurst, and attributed to a disease from which he was suffering some of its apparent inconsistencies, and particularly those parts where he said he lived in a cottage outside the College gates, and refused to give the reason why he immediately left Stonyhurst when he returned in 1849.

The Lord Chief Justice remarked that the correspondence showed that Roger Tichborne never returned to the college after the vacation in March, 1848. After he left then they could trace him, step by step, with his father abroad and in England; and in November, 1848, he wrote from Knoyle to his mother, saying he never intended to go back to Stonyhurst.

Mr. Kenealy said there was nothing to contradict his hypothesis that when the defendant returned to Stonyhurst in 1849 he was summarily expelled. He (the learned counsel) assumed that Sir John Coleridge must have known of this circumstance when he was cross-examining the defendant, and said he relied upon it as the sheet anchor of his case, because it was a matter as to which the defendant could not have been coached. Suggestion had been made that the defendant obtained his knowledge of the Tichborne family in Australia from the *Home News*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the "Peerage and Baronetage;" but there was no proof in its support. The great source of his information at that time must therefore have been Bogle, who was said to be a kind of volume of universal knowledge about the family; but he did not gather from Mr. Hawkins whether he meant to represent him as an innocent dupe or a consenting party to the fraud from the very beginning. As he was an intelligent and shrewd man, and a most favourable specimen of the African race, he dismissed the idea of his being a dupe, and was driven to the alternative that he must, if he were speaking untruthfully, be a knave. Two more distinct persons than the description of Roger Tichborne in the advertisement and the defendant could hardly be found, and if the latter had been an impostor it was impossible to understand what use the information was to him, or how he could have hoped to succeed in persuading Bogle that he was the right man. If Bogle had lent himself to a fraud, he was negativing the whole of his past life. D'Aranza was a man, of all others, to be made the unwilling dupe of a clever priest. If he (Mr. Kenealy) were a clever priest, and one devoted body and soul to the advancement of his Church, instead of getting hold of a rogue he would apply himself to an honest and honourable man, and endeavour most completely to make him his dupe and slave. M. d'Aranza was one of those people who had been got hold of and had been talked over and who had given his evidence with honesty and good faith; but it was not deserving of any particular attention from them. The learned counsel pointed out the variation in M. d'Aranza's description of Roger's personal appearance and that given by so many other witnesses.

A Juryman: In your first speech you spoke of M. d'Aranza as a most exemplary man—a truthful witness.

Mr. Kenealy: And so I have said now, but he was a weak man—honest and honourable; but he had allowed himself to be persuaded with things that had been proved never to have existed. It was strange that two persons so intimately acquainted as Roger and M. d'Aranza were that Roger never mentioned to the latter that he was tattooed or have shown him the marks upon his arm. M. d'Aranza was a perfectly honest man. He might have been talked over about Roger not being knock kneed, but he could not be persuaded by any priestly artifice to tell them what was untrue about the tattoo marks.

The Lord Chief Justice said no imputation of the kind was made against M. d'Aranza when he was cross-examined. If that line of argument was to be set up, he ought to have been asked about it. There ought to have been some foundation laid for the theory set up—not to set up a theory and then assume the fact.

Mr. Kenealy said he had a right to argue that M. d'Aranza was not accurate; and, secondly, that he might possibly have had infused into his mind by some other party notions of Roger Tichborn's personal appearance.

The Lord Chief Justice said the first was a fair and legitimate point for argument.

Mr. Kenealy said that M. d'Aranza associated with the Higginses and the Nangles. The learned counsel read from the cross-examination of the defendant at the Law Institution to show that he was not coached by Lady Tichborne. Roger was not a person of accurate information, and he was careless in the spelling of names, and the same as was to be found in the defendant's undoubted letters. Roger's Munchausen exploit in South Australia, his ignorance of Greek, and the defendant's purchase of an hotel in Sydney for £10,000, which latter, the learned counsel said, must have disgusted the family—the extraordinary stories he told, Mr. Gibbes' evidence of a species of weakness of intellect, or related by him under foreign influences, were touched upon by the learned counsel, observing that he used them as proofs demonstrative that the defendant did not study the information in the illustrated papers when in Sydney. Lady Tichborne hit upon the real reason why the defendant made those false statements when she wrote, "I know him to be rather giddy."

The Court then again adjourned.

PAROCHIAL POEM.

On the School Board, as for me,
Guv my vote for nobody.
Education's name I hates.
Them three R.'s all mean more Rates,
Which, as I objects to pay,
should wish to do away.
Don't for School Boards see no call;
Wouldn't vote for none at all.—*Punch.*

MR. BRIGHT ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Mr. Bright, in reply to a working man who wrote to him on the subject of drunkenness and depravity in our large towns, has written as follows:—

"The evils you describe seem too vast for any known remedy, and I know not who has the courage to attempt to deal with them. To your concluding paragraph I must offer one remark by way of explanation. I cannot support the Permissive Bill, for reasons which I have given in the House of Commons and to those who have sent me there. I do not approve our present licensing system, for I think the magistrates are not the best authority to determine the number of houses which should be licensed, or to what houses licences should be granted or refused. I am in favour of municipal control even in this matter—that is, of the ratepayers through the local parliament which they elect. This, to my mind, would be much better than to invite the vote of the whole town, and I am satisfied that it would work better and more justly. The Town Council represents the town, and to its wisdom I would intrust the power to grant or refuse licences, subject, it may be, to such limits as Parliament might properly determine. I think a Licensing Committee of the Town Council would be a better authority than the magistrates, and through it the opinion of the ratepayers would be expressed and enforced. I am in favour of adding to the authority and dignity of our Municipal Governments, and with that view I should have been glad to see the management of our elementary schools placed in their hands; and partly for the same reason I would give them control over the licensing system, as closely connected with the good order of our towns and cities. As we are moving now, we shall soon have little to do but to fight elections, which, at best, are but necessary evils. Parliamentary elections, Municipal elections, School Board elections are surely enough; do not ask us to add to them Permissive Bill contests as often as a fluctuating public opinion may demand them. I have no objection to give opinion fair play, but I wish it to act through a recognised and constitutional channel."

"MELVILLE v. THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF LONDON."

The above cause has been tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the plaintiff bringing the action to recover £4,920, the balance of the price of a picture painted by him for the Corporation. Mr. Lopes, Q.C, and Mr. F. H. Lewis appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Thesiger, Q.C., and Mr. Talfourd Salter for the defendants.

The subject of the picture was the presentation in the year 1863 of the freedom of the City to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the Guildhall.

Mr. Lopes opened the plaintiff's case, the substance of which was as follows:—In the year 1863, it having been determined that the ceremony should be performed, some communication relative to a picture passed between the plaintiff and a Mr. Green, a member of the Common Council, which resulted in Sir Francis Moon giving the plaintiff a letter of introduction to the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. This led to a discussion upon the subject of having a picture painted, and, upon the plaintiff's suggestion, he and his wife were allotted seats to view the ceremony for the purpose of getting the necessary ideas for the picture. In July, 1863, a list of all the guests who attended were sent to the plaintiff, who thereupon sent circulars to them requesting sittings for the purpose of obtaining their portraits. A small picture was at first commenced by the plaintiff, but a discussion arose relative to its size, and it was abandoned; another was then begun by him, measuring 15ft. by 10ft., which was the subject of the present action. Shortly afterwards complaints were made, by some of the persons who were sitting to the plaintiff for their portraits, that it was inconvenient to go to his studio, and in consequence a room in the Guildhall was set apart for him to work in, and in that he and his wife were occupied with the picture for about three and a half years. In 1866 the picture was nearly finished, and some correspondence ensued between the plaintiff and the City authorities as to the payment for it; the question was referred to the City Lands Committee, who decided that it should be bought. There were many meetings of the Committee upon the matter, and ultimately at a meeting of the Common Council, to whom the resolution of the Lands Committee had been referred, it was resolved that the picture should not be bought. Shortly after the commencement of the picture the plaintiff received the sum of £300, but it was admitted by his counsel that this was not paid on account of the price of the picture.

Mr. Justice Blackburn said that the question seemed to be whether or not there was a binding bargain on the part of the Corporation to buy and pay for the picture.

Mr. Lopes contended that the letters and the minutes of the various meetings, coupled with the fact of the room and other facilities having been given to the plaintiff, showed a sufficient intention on the part of the defendants to take and pay for the picture, but he said that he had no evidence which would carry the matter any farther than that; upon which a nonsuit was directed to be entered.

The plaintiff was nonsuited accordingly.

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

An American "writerist" wishes to know why people always spell *finis* without the *h*.

A western critic recently said of a new novel, "It's incidents follow each other like a shovel full of hot coals."

Kroughkaigh is the way they spell a popular game in Western Missouri.

An Iowa criminal lawyer is referred to by the San Francisco *Chronicle* as a man who, if he has not slain his thousands, he has saved sixty-five murderers with his jawbone.

An Englishman, visiting the White Mountains, complained of the excessive hilliness of the country in all that region, whereupon the Yankee stage-driver remarked, "Waal, yes, we *hev* rather too much land to the acre, about here, and so *we hev to stack it!*"

A down-east editor, after dusk and dinner (most fortified with brandy), saw an immense snake lying on the grass. He procured an axe, and when he had chopped the reptile into about a dozen pieces, he discovered it to be a garden hose which had not been properly hung up in the garden shed.

The pretty playfulness with which little children charm away the cares of their parents is illustrated by a touching occurrence in Indiana. A boy of six years, after watching the laundry proceedings, and especially the way in which the wrinkles in the linen disappeared before the flat iron, retired to meditate in the room where his father was taking his after-dinner nap. There gazing upon the furrows which years of struggles had made upon the marble brow of his parent, he was seized by a beautiful idea. In less than a minute that devoted little boy was smoothing out those marks of time and sorrow with a very hot flat iron. The little boy was called a young cus by his wide-awake parent, and the reply of the offended youth was, "By the bad language you use, old hos, I might retaliate, and show you up by calling you an old cus."

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A meeting of the Agricultural Labourers' Executive Committe was held at Leamington, on Monday, when Mr. Joseph Arch presented an official report of the results of his mission to Canada.

Her Majesty the Queen has, it is announced from Berlin, definitely declined the invitation from the Russian Court to attend the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, at St. Petersburg.

From the Cape Gold Fields there are encouraging reports of fresh discoveries of gold. Fair-sized nuggets are presenting themselves to alluvial diggers. The biggest weighed 16oz. and 23oz. respectively.

The King of Italy has conferred on Sir Sydney Waterlow the order of the Crown of Italy in recognition of the valuable services he rendered to the subscription for the sufferers by the inundation in Lombardy.

One of the attractions at a San Francisco theatre is a man who, with a rifle at thirty paces distance, shoots a half dollar out of another man's hand. It is considered a great hit in the theatrical world.

For the information of Spanish bondholders it is announced in the *Madrid Gazette* that the coupons, &c., now due by the Government may be utilised in subscriptions to the National Loan.

The question of arming the Italian troops with a repeating rifle, which was agitated after the war as a means of more than counterbalancing the power of the Chassepôt, seems again to be seriously entertained. A contract has been recently entered into for supplying eighty-four of the Vetterli rifles to each line regiment as an experiment. The Vetterli patent is that already adopted by the Swiss troops, who are now nearly all armed with it. It carries the spare cartridges in a long chamber underneath the barrel, and can deliver twelve shots in succession without taking down from the shoulder.

The Duke of Bedford, being desirous of marking his sense of the services of Lord Lawrence and of the Board over which his Lordship has presided, has made a donation of £1,000 to the "Lawrence Scholarship" Fund. This scholarship, which is open to girls as well as boys, is one of five which have now been placed in the hands of the School Board for London, to enable children to pass from the public elementary schools of the metropolis to schools of a higher grade.

Some time since a number of learned societies, anxious for another Arctic expedition, requested Mr. Gladstone to receive a deputation, selected to set forth the desirability of that step. They have now been informed that the Government sees no reason to alter the decision arrived at during the present year, not to undertake any further expedition until the *Challenger* has completed her voyage.

After the duel which took place at Fontainebleau between Prince Ghika and Prince Soutzo, in which the former was killed, warrants of arrest were issued against the latter and all the seconds. The Prince has addressed to the Procureur of the Republic a letter, in which he declares that he will appear in court, and the seconds have done the same.

Captain Williams, M.P. for Barnstaple, has met with a lamentable accident. It appears that he owns a farm called Horridge, a few miles from Barnstaple. He lately erected some steam machinery there, and on Monday went to see that it was placed in proper order. One of the wheels caught his hand, and, drawing it in, tore it almost completely from the arm. Captain Williams was at once taken to his residence, Pilton House, and the limb was successfully amputated by Drs. Budd and Gamble.

A Parliamentary Return, obtained by Mr. Gilpin was printed of the age of the youngest boy and youngest girl in each workhouse, under industrial teaching in March last, and also of the number of boys in workhouses who, during the half-year ended Lady-day, were subjected to corporal punishment. The counties are given, and corporal punishments seem to have been few and far between.

Mr. Chamberlain, chairman of the Birmingham Education League, in a speech on Saturday evening, said it was impossible that two antagonistic opinions could prevail in the same Cabinet at the same time. Mr. Bright's services could not be dispensed with by the country at the present time. Then either Mr. Forster must leave the Cabinet or he must undergo a second conversion.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Order of Knighthood of the Iron Crown on Mr. E. Bowra, Commissioner of Imperial Customs at Canton and Mr. Charles Hannen, Commissioner of Imperial Customs at Tientsin, members of the Chinese Commission at the Vienna Exhibition.

The West Norfolk Hunt met at Congham House, the seat of Mr. Robert Elwes, on Saturday, at noon, and a most brilliant and aristocratic field assembled on the lawn adjoining the seat of Mr. Elwes. A great number of those who had attended the county ball at Sandringham House the previous night were present. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, with a large suite, attended the meet on horseback; and shortly after their arrival Mr. Hamond, the popular master, set his gallant hounds at work.

Much excitement prevails at Havannah, where the people and the press are opposed to the surrender of the *Virginius* to the United States authorities. The Cuban Government has telegraphed to Madrid, asking that the decision of the Cabinet may be suspended until it can be ascertained whether or not the proceedings connected with the capture of the ship and the execution of a portion of her crew and passengers were legally conducted. Extraordinary defensive preparations are being made.

Great excitement was caused at the Bazaine Court-martial by the evidence of General Laveaucoupet, who declared that he did not execute the order to convey the flags to the arsenal of Metz: that the order had seemed to him disgraceful; and that he preferred paying military honours to the flags and burning them to sending such glorious trophies to the Arsenal like old horses to the shambles. General Jeanningros, another witness, said he caused the Zouaves' flags to be cut in pieces and distributed among his men.

In his official report on the second battle of Dunquah and the engagement at Abrakrampa, Sir Garnet, repeats his former unqualified condemnation of native levies. He says they behaved most disgracefully, whole tribes running away. Colonel Festing, in his separate dispatch, relative to the Dunquah affair, speaks of the almost impossibility of getting the natives to fight. In proof of the gallant conduct of his officers he states that only three escaped unwounded.

Hippophagy appears to be on the increase in France. The following statement is from the committee formed in that country for popularising the practice:—"The consumption of this article of food is making continual progress in France. During the third quarter of 1873, in Paris alone, 1,548 horses, 140 donkeys, and 15 mules were killed, yielding 303,970 kilos. of meat. In 1872, the figures were 1,046, 95, and 3 respectively. In the capital there are forty butchers for this article, inspected by veterinary surgeons. The price is about half that of beef."

"The forgemen and millmen employed in the Bessemer steel department at the Atlas Works, Sheffield, belonging to Messrs. John Brown and Co. (limited), have received notice that from the 14th inst. their wages will be reduced 10 per cent. The company find that, owing to the cost of production, they cannot compete successfully in railway material with Continental makers. The change will affect about 1,500 men, and they will not, it is believed, in the face of the peculiar condition of the trade offer resistance to it."—*The Times.*

An accident, unprecedented on the Mersey, took place on Tuesday morning. The steamtug *Sir George Grey* was between the Formby and Crosby lightships, following a French barque, which she had to bring up. All hands were on deck, except a coal-trimmer, named Carter, when the tug's port boiler burst, tearing open the side of the vessel, and literally dividing her in two. She sank in a few seconds, and the crew were left struggling in the water. Fortunately a river gig, manned by boatmen, towing astern of the barque, succeeded in rescuing the crew. It is almost certain that Carter was killed instantaneously by the explosion. So great was the force of the explosion that fragments of the tug boat were blown on an outward-bound vessel some distance away.

Favourable accounts of Commodore Commerell have arrived by the Cape mail. He had so far recovered as to be able to take some open air exercise.

A curious *lapsus pennæ* was recently made by a French statesman writing to a political colleague. "You are marked down for a place in our next Ministry, as your well-known *rapacity* demand," &c. The Ministerial whip had written the italicised word with an *r* instead of a *c*.

Ninety-four essays have been sent in competition for the £100 prize offered by Lord Cathcart for the best paper on the potato disease. The judges' report on the subject will shortly be made public.

The number of sets of plans deposited in the Private Bill Office of the Board of Trade is this year 241. Of these 121 relate to railways, five to tramways, 68 to gas, water, road, harbour, pier, and miscellaneous schemes, while 47 are projects in which the promoters elect to proceed by way of provisional orders.

In the first eight months of the financial year, the Exchequer receipts amounted to £45,771,652, as compared with £45,034,965 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £50,219,445. On Saturday last the balance in the Bank of England was rather over three millions sterling.

Lord Aberdare distributed the prizes on Tuesday to the successful students of the School of Art at the South Kensington Museum, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to commend the establishment of such institutions as tending to promote the study of a higher standard of art throughout the country.

On Saturday an inquest was held at Coggeshall on William Raven, employed on Mr. Bickmore's farm, who, in picking up a loaded gun, caught the trigger in a buttonhole of his coat, discharging the weapon, and lodging the contents in his breast. Exclaiming to a youth standing near, "Run and tell my wife that I have shot myself," the man fell back, and expired immediately.

Lieutenant Frederick Eardley-Wilmot the young officer who was killed in the battle with the Ashantees at Dunquah, was the third son of Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, Recorder of Warwick, and formerly judge of the Marlebone County Court. He was born in 1846, and joined the Royal Artillery in 1867. He was one of the first volunteers for service at the Gold Coast, sailing with Sir Garnet Wolseley from Liverpool in the *Ambriz*.

Monday (Dec. 1st) was the 29th anniversary of the birth of the Princess of Wales, and it was celebrated at Windsor in the usual manner. Early in the morning the bells of St. George's Chapel and the parish church rang merrily; the Royal Standard was hoisted above the town-hall; at noon salutes were fired at Windsor and from Fort Belvidere and the Royal *Adelaide* frigate. At Sandringham, also, her Royal Highness's Birthday was celebrated with the festivities which always prevails on that auspicious occasion.

A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering debts. The other day a crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odéon round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophising with loud cries and gesticulation. It turned out that the girl was a washerwoman who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off declaring that she would not return it till she was paid.

At six o'clock on Sunday evening, the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Queen street, Ramsgate, was discovered to be in flames. It appears that the attendant entered the building for the purpose of preparing for the evening service, and on producing a light an escape of gas ignited, and the body of the edifice was quickly enveloped in flames. The chapel, which was under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Dinnick, has only been completed about two years. The building, and adjoining rooms were completely gutted, although the efforts of the local brigade were effectual in saving the neighbouring property.

During the week ending Saturday last 2,222 births and 1,585 deaths were registered in London, the former having been 99, and the latter 105, below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from small-pox, 121 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 8 from diphtheria, 34 from whooping-cough, 35 from different forms of fever, and 15 from diarrhœa; thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 232 deaths were referred, against 236 and 263 in the two preceding weeks. These 232 deaths were 72 below the corrected average number referred to the same diseases in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The fatal cases of measles considerably exceeded, whereas those of the six other diseases were below, this average.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—MONDAY.

Firmness has been the feature of the grain trade at Mark-lane to-day. English wheat has been in short supply. The demand has been steady, and 1s. per quarter advance has been asked. Millers, however, have been disinclined to give more money, and nearly the whole of the business concluded has been at the extreme rates of Monday last. With foreign wheat the market has been well supplied. The trade has been firm, and 1s. per qr. more money occasionally obtained. The supply of barley has been moderate. The trade has been firm, and malting and grinding produce has commanded full quotations. Malt has been steady, on former terms. The supply of oats has been moderate. Sound English produce has been the turn dearer, with a fair demand, and other sorts have realised full prices. Maize has been steady in value and demand. For beans the market has been quiet, but full rates have been required. Peas have been sold at previous currencies. The flour market has been firm, and prices have been well maintained.

MARK-LANE.—WEDNESDAY.

At Mark-lane to-day the business doing has not been extensive, but the tone has been firm. Very few samples of English wheat have been on offer, and with a quiet demand they have been held for the full prices of Monday. The show of foreign wheat has been large, but prices have been firm, notwithstanding the transactions have not been heavy. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stands. Malt has sold on former terms.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The total imports of foreign stock into London last week consisted of 7,481 head. In the corresponding week last year we received 8,946; in 1871, 12,097; in 1870, 8,563; in 1869, 8,415; and in 1868, 4,844 head. There has been no feature in the cattle trade to-day. The supplies have not been large but they have been sufficient for requirements, sales progressing slowly, at about late rates. The receipts of beasts from our own grazing districts have been moderate, but, as usual, the general condition of the stock has been indifferent. The demand has been inactive, at the currencies of Monday last. The best Scots and crosses have sold at 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. per 8lb. From Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire we received about 2,000, from other parts of England about 400, from Scotland 81, and from Ireland about 500. The foreign side of the market was very sparingly supplied, owing to the close of the Tonning season. There were certainly some 40 from that port, but they were not fresh arrivals, being held over from the previous market. In addition there were about 430 Dutch, 195 Spanish, and 68 Gothenburg. Trade was quiet, on former terms. English sheep were scarce, and although not in active request, were tolerably steady in value, the best Downs and half-breds making 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d. per 8lb. Foreign breeds changed hands slowly at about previous quotations. Calves were disposed of quietly on former terms. Pigs were dull, at late rates:—Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s.; prime Scots, &c., 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 4d. to 5s.; second quality ditto, 5s. 6d. to 6s.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d.; large coarse calves, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; prime small ditto, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.; large hogs, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 2d.; small porkers, 4s. 8d. to 5s. Total supply: Beasts, 3,110; sheep and lambs, 14,560; calves, 109; pigs, 90. Foreign: Beasts, 690; sheep and lambs, 7,250; calves, 70; pigs, 20.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY.

The supplies of meat on sale here to-day were moderate. Trade was not active, but a better inquiry prevailed for most descriptions, and prices assumed rather more strength. Inferior beef, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 6d; middling ditto, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 5s. to 5s. 6d.; veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s.; inferior mutton, 3s. to 3s. 8d.; middling ditto, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; prime ditto, 5s. to 5s. 8d.; large pork, 3s. 8d. to 4s.; and small ditto, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.

POTATOES.

There are moderate supplies of potatoes and in all descriptions sales are effected steadily, at the quotations annexed. The imports into London last week consisted of 929 tons and 2,410 sacks from Dunkirk, 9,706 bags from Antwerp, 30 baskets 8 bags from Amsterdam, 12 bags Bremen, 296 Rotterdam, 137 sacks Hamburg, 109 bags Harlingen, and 8 bags from Ghent. Best regents, 120s. to 130s.; secondary ditto, 100s. to 120s.; flukes, 120s. to 140s.; Victorias, 110s. to 130s.; rocks, 60s. to 80s.

HOPS.

The market remains quiet. There is a small consumptive demand for choice and medium hops of the last growth, and for such the quotations are supported; but inferior kinds are dull, and in some instances slightly cheaper. Continental markets are firm, but wanting in activity. The imports of foreign hops into London last week consisted of 1,984 bales from Antwerp, 91 from Rotterdam, 85 from Bremen, 279 from Ostend, and 49 from Hamburg:—East Kent Goldings, £5 12s. to £9 9s.; Mid Kents, £5 12s. to £9; Weald of Kents, £5 to £7; Sussex, £4 15s. to £6 10s.; Worcesters, £5 15s. to £7 10s.; Farnham and Country, £6 6s. to £8 8s.; Yearlings, £4 to £5 5s.; Bavaria, new, £6 15s. to £8 8s.; Belgian, £4 to £4 16s.; Alsace, £7 to £7 15s.; French, £6 to £6 15s.

PROVISIONS.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 1.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 368 firkins Butter, and 3,531 bales Bacon, and from foreign ports 29,103 packages Butter, 908 bales and 239 boxes Bacon. In Irish Butter little or nothing passing in sales; the supplies of foreign continue large, and prices of some descriptions in favour of buyers, the mild, wet weather being against business. The Bacon market continues dull; no alteration in the value of best Waterford, but other descriptions can be bought on lower terms.

PRICES.

Butter, per cwt.:	s.	s.	Cheese, per cwt.:	s.	s.
Dorset	136 to	148	Cheshire	66 to	84
Friesland	130	136	Dble. Glouc., new	64	76
Jersey	112	128	Cheddar	76	84
Eng. fresh, per doz.	16	18	American	60	72
Bacon, per cwt.:			Hams: York	108	112
Wiltshire, dried	70	72	Cumberland	104	108
Irish, green, f.o.b.	72	74	Irish	96	104

TALLOW.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 1. The Tallow market is quiet, though steady in tone. Y.C. on the spot sells at 40s. 3d. per cwt.; Town Tallow, at 41s. net cash.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Town Tallow, per cwt.	43	6	Rough Stuff, per cwt.	15	6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs.	2	0	Graves	19	0
Melted Stuff, per cwt.	32	0	Good Dregs	6	0

Yellow Russian, new......40s. 3d. per cwt.
Ditto Ditto old......00s. 0d. "
Australian Mutton Tallow....41s. 6d. "
Ditto Beef Ditto ....39s. 6d. "

HAY.

LONDON, Saturday, Nov. 29.—A large supply of hay and straw has been on sale here to-day. Trade has been dull, at the following rates. Prime clover, 80s. to 100s.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime meadow hay, 76s. to 80s.; inferior, 50s. to 70s; and straw, 33s. to 41s. per load.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 27s. 6d. to 35s. 6d.; red ditto, 12s. 6d. to 22s.; roused ditto, 19s. to 25s. per barrel; kippers, 2s. to 4s. 6d.; bloaters, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d. per box; smoked haddock, 20s. to 30s. per barrel; trawl ditto, 13s. 6d. to 19s.; plaice, 15s. to 20s.; whiting, 12s. to 20s. per basket; turbot, 6s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.; brill, 2s. to 3s. 9d.; dorey, 3s. to 5s. each lobsters, 12s. 6d. to 23s.; crabs, 10s. to 20s.; mackerel, 2s. 6d to 3s. 3d. per dozen; native oysters, 210s. per bushel.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTOR HAD MADE A FOOL OF HIMSELF—NELLY DEANE'S ANSWER.

Dr. Browne thought long and seriously after he returned home that evening. He had no calls, as it happened, and he sat ruminating on the events of the day long past his usual hour for retiring to rest. Andrew coming in found him with his nightly glass of punch cold and untasted by his side, staring into the almost extinguished fire. He moved forward softly, for he feared his master might be ill.

"Andrew," said the doctor, gently, without looking up, "I think I've made a fool of myself to-day."

His old servant looked at him in astonishment. "I dinna see how that's possible, doctor," he replied with the licensed familiarity of an old servant; "that's ane thing ye're no clever at, ony way."

"Ah, but I have," he replied; "and the more I think of it, the more certain I am of the fact. What do you think I have been doing?"

"Deed, I couldna say," said Andrew; "maybe you've put yer hand down for a twenty pounds subscription to the cathedral restoration."

"No," said the doctor, laughing; "I haven't done that. Would that be making a fool of myself if I did that?"

"I should think so, sir. The first thing the committee wad do, wad be to haud a meeting to consider what they should do wi' such an acceptable addition to their funds; and then maybe the last three o' them as came frae a distance wad hae to dine afore they went hame again; and by the time they had had ane o' the dinners there serve up at the Mitre yonder, and wine to match, to drink success and prosperity to the church, and the bishop, and the auld kirk here, (if it doesna tumble about their lugs some day, it'll be a miracle,) there wadna be muckle of the donation left; it wad be something like the lawyer's oyster, I'm thinking—a' swallowed for expenses."

Dr. Brown laughed heartily. "There's more truth in what you say than the clean and chapter would relish if they heard you, Andrew," he said; "but guess again."

"I canna think o' ony way else," said Andrew; "ye're no a man to let ony ane tak ye in."

"I've not been taken in, as you call it, by any one, Andrew, and yet I have done exactly what I've said; I've made a fool of myself."

"I'd like to ken how," Andrew said, grimly; "I didna think it possible."

"I'll tell you how; I've asked Nelly Dean to be my wife."

Andrew stared at his master in blank astonishment. Dr. Browne's wife! The idea seemed an impossibility.

"Well," said the doctor, after a pause, "what do you think of it, Andrew?"

"I think ye spoke the truth," was the grim reply; "that wee bit hassie your wife! Why dinna ye ask her to come and be yer granddaughter?"

Dr. Browne sighed; the disparity of years had not struck him so forcibly when he was speaking to Nelly as now, when it was so bluntly set before him by his brusque old serving-man. "I do not know that she will consent," he said; "I have only asked her; she may say no, even though I offer her a home and position she might never otherwise gain; but if she accepts, she will welcome you as young mistress kindly for my sake, Andrew, will you not?"

"Ay will I," responded Andrew, warmly; "I wad speak a word o' welcome to a female deevil if you asked me; but I canna help wishing ye were to bring that wee bit lassie here as a child and no as a woman. It's nane of my business; but it seems to me like plucking a bit o' our ain bonny heather, that smells sae sweet and fresh on the hillside, to bide a while in the house and syne see it's brought in doors. Ye maun forgive me if I am over plain and blunt-spoken," seeing a pained look on his master's face; "I couldna help speaking when I thought o' that bonny flower withering and fading in this auld house."

"You are right, Andrew," said his master, "there's truth in what you say. Leave me now; I must think about this matter; I am not above hearing the truth, even from my servant's lips. Leave me, and say nothing of what I have told you for the present."

"I'll no speak o't till ye gie me leave," said Andrew; and, wishing his master "good night," he left him.

The night waned, and still the doctor sat ruminating on what his servant had said. "He is a faithful fellow," he said to himself, "and spoke truly. I have done a most foolish thing in striving to bind that fresh and fair young life to my waning years! However, to-morrow will decide."

The morning found Nelly Deane pale and wearied from a sleepless and an agitated night. After the doctor's abrupt proposal and departure, she had sat till the twilight had deepened into darkness, thinking till the very intensity of her thoughts became insufferable, and she was glad to join Mary at their simple supper, to get rid for a few minutes of their burden. She did not take her old nurse into her confidence then, or in the morning would be soon enough for that, when she had quite made up her mind; at present she was sorely puzzled how to act. Long through the silent hours of the night she thought—thought of all the doctor's kindness to her, of the debt of gratitude she owed him, of how thankful her grandmother would have been to see such a home and such a protector secured to her, of the establishment of which she the poor friendless orphan would be the honoured mistress; of all this she thought in contrast to her lordly cousin's paltry offer, and it was a great temptation. But Nelly looked into her heart prayerfully and earnestly; her hand, her duty, her respect, she might give Dr. Browne; but her love—no! not the love that a wife should give her husband; she could have been his loving, trusting, obedient child, had he so willed, but not his wife!

To many a girl in Nelly's position such thoughts would never have come; but Nelly was of a nature too honestly accepted for the sake of what he could bestow, and his death hoped for and speculated on; but Mrs. Deane's grandchild had no such thought; she ought to do right for its own sake; and she made up her mind, and waited with a beating heart the interview of the morning.

Dr. Browne was in no small perturbation himself, on the day succeeding his offer to his young protegé. He saw his gratis patients as usual, before he went out, but was unusually cross and snappish; and many were the remarks of wealthier invalids, after his departure from their houses, on his particularly grim manner.

Nelly heard the carriage stop with agitation which whitened her cheeks and nearly suffocated her with the tumultuous beating of her heart. There was no help for it, however; she must meet him, must tell him her decision, and lose (so it seemed to her) the only remaining friend she had. There was no more time for thinking about it, his step was on the stair, and in another moment he stood before her. She rose, blushing and breathless, then sat down again, trembling in every limb. He drew a chair close to hers.

"Nelly," he said; "I am come for my answer; are you ready to give it me?"

She did not speak, but the tears gathered in her eyes, and dropped slowly on her folded hands.

"Do not fear to reply," he said, in a strangely gentle tone. "Have I come too soon? have I not given you time enough? or is it"—

"No, it's not that," she replied, falteringly; "I have had time; that's not it. I was afraid you would be offended, and angry with me. I'm not ungrateful," she continued, gathering courage as she spoke; "I feel your kindness more than I can tell you. You will not forsake me utterly, will you, because I cannot accept your offer? I have thought over what you said to me,—thought over all my own dreary future, but"—

"But you cannot marry me. Nay, never turn your head away, but look into my face, and see the satisfaction your answer gives me. Yes, satisfaction, Nelly," he continued, smiling at the blank look of astonishment on her face. "Listen to me, my dear, I too have thought earnestly and seriously on what I said to you last night; I had some good counsel too—some time I'll tell you from whom; and I came to the conclusion that I had done a selfish and a wicked thing towards you, my child, in asking you to sacrifice your young life to my declining years. I thought of my grim old house, and felt that it would be a sin, aye, a sin, on my part, to fasten a young bird into such a gloomy nest, by a chain of duty and gratitude. Nelly, Nelly, though on a different footing,) and though it did give me the least bit of a heartache, I came here hoping, yes, hoping, dear, that you would say me nay."

Nelly was weeping bitterly by this time; his words were so kindly, so generous, he was not angry with her; how could he? you shan't come to my grim old den, till it is fitter for the occupation of a lady, and till," headded, with a smile, "we have forgotten all about last night's folly, and this morning's answer. What do you say to that, Nelly? will you trust me with your future, and after a while come and be my wife? I will be very sweet to you, to have you with me—to feel that a gentle companion will be by my side, through my declining years, and that loving hands will close my eyes, when I lie down for my last long sleep."

What could Nelly do or say? She could only weep her gratitude. She sank on her knee at his side, and kissed the hand he held out to her.

"There, there," he said, stroking her long curls; "I don't think you will say no this time. But I want you to look me in the face with you, when you are more composed, and we'll consider what to say to Lord Tenterby.—Oh, there's nothing the matter with Miss Nelly, Mary!" he said, as Mary entered, and looked with a troubled face at her young mistress; "only she's not going to be lady's-maid and scapegrace to Sir Stanley Castle, just at present, and she's breaking her heart about the disappointment, that's all."

And with a comical look at the old servant's puzzled face, he went his way.

A year passed away, unmarked by any important event to the quiet little world of Earlsford. Nelly Deane had, with the permission and advice of her lordly cousin, accepted the doctor's offer, and was now formally known as his adopted child. The nine days wonder caused by the fact being made known, had died away; the doctor was the same as ever; his household went on as usual, and the young lady herself was the same. At her own request, Nelly was at school; at a time when most girls of her age are astonishing the party-giving world, and breaking the hearts of half the young men they meet, she was quietly studying to make up the deficiencies of her education at the little old-world town of Henley on Thames. Dr. Browne had asked her where she would like to live for a time, till his arrangements for taking her to his own house were completed, and she had answered promptly, "Let me go to school, if you please, Dr. Browne."

"To school, my dear?"

"Yes," she replied, blushing; "there are so many things I don't know; grandma was so poor, we could not afford anything but the plainest education for me. But perhaps I am asking too much; perhaps"—— She stopped in confusion.

"There's no *perhaps*," he said; "your request does you credit, my dear; you are to be my daughter you know; and if my daughter wishes, she shall have her wish. Where would you like to go here in Earlsford? to Miss Wynn's for instance?"

Miss Wynn's was the fashionable establishment of the place, whose pattern young ladies might be seen at stated hours parading the castle green, with the most rigid school-girl solemnity, which had always in Nelly's eyes something of the counterfeitment system about it, something which seemed to say—"In this style so much per quarter," and she never passed them without a wish that she had a file, headed by that extremely strong-minded looking woman, the mistress, or, as she loved to style herself, the principal, at their head.

So Nelly blushed and hesitated, and finally said "she would rather not."

"I think I could study better in a strange place," she said, timidly; "where no one would know me, and where I should not be associated with girls who have seen me here."

"I think so too," the doctor replied. He was very glad to hear her say it, for he was no admirer of the highly-educated Miss Wynns. "I would even know of a place where you would be very happy. Do you remember Canon Beresford? but of course you can't, he has been dead all your lifetime, I should think. His widow was a patient and friend of mine, till she met with a reverse of fortune—a sad reverse, my dear, and left Earlsford. She has kept a school for many years at Henley, and I think you might be very happy with her; she would be a friend as well as governess. You have no objection to Henley, I suppose, Nelly."

"Objection!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with grateful tears; "what objection can I have to anything you propose for me? there is only one thing which troubles me still all your kindness."

"And what is that one? tell me, and if it is in my power, it shall vanish very quickly."

"It is poor Mary, what is to become of her. She has relations, but they are all poor labouring people, to whom her maintenance would be a great burden, and she is too old for service, even if her long attachment to me would permit me to think of it. Mary is my only grandmother had not unfitted her for it."

"I have thought of all that, Nelly, but I would not say anything to you, till I could tell you what I could do. What do you think of an almshouse."

"An almshouse!"

"Yes, those out by the Brill-gate; there is a vacancy, and I think I shall succeed in getting it. The dame can make it if he likes, and I have little doubt about it. Do you think Mary would like it?"

"Like it! it is the very thing she has often wished for, and spoken of. Oh, how good you are to me!"

"To you! I'm not going to get the almshouse for you; it is for Mary, who is very old friend of mine. It will be better than letting her go to her relations; she will have house, firing, and candles, and a weekly stipend—I don't know how much yet, as I have not been down to wait on her, if ever she is ill. I think the old lady will do. There, there! don't thank me! the charity is not mine, but comes from the estate of which the almshouses have lain under the cathedral pavement these hundreds of years. Run away,and tell Mary all the wonderful things in store for her, and I will go home, and write to Mrs. Beresford by this post."

And so it was arranged; Nelly went to Henley, and Mary to her almshouse, where she often declared she was "as happy as a queen," and where Nelly's frequent letters, and now and then a present or a visit from the doctor, made her pass a pleasant oasis in the journey of her daily life.

To Lord Tenterby, the adoption of his orphan cousin by Dr. Browne was very agreeable, as it relieved him of a burden which he by no means relished, and he immediately began to show his cousinly love to her, by inviting her to pass a week at the castle before she left Earlsford, and by leaving his card at the doctor's door. Nelly did not go; she pleaded her recent loss as an excuse, and remained in the little home she remembered so long, till the day for her departure arrived. Andrew accompanied her on her journey, and delivered her into Mrs Beresford's charge. In that lady she found, as Dr. Browne had predicted, a kind and indulgent friend, as well as a governess; and, twelve months of her school-days passed rapidly away. She had seen her character once during the time, and he had expressed himself much pleased with her progress. The midsummer vacation was coming round, when her first year would be over. It was optional with her whether she remained where she was, or returned to the home that was to be her own for the future.

"And have you quite decided?" asked Mrs. Beresford one morning when they had been discussing the subject together.

"Quite, ma'am."

"You will not go back?"

"Not this time, dear madam."

"You will stay with me another whole year, Nelly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But why, my child? you are already far better educated than the majority of young ladies one meets with in society; I cannot teach you much more."

"Oh, Mrs. Beresford!" exclaimed Nelly; "I have still so much to learn! I want to be fit for the position I am to fill; I want my kind friend's adopted daughter to be worthy of his goodness and generosity."

"You are a good girl," said her governess, fondly; "but what will the doctor say to it?"

"He gave me leave to choose ma'am, and I have written to him. I hope he will be satisfied."

"Well, there's the postman bringing you his answer, I suspect," said the lady, as the gate-bell rang, and the blue-coated messenger made his appearance.

(To be Continued.)

Original Poetry.

A BOSOM FRIEND.

WHILE others court noise, mirth and glee,
And daily want variety
To yield them happiness, give me
A Bosom Friend.

One whom I've trusted, oft before,
My cares with whom I've pondered o'er,
And found him constant more and more
My Bosom Friend.

Candid, trust-worthy and sincere,
Kindly to hint when faults appear,
Not as a cynic; but a dear,
A Bosom Friend.

Be mine a quiet hour at eve.
With one too faithful to deceive,
To speak, or listening to believe
My Bosom Friend.

Oh, I have learnt to read and prize,
Benignant glances in the eyes,
Of one I proudly recognise
A Bosom Friend.

Not to myself alone would I
My pleasures keep, each burdened sigh
Less pains my feelings when I by
My Bosom Friend.

The voice of sympathy, how sweet!
How tranquillizing to repeat
Each day's adventure when we meet
Our Bosom Friend.

Then gracious God, if men may be
Allowed to ask choice gifts of Thee,
In wealth or poverty, give me
A Bosom Friend.

EDWARD BURLEND.

CHARLES FORREST,

THE LOFTHOUSE ANTIQUARY.

By William Andrews.

"He was my friend. No time can o'er efface
His first kind greeting in the days of yore;
Memory shall treasure his warm-hearted words.
Till I'm no more."

J. Reed Appleton, F.S.A.

DURING the month of October, 1871, the Yorkshire newspapers recorded the death of the gifted antiquary, Mr. Charles Forrest, gentleman of whom a native of the Forrest of Knaresborough, and one date will long be remembered in the district. For a short time Mr. Forrest was a Schoolmaster in the village of Birstwith. Afterwards he obtained an appointment under the late John Charlesworth, Esq., and removed to Lofthouse, near Wakefield, where he resided more than thirty years. Three generations of the family of Charlesworth were faithfully served by him. In early life his love for antiquities and local history was developed, and he attributed the taste for such studies to the perusal of "Hargrove's History of Knaresborough" "The well-known Historian of Birmingham, William Hutton, in his delightful volume "A Trip to Coatham," attributes a similar taste to his visits to Coatheon, one of which was Hargrove's History of Knaresborough. Hutton says "I liked the book by way what was the price?" "two shillings I believe." I looked into the title page and found it was four. "The book" said I (holding it in one hand, and four shillings in the other), "was written at Knaresborough, and printed at York, neither of which places are in my return. But both be in your neighbourhood; you can procure one, and I should, which hand will you have?" He smiled, but said nothing. He afterwards put the book into my hand, Will, "when you see this book, think of me."

I found written upon a blank leaf: "Wm. Hutton, of Birmingham, the gift of John S——, of B—— Hall, as a token of regard."

Mr. Forrest had a most extensive bibliographical knowledge, and owned one of the best collections of Yorkshire books that has been made, as private library. Not only did he collect books, but made in them most carefully written notes, and in many instances illustrated them with pithy pencil sketches, and prints. Mr. Forrest made a number of books with newspaper cuttings; and they were carefully indexed and bound in the best style. Two or three of these books occur to our mind: "Yorkshire Longevity," "Yorkshire Customs," and another, the "History of Castleford." Had he been spared, we believe he would have written a history of Castleford. Ewe ready to place his books at the disposal of his friends and to help and assistance to the youthful; you sought. The late W. S. Banks, in his "Walks in Yorkshire;" William Grainge, in his "Poets and Poetry of Yorkshire," and other works; Jeremiah Holroyd, in his "Bradford Collectanea," as well as many others, express their obligations for his kindly help. He frequently contributed antiquarian and biographical sketches to the various journals. In conjunction with his friend, William Grainge. he published "Rambles on Rumbolds Moor," which extended to three parts: the first appeared in 1867, the second in 1868, and the last in 1869, giving an account of the early British antiquities of that district. The last was more especially devoted to the sculptured rocks then recently discovered near the village of Ilkley, and to which he was the means of drawing the attention of the antiquarian world. To the end of life Mr. Forrest took a lively interest in antiquarian pursuits. A sketch of the "Life of Hutchinson, the Lofthouse Antiquary and Genealogist of the 17th Century," was compiled by him. He wrote the "History and Antiquities of Knottingley," a valuable book which was published after the death of the author.

Besides his knowledge of bibliography and archæology, Mr. Forrest was also skilled in architecture and natural history. Of botany, the fern formed his particular study, of which he had a choice selection, both English and Foreign. Mr. Grainge tells us Mr. Forrest was in the habit of keeping a diary, in which all transactions, even to the smallest affair were carefully recorded. He also preserved the correspondence of his literary friends, which at one time must have been extensive. His bodily strength of late years was not robust, yet he could endure a considerable amount of labour, as was shown in many a long ramble over rough roads, and sometimes over no roads at all, among rocks and mountains, in pursuit of his favourite studies. He was an early riser, and remarkably temperate in his habits; and if he was extravagant in anything it was in books. In the beginning of last June he was struck down by illness, and for some weeks suffered very severely, and was confined to his room; afterwards he rallied, and his friends began to hope that he would be spared to them a little longer. He tried the cure at Ilkley—the fresh breezes of which had often renovated his failing strength—but in vain. He returned home in August, no better, but weaker, than he went. At that time it was painfully apparent to his friends that the hand of death was upon him. He, however, lingered, sometimes suffered severely, but gradually sinking, until the morning of October 24th, when he died, and on the 28th was buried at Rothwell. His tombstone bears the following simple inscription:—

In Memory of
CHARLES FORREST, Senior,
Of Lofthouse,
Born February 11th, 1805,
Died October 24th, 1871.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

The following cases have been heard during the week, in the West-Riding Police Court, Wakefield, before E. Tew, Esq., (Chairman,) Lord Pollington, Dr. Kendell, Dr. Holdsworth, and Percy Tew, Esq.

MILL GIRLS AT VARIANCE.—A young woman, named Annie Scholey, was summoned for having assaulted one of her workmates, Annie Woods.—The complainant is the daughter of a miner, living at Lofthouse-Gate, where Scholey also resides, and they have been working together at Mr. Holt's mill, in Methley. It appears that there was some cause or other, which was not explained, the complainant engendered some ill-feeling towards Scholey, and told the manager of the mill that she would not work there any longer if she remained. The manager consequently gave the defendant notice to leave, and she had revenged herself by striking complainant, and calling her bad names. The Chairman remarked after the statements on either side had been made, that the Bench considered the assault had been proved, but it was really such an absurd thing that they should not impose a fine. The defendant would have to pay the expenses, amounting to 18s. 6d. or go to the House of Correction for seven days. The defendant said she should not pay the money, as complainant was not worth it The Chairman reminded her that in default she would have to go to gaol; and, acting upon the maxim relative to "discretion" and "valour," she produced the required amount, and left the Court.

A DEFIANT CHARACTER.—Harrison Hare, a miner who lives in Butcher Lane, Rothwell, and works for Messrs. Charlesworth, was summoned for having been drunk and riotous on the highway on the 23rd inst. The defendant did not appear, and P.-C. George Gill, stated that when served with the summons, he had intimated his intention of remaining away. His officer then proceeded to visit him while on duty in Rothwell, about ten o'clock, on the night of the previous Wednesday, he heard the defendant shouting, cursing, and making a tremendous disturbance, and upon requesting him to desist and go home, he not only refused, but was very abusive, set him at defiance, and declared that "he didn't care for all the Bobbies in Rothwell." The Chairman: Did he go away? Witness: Not until I had compelled him, and his mother had taken hold of him. The Chairman: Has he been here before? Sergeant Denham: On the 9th of September, 1872, he was fined 25s. for being drunk and riotous, and on the 6th of April, he had to pay 15s. and costs, for an assault upon his wife. He is a very bad character, and sets the Police at defiance. The Chairman imposed a fine of 20s. and costs, with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."—George William Taylor, a miner, living at Rothwell, and who is employed at Messrs. Charlesworth' pit, was summoned by a young woman, named Sarah Carr, the daughter of an aged and respected farmer, who resides at Lofthouse-with-Carlton in consequence why he should not be ordered to contribute towards the support of an illegitimate child of which he is the father.—The case was one of a peculiar nature.—It was stated that complainant and defendant had his addresses to the complainant, who, under promise of marriage, yielded to his solicitations. The result was that a child (now six years of age), was born. The defendant when pressed, refused to fulfil his promise, and allowed himself to be summoned before the justices, who made an order against him. From that time to about twelve months' since, the defendant had been away, but he then returned, expressed regret at his former conduct, and promised to marry her. Every arrangement was made, it being decided that they should live together at her father's house, and the banns (Joseph Brown, of Carlton, (who gave evidence for the girl) had secured them a house adjoining his own, again became the subject of his design, and upon her proving *conceiate* he made excuse after excuse for postponing the marriage, and at length again told her plainly that he did not intend to make her his wife.—Her second child was born on the 10th of last October. After two witnesses, named Joseph Brown and Jane Brown had given evidence for the complainant, the Chairman said the Bench were unanimously of opinion that the defendant's conduct was most disgraceful to Mrs. Brown; yes, she is the daughter of a respectable old man, and it is a source of much grief to him.—(to the persons in Hargrove's History of Knaresborough" "The well-known Historian of Birmingham, William Hutton, in his delightful volume "A Trip to Coatham," attributes a similar taste to his visits to Coatheon, one of which was Hargrove's History of Knaresborough. Hutton says "I liked the book by way what was the price?" "two shillings I believe." I looked into the title page and found it was four. "The book" said I (holding it in one hand, and four shillings in the other), "was written at Knaresborough, and printed at York, neither of which places are in my return. But both be in your neighbourhood; you can procure one, and I should, which hand will you have?" He smiled, but said nothing. He afterwards put the book into my hand, Will, "when you see this book, think of me."

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TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—8-23, 9-2, 9-35, 11-58, 1-47, 3-5, 5-30, 6-30, 7-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 8-55, 10-3.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-8, 2-55, 5-20, 6-30, 9-45. Saturdays 10-15, Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-18, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-50, 11-47, 3-42, 6-40, 9-7. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON AND METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate).—7-5, 8 8, 9-40, 10-17, 10-36, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 10-17. Saturdays, 9-9. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-45.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22, 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26 1-58, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 6-24, 6-35, 8 8, 9-10, 9-43. Saturdays, 6-30. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52. Saturdays, 9-15. Sundays, 10-24, 11-37, 3-2, 7-5, 7-24, 7-50.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-3, 2-48, 6-24, 8-8. Saturdays, 5-0. Sundays, 9-20,10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

JOHN O'GAUNT'S WAISTCOAT.

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.)

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to express the pleasure I felt in reading in your last week's issue, a very interesting account of the "Old Waistcoat," which has been preserved I believe, for centuries, in the Parish Church of Rothwell.

I congratulate Mr. J. Batty very much for his unique description of a relic that would cause no small amount of attraction if exhibited in any public museum in London.

I have shown it to many visitors at Rothwell Church, and I always had a profound respect for the grand old relic—

Now crumbling piecemeal to decay,
Long may its fragments last;
'Tis a sweet memento linking,
The present with the past.

Great "John O'Gaunt" it did enfold,
Whose fame in list-ry rings:
A warrior bold was he, and stout
To one of England's kings!

Yours, &c., C. GIBSON, LONDON.

MINERS' UNIONS.

To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.

SIR,—I desire to say a few words to my fellow workmen with regard to the Union, through your pages. There is a good deal of talk just now about us topmen being under all colliers. I expect they and the engine-men are putting their heads together—if they want more wage, because they are not so well paid as some are, but we topmen are nowhere, and I want to call the attention of all topmen to a few facts. They say the colliers have been risen 65 per cent. all throughout the district—but we have not. The best of us had £1 per week before the rise took place, and now we have 20s. per week, that is not 65 per cent rise, I think,—a person used to figures tells me it is only 30 per cent, advance, which is a long way off 65. Now we topmen are the same as top, and it ought to be so here, and it can be if we all rouse up. Now, lads, I have done this to stir us all up, and sign myself,

TOPMAN.

N.B.—I will show you in my next a scale of payments and benefits.

ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—A commendable and healthy movement commenced last Oct., in connection with this Institute, in the form of a Mutual Improvement and Debating Class. It is fortunate in being under the able presidency of Mr. Henry Rickby, one well informed and worthy townsman. The class is well attended, chiefly by young men who evince great interest in the subjects proposed, several of them showing unusual ability for debate. The following are samples of the topics already discussed or in process.—"Whether the miser or spend-thrift has been most good to society" "An estimate of the reign and character of King John." "Which contributes most pleasure to the human mind? the eye or the ear?" The subject now reading is "An historical sketch of the life and administrative abilities of Oliver Cromwell." The opportunity thus afforded to young men generally of gaining information on various topics, and becoming efficient public speakers, ought, we submit, to be freely embraced.

ROTHWELL.—On Saturday, November 29th, the Annual Demonstration of the S. Micheal's Temperance Society was held. A public tea was provided, of which about 150 partook. This was followed by a most interesting and enthusiastic entertainment, held in the Girl's National School. The rector of the parish, the Rev. F. Ingham Brooke presided, and he gave a most eloquent speech, referring to the great difficulty which a drunkard experienced when he had to reform from his evil course. Mr. Councillor Hird on the dangers and evils of drinking in moderation. Mr. Bowlby, of Tetley Bowlby, amused the large audience very much by his marvellous feats in ventriloquism. Mr. J. W. Peaker presided at the harmonium and several melodies were sung by the choir. Mr. J. Thomas read a most encouraging report, and also recited an amusing vote of thanks to the ladies for their services.

SERVICE OF SONG AT WOODLESFORD.—On Monday last, the first Service of Song was given in the Woodlesford Wesleyan Chapel, by a band of friends, and a few other friends. The pieces were principally taken from Phillip's Song Life, and were nicely done, especially considering the youthful ages of the singers, and the fact of their first public appearance. The girls and boys who took the solos and duetts, acquitted themselves very creditably, and were loudly applauded by the audience as a whole, we thought a little less instrumental accompaniment would be an improvement; and in some cases, the voices of the soloists were drowned. The singers have been at work but we must say, all did their best and the audience were heartily pleased with the Service of Sacred Song. Another attraction and variation, consisted in several recitations by Miss Stead, who evidently possesses a talent for elocutual speaking; we were not only pleased but surprised with the correct idea of elocution she displayed, and with such a clear enunciation and knowledge of emphasis in word and action, (she only requires a more complete study of *feeling* and practice, to rank her as no mean reciter,—we wish her every success. Mr. Stead acted as chairman of the gathering, and stated that the object of the service was to assist in the funds being raised for the erection of a new chapel and school. A collection was taken for the above object—and as the chapel was crowded, we hope a satisfactory sum was received.

GEORGE W. NETTLETON,
(Opposite the Black Bull,)
ROTHWELL,
Will have a carefully Selected Stock of GARDEN SEEDS, for 1874.

WINTER!
1873-4.
AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WINTER CLOTHING
has been prepared by
J. PARKIN,
Manufacturer of first-class Clothing,
16, BOAR LANE, LEEDS
(Three Minutes' walk from principal Stations.)
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 5s. 6d.
FOR LITTLE BOYS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 7s. 6d.
FOR LITTLE BOYS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 10s. 6d.
FOR YOUTHS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 15s. 6d.
FOR YOUTHS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 17s. 6d.
FOR WORKING MEN.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 21s.
NEWEST MATERIALS.

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Overcoats, 25s.
NEWEST STYLES.

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Overcoats, 30s.
NEWEST COLORS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 35s.
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PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 38s.
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PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 40s.
NEWEST ELYSIANS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 42s.
NEWEST MELTONS.

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 45s.
NEWEST MOSCOWS

PARKIN'S
Overcoats, 50s.
NEWEST CHEVIOTS.

PARKIN'S
CLOTHING
EMPORIUM
16, BOAR LANE, LEEDS

DYSON'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

DYSON'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, from £2 10s.

DYSON'S LADIES' SILVER WATCHES from £2 10s.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's GOLD WATCHES from £4. Levers, from £5.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's SILVER LEVER WATCHES, £2 and £2 10s.

DYSON'S WORKMAN'S WATCH, £2 5s., Stout Silver Cases guaranteed.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's Silver Watches, £1 7s. and £1 10s. Every Watch Warranted.

DYSON'S SPLENDID STOCK OF WATCHES.

DYSON'S VALUABLE STOCK OF JEWELLERY.

DYSON'S LARGE STOCK of CLOCKS

DYSON, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.
Every Description of English and Foreign Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired.
An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises. 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane,) LEEDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE—Half-day Holiday.
JOHN DYSON, Watchmaker and Jeweller
Closes his Establishment every Wednesday at One o'clock.

HAVE YOU SEEN MARSHALL'S
OLD MOORES' ALMANAC, FOR 1874,
Contains a vast amount of useful information also Remarkable Events, and Local Occurrences, since 1080. A history of Coal, "Old King Coal," by a Rothwell Lad, &c. &c.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

AGENTS—*Leeds*, T. Barmby, 162, Briggate; *Woodlesford*, C. Best, Post Office; *Oulton*, J. Coope, Post Office; *Lofthouse*, J. Hutchinson, newsagent.

Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.
Saturday, December 6th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1, No. 7. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

IMPORTANT.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

On and after Saturday, January 3rd, 1874,

"THE ROTHWELL TIMES,"

and Woodlesford, Oulton, Carlton, and Lofthouse Chronicle,

WILL BE ENLARGED

to the size of Monday's Mercury.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

On Tuesday, December 23rd,

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of *The Rothwell Times*, will contain

Christmas Tales, Christmas Customs, Christmas Superstitions,

Christmas Games, Conundrums, Enigmas, Riddles, etc., etc.

This special issue will be the size of the Enlarged Journal.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads 6d. two lines—Situations Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c., To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

WANTED.—A good General SERVANT, about 18 years of age.—Apply, "S. J.," *Rothwell Times* Office.

TO LET, Rope Walk, Sheds, and Warehouse, Carlton.—Apply to Mr. Bland, Carlton; or to Mr. Thos. Clarkson, Rothwell.

WOODLESFORD AND OULTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
On Monday, December 15th, 1873,
A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,
To conclude with the Laughable Farce
"FURNISHED APARTMENTS,"
Mr. Rispin Scott and Party.
Doors open at 7-30, to commence at 8. Tickets 6d. and 1s. each.
J. CRAVEN, HON. SEC.

WM. GOODWILL
Respectfully announces his return from London and has now ready for inspection a large and choice selection of ENGLISH AND FOREIGN TOYS, GAMES, BEZIQUE, PLAYING CARDS, JEWELLERY,
Leather, Cabinet, and Electro-plated Goods,
VASES, FLOWER POTS AND TOILET SETTS,
LEADING NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.
Oxydized Jewellery, Chatelaines, Belts, Fans, Combs, Head-pins and an entire
NEW STOCK OF CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS, SATCHETS, ETC.
30, Westgate, Wakefield, Dec. 6th, 1873.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!!
THE MARKET HALL CLOTHING
ARE NOW SHOWING
A CHOICE SELECTION OF
OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN,
OVERCOATS FOR YOUTHS,
OVERCOATS FOR BOYS,
OVERCOATS FOR ARTISANS,
OVERCOATS FOR ALL CLASSES.
THEIR WINTER STOCK is now COMPLETE, and cannot be surpassed in value.
Every Article Warranted Well Made and Durable.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF WOOLLENS, comprising:
CHEVIOTS, NAPS, PILOTS, &c.,
BEAVERS OF EVERY SHADE.
Special Bargains in
HOSIERY, WOOL SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, &c.
A Choice Selection of
RAILWAY AND CARRIAGE RUGS,
BELOW ORDINARY PRICES.
CHEAP RUGS FOR INCLEMENT WEATHER,
A Great Boon to the Artisan.
HATS & CAPS of every description. SEALSKIN CAPS, At exceedingly low prices.
LEGGINGS, MACKINTOSHES, AND OVERALLS.
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DON'T MISTAKE THE ADDRESS!
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPANY
NEW MARKET STREET,
ADJOINING CENTRAL MARKET, & OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE, LEEDS.

J. C. DOBSON,
RENT AND DEBT COLLECTOR,
CHURCHFIELD HOUSE,
ROTHWELL.

LONDON HOUSE, ROTHWELL
C. WARD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER AND PROVISION DEALER.
N.B.—A Large Stock of New Fruit for the Season.

NO DELAY TO BORROWERS.

MONEY ADVANCED at a few hours' notice, from £20 to £300, to private persons Farmers, Tradesmen, and others, on their Furniture or Stock-in-Trade, without removal or publicity if required, in strict confidence, at a moderate rate of interest.—Apply personally, or by letter, to
MORRIS AND CO.,
(Private Offices), 10, ALBION STREET, (opposite the Mercury Office), Leeds.

CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure For Tic. in 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d
CROSBY'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE-QUININE WINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN OILS & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c. 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
AGENT FOR WOODLESFORD:—MR. COOMBES, Grocer and Patent Medicine Dealer, nr. the Church.
Agent for Carlton, Mr. D. Crossley, grocer & patent medicine dealer.

WOODHOUSE LANE AUCTION MART LEEDS.
WALKER BOSHELL,
AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,
Cash advanced on Goods consigned for Sale or Purchased for immediate Cash.

WHEN YOU GO TO LEEDS
GO TO
THE PEOPLE'S TEA MART,
GEORGE WALKER,
WHOLESALE AND FAMILY TEA DEALER,
TEA 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d.
COFFEE 1d., 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 4d.
GROCERIES AND DRIED FRUIT of excellent quality.
Note the Address:
LUDGATE HILL, & 62, COVERED MARKET, LEEDS.
Orders attended to with despatch.

LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE.

OVERCOATS IN BEAVERS.

J. & J. SMITH,

OVERCOATS IN WITNEYS.

LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE.

J. & J. SMITH,

OVERCOATS IN PILOTS.

LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE

OVERCOATS IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

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OLD MOORES' ALMANAC, FOR 1874,
Contains a vast amount of useful information also Remarkable Events, and Local Occurrences, since 1080. A history of Coal, "Old King Coal," by a Rothwell Lad, &c., &c.
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DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
FIVE HUNDRED COLLIERS AND THEIR WIVES!!
TO GO AND BUY
KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS, FENDERS, FIRE IRONS
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HARDWARE, FROM
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WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, convolete from - - 21/-

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT!
HOLMES AND BATTY,
FAMILY AND GENERAL
DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
ROTHWELL,
Regret that certain erroneous and exaggerated reports have been circulated, in reference to the sickness in the village, which tend to set detrimental to business, they wish distinctly to inform their customers that the business has never been interrupted, and that they are in a good position to attend to all orders entrusted to their care as heretofore.
They have made new arrangements for carrying on efficiently the millinery, mantle and dress-making department of their trade, which they hope will be entirely satisfactory to their patrons.
HOLMES AND BATTY,
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SPECIALLY GOOD AND CHEAP FOR CHRISTMAS!
PRIME AMERICAN AND CHESHIRE CHEESE!!
VERY CHOICE NEW CURRANTS, RAISINS, AND FIGS!!!
THE Public may always rely upon being supplied with CHOICE TEAS, at moderate prices; PRIME BUTTER, at the lowest possible price; and very FINE BACON, on the most reasonable terms, at
BENJAMIN PEACOCK'S,
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Opposite the Parish Church,
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CHOICE of 500 OVERCOATS & REEFERS, from 7/6, to 27/6, and Winter Clothing in endless variety, suitable for all ages, all climates, and all season, at the GUIDING STAR CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.

GEORGE LAWS, PROPRIETOR
A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend LAW'S did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
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The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For LAW'S suit her heart did gain;
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try LAW'S Goods for Fit and Price.
STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.
STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.
BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/6; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-
First-class Material; Trousers, Short Jackets and Vests, from 2/-, and every other description of CLOTHING at Prices unprecedented.
Observe the Address:—
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Mr. Russell Gurney stated on Thursday night, on authority, that though the volunteer returns for the year are not fully made out, there is reason to believe they will prove highly satisfactory.

The Chairman of the North-Western Railway Company has replied to Mr. Chichester Fortescue's letter on railway accidents. He states that during last year no fatal accident occurred from causes beyond the passenger's own control.

CONVICTION OF A MURDERER.—At the Durham Assizes, on Thursday, Charles Dawson was sentenced to death for the murder of Martha Jane Addison, with whom he lived, by knocking her down with a champagne bottle, dancing on her, and striking her with a large dish.

MR. ODGER'S BANKRUPTCY.—The adjourned sitting in Mr. George Odger's bankruptcy was held on Thursday morning. It had been found impossible to carry out the scheme for the settlement of the bankrupt's affairs. His name was now called, and no answer being made, his Honour ordered the usual memorandum of non-attendance to be placed on the file.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—The *Echo du Parlement*, gives the following as an excellent substitute for Coal:—Fill a scuttle three quarters with small coal, and the remaining fourth with vegetable mould, add a half-penny worth of common carbonate of soda (dissolved in a half litre of water), and that quantity will be found sufficient to warm a room for five hours.

THE MARYPORT POLICE COURT ON THURSDAY, Henry Large, joiner, was charged with having, on Friday last, feloniously killed and slain his wife, Jane Large. The magistrates committed the prisoner for trial at the next Cumberland Assizes under a charge of manslaughter. The verdict of the coroner's jury was also equivalent to that of manslaughter.

MINES REGULATIONS.—The Government Inspector of mines, Dr. Forster, has informed the miners of Cornwall that he intends to carry out fully the instructions of the Home Secretary in all cases in which a breach of the Act of Parliament for the safety of working mines is proved, and the law which inflicts a fine when life is not in danger, and of three months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, when life is in danger, will be enforced.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

The following cases have been heard during the week, in the West-Riding Police Court, Wakefield, before E. Tew, Esq. (Chairman,) Dr. Kendall, Dr. Holdsworth, W. H. Leatham, Esq., and other Magistrates.

MEMBERS OF THE "SPERE" AT LOFTHOUSE GATE.—Sir men, named John Asquith, George Westerman, James Scott, William Littlewood, Joshua Burton, and Joseph Hartley, appeared in answer to summonses charging them with having been drunk and riotous on the highway, in the Township of Stanley-cum-Wrenthorpe, on the night of the 1st inst. Asquith, Westerman, and Scott live in Bread-Baker Lane, Littlewood lives at Newton Lane, and Burton and Hartley live at Lofthouse Gate, and the whole of them are miners. P.-C. Andrew McLaren deposed that when on duty at Lofthouse Gate, about eleven o'clock on the night of the 1st inst., his attention was called to a disturbance, and upon going in the direction whence the noise proceeded, he observed about a dozen men standing in the road, and behaving themselves in a very riotous and disorderly manner. They had all evidently been drinking freely, but the defendants were worse than the others. He (McLaren) requested them to go away, but they only moved a few yards, and recommenced their noise, and thus they "dodged" and annoyed him for about half an hour. The Chairman: Did they obstruct the road? P.-C. McLaren: They did, when I first saw them they were on the causeway, and they then moved into the middle of the road, which is the highway leading from Leeds to Wakefield, and made a great noise there by shouting, and cursing, and swearing. The Chairman: I suppose they had turned out of some public house? P.-C. McLaren: They had been in the "Star Hotel," but did not remain there any length of time, scarcely a minute, and when I spoke to them they had just come from the "Sun Inn," kept by John Barnes. The Chairman: Do you think they had been refused drink at the "Star?" Witness: Very probably; it appeared like it. Upon being asked whether they wished to make any statement, Littlewood, as the spokesman for himself and the other defendants, stated that when they left the public-house where they had been carousing, they stood in the road and were talking amongst themselves, when the officer came up and ordered them to "move on," they walked some thirty yards further up the road, and stood beneath an old oak tree, whilst they finished their conversation, and the officer followed them, took out his note book, and entered their names. Westerman added, that he was very much surprised when he received his summons, as he had not, that he was aware of, done anything to merit it. By request of the Chairman the police records were referred to, and it was stated that Asquith had been fined 5s. without costs, on the 11th of December, 1871, for aiding and abetting in a beerhouse offence; Scott was in Court on the 20th of August, 1873, for being drunk and refusing to quit, and was fined 5s. and 7s. costs; Westerman was similarly fined on the same occasion for a like offence; and Littlewood had been fined 1s. and 5s. expenses on the 4th of August last, for obstruction of the highway. Nothing was recorded against either Burton or Hartley. The Bench imposed a fine of 7s. 6d. and expenses, in all 12s. 6d. each, upon Asquith, Scott, and Westerman; of 2s. 6d. and costs, equal to 7s. 6d. upon Littlewood, Burton, and Hartley, and the Chairman expressed a hope that the penalty imposed, amounting in all to £3, would be a warning to the defendants, and that they would learn that the Justices neither approved of the wisdom of spending their money so recklessly and injuriously to themselves, as well as to the discomfiture and annoyance of the peacefully inclined inhabitants.—The money was paid.

QUID PRO QUO.—A labouring man, named Joseph Newton, who was at Carlton, was summoned for having on the 2nd of November, assaulted a youth named Charles Green, the son of Esther and William Green, who resided at the same place. It appeared from the evidence given that the lad had been annoying Newton by making a noise outside his dwelling. He was one of a number of lads who had been several times requested to desist from the amusement afforded by striking sparks from the granite stones with his clogs, and otherwise making a noise, and the defendant finding remonstrance in vain, at length rushed upon them and kicked the first he came to. This lad was stated to have been so severely injured that he was unable to go to school for three days. The Justices offered some remarks to the effect that the defendant had doubtless been aggravated, but there was no justification for the commission of so violent an assault. However, under all the circumstances, the Bench only imposed a small fine of 2s. 6d. and costs, which was paid.

CHARGES OF "SIMPLE" DRUNKENNESS.—John Whittlestone, collier, was summoned by P.-C. Atkinson for having been drunk on the highway at Lofthouse, on the 4th inst. A fine of 5s. and costs, was imposed. —Henry Pugsley, miner, was charged with having been drunk at Rothwell, on the 6th inst. He was found by P.-C. Dalfour in a state of helplessness, and went quietly to the station. He was ordered to pay a fine of 5s. and costs, in all 18s. 6d.

Deaths.

DICKINSON—December 11th, aged 4 years, Mary Elizabeth Dickinson, of Rothwell.

PRITCHARD—December 5th, at Hastings, Robert Pritchard, Headingley.

ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.

SIR,—I have gathered up a few more remembrances of old Rothwell.

BEF.—Brandling, vicar of Rothwell, had in 1786, Mr. Taylor as curate; later on, Mr. Airey; and later still, (as many will remember,) Mr. Muncaster was curate. Mr. Henry Close, was the vicar's churchwarden, about the above date.

PARISH CLERKS.—1766.—Robert Hey, officiated as clerk; at his death, Thomas Hey, his son, took Robert's place, (this person was my grandfather); at the death of Thomas Hey, on October 17th, 1780, aged 44 years, the position of Parish Clerk was filled by Mr. John Gibson, who was succeeded by his son John, in 1814; at the death of John Gibson, his sons, John and William, successively officiated.

CHORISTERS OF ROTHWELL CHURCH, IN 1801.—Marmaduke Gibson, of Rothwell; George Armitage, of Rothwell; John Gibson, of Rothwell; Joseph Gibson, of Rothwell; Thomas Priestley, of Carlton; William Farrar, of Oulton; Mark Day, of Oulton; Robert Hardy, of Oulton.

BASKET MAKERS IN ROTHWELL, IN 1800.—Thomas Flocton, William Gibson, Benjamin Dobson, Richard Dobson, Thomas Gibson, Marmaduke Gibson.

THERE WERE 3 GROCERS' SHOPS IN 1800.—Mr. Heath, who occupies the shop now owned by Mr. Marshall. Thos. Sharp, who had the shop of Mr. Geo. Blakeley. Mrs. Lister, who had a shop on the site now occupied by Mr. Iveson.

THERE BUTCHERS SUPPLIED THE TOWN WITH MEAT.—Benjamin Leak, who lived at Mr. North's shop and house. Samuel Farrer, near the Coach and Horses Inn. William Walton had a shop in part of Mr. Steel's house.

IN 1800, the house now occupied by Squire Marshall, at the top of Church Lane, was the Cross Keys Public-house, kept by Mrs. Ann Hallon.

ROTHWELL POTTERY was taken down in 1802.

Wishing you every success in your undertaking, and that all who desire to see the villages prosper and improve, will read and use your Journal.

Yours, &c.,
THE OLD MAN UNDER THE THATCH.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

The terrible disaster in mid-Atlantic, by which the French mail steamer *Ville du Havre* was cut in two, and 226 souls perished, has created a deep and painful sensation. The interest in the calamity, so far from being confined to maritime circles, has pervaded all classes, and there can have been scarcely a household in the kingdom in which the awful scene in the midst of the ocean has not become a topic of conversation. To the unprofessional mind it does seem most extraordinary that a steamer of 5,000 tons, and second only to the *Great Eastern* in measurement, should be cut down by a sailing ship and sink like a stone in less than a quarter of an hour. This is the third great maritime catastrophe of the expiring year, and it is a remarkable fact that in neither instance was it produced by storm or tempest. It is no case like that of the steamship *London*, which in the early part of 1866, after bravely battling day after day with the winds and the waves, was obliged to confess herself beaten at last and went down with more than two hundred lives in the boisterous Bay of Biscay. Nor is either case such as that of the *Royal Charter*, which, in October, 1859, after safely traversing twelve thousand miles of ocean, was beaten to pieces upon the cruel rocks of our own Welsh coast, and sank with four hundred and fifty of her human cargo. The three great shipping casualties of 1873, in which not less than a thousand lives have been sacrificed, will hereafter be remembered as having been produced by preventible causes. When the *Murillo* ran into the *Northfleet* on the night of the 22nd of January last, the sky was clear, the sea was calm, there was a total absence of wind, and the lights of the doomed vessel were plainly exhibited upon her masts. Again, when on the night of the 31st of March the steamer *Atlantic* ran upon a desolate island off the coast of Nova Scotia, a fog prevailed truly, but there was neither wind nor sea. A fog is a visitation which has often to be encountered by ocean steamers, and there is no ordinary reason why the precautions adopted should not be successful in bringing the vessel through in safety. The calamity of the 22nd November is too fresh in the public mind to require more than a bare mention here. In the very midst of the vast Atlantic's broad expanse, with the stars shining overhead, no fog, no wind, no stormy waves, one ship dashes into another, and sends more than 200 souls into eternity! Well might the survivors say that no pen can describe the horrors of the situation—nothing to be seen but the boundless ocean—nothing to be heard but the rush of the seething waters which were waiting to engulph them.

The sale of the delinquent steamer, *Murillo*, at "Lloyd's," a few days ago, leads me to say a few words concerning an institution which is so intimately associated with the shipping commerce of this country. "Lloyd's," at which an immense system of marine assurance is carried on, is situate at the east end of the north side of the Royal Exchange, and in the very busiest part of the City of London. On one side is the Bank of England; on the other the Mansion House; and it is flanked by such crowded thoroughfares as Cornhill, Lombard-street, Threadneedle-street, and Gracechurch-street. The subscribers' room is 100 feet long by 48 feet wide, and has a noble library. There is also a gallery of maps and charts, and in front of these many an anxious shipowner may be seen, studying the trackless pathways of the ocean. The captain's room, the board room, and the clerk's offices occupy the eastern end, and along the north front is the great commercial room, eighty feet in length. Here strangers and foreign merchants visiting London assemble in considerable numbers. Right and left of the entrance to the subscribers' room are two enormous volumes, giving the principal arrivals of ships at our ports, and containing records of losses by wreck, fire, or other accidents at sea. The latter are generally the first read by the subscribers, who make for these books immediately on the opening of the doors, at ten o'clock in the morning. After a nocturnal gale has swept the English and St. George's Channels, the attendance of shipowners in the accident department is always very materially increased. Lloyd's, however, is not a mere body of merchants, but also an establishment which from time to time in our national history has distinguished itself by acts of the most princely munificence. In 1815 this institution gave £10,000 to the Waterloo subscription; some years ago it contributed £5,000 to the London Hospital, and more recently £2,000 towards the lifeboat cause. It has its agents in every part of the globe, and its office is a network of telegraphic wires connecting it with the maritime civilisation of all habitable lands. Its collection of charts and maps is the most correct and comprehensive in the world, and masters of all ships, and of whatever nation, frequenting the port of London, have access to it. I may add that amongst the technical phraseology to be heard in the subscribers' room at Lloyd's is "a good book" and "a bad book." The one indicates the premiums to be received upon ships which have been insured; the other speaks of the losses to be paid on account of the vessels known to have foundered. The country visitor to London, more especially if he should happen to be connected with a seaport, will find "Lloyd's" well worth a call.

At the western end of the Holborn Viaduct a statue of the late Prince Consort has lately been erected, and it has awaited the ceremony of unveiling for some time past. Application was first made to the Queen to perform the ceremony of inauguration, but her Majesty declined the invitation. The Prince of Wales has, however, consented to undertake the task, and it is understood that he will be accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. A canvas tent has been raised hard by for the accommodation of the two Royal brothers, should the weather on the day selected prove unfavourable. The statue (an equestrian one) will correspond with those of two other illustrious men which have been raised in the City—viz., the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange, and Sir Robert Peel at the western end of Cheapside.

The crowded state of Westminster Hall has given rise to a very general desire on the part of the legal profession, that more progress were made with the construction of the new law courts. Not a fiftieth part of those who daily assemble round the doors of the Court of Queen's Bench can gain admittance for the purpose of hearing the proceedings in connection with the Tichborne trial; so the dense mass of humanity gradually breaks up, and swarms into the other courts. Barristers, attorneys, and witnesses engaged in the Exchequer, the Common Pleas, or the Divorce Court have either to be in attendance before the business begins, although they know that their cases cannot possibly come on for three or four hours, or stand the chance of remaining outside altogether, for many find themselves physically incapable of fighting their way through such a compact throng. But this is only one of the penalties which have to be paid for having so long on hand a case of such enormous public interest.

Some experiments have just been made in London with a view of testing the efficiency of a steam tramway car, and certainly the spectacle would possess all the charms of novelty if it could be practically applied. At present there is a network of tramways all over the suburbs of the metropolis. They stretch away on every hand, and their promoters have often cast longing eyes upon the City, from which, however the Corporation has hitherto excluded them; for the streets are narrow, and the traffic very great. Nor is there any connecting link between the systems, for the Legislature, so far, has steadily refused permission to cross any of the metropolitan bridges, fearing that the laying of the rails might tend to weaken these structures. Consequently the tramway-car is weighted in its competition with the railway. Suppose, for instance, a city clerk living at Brixton wishes to reach the scene of his daily avocation: the tramway leaves him to perform on foot the journey over Blackfriars-bridge, while the rail carries him over the broad stream of the Thames and deposits him in the heart of the city.

Now that London has had its system of drainage thoroughly attended to, the local authorities are proceeding with the work of repaving the streets. By this time it seems to be pretty well admitted that of all descriptions of paving, granite pitching is the worst. It requires to be constantly strewed with sand in order to enable horses to keep a footing upon it. But in the chief thoroughfares so great is the traffic that the sand thrown upon them in the early morning is speedily pulverised into a fine impalpable dust, and if the sand cart appears too frequently in the course of the day it is voted a bore. The spectacle of fallen horses is very common indeed in Fleet-street and on Blackfriars-bridge on a frosty morning, and as the work of raising the wretched animals is sometimes one of difficulty, a block in the vehicular traffic takes place which extends on either hand to a considerable distance. The objection to granite pitching also applies to asphalte in frosty weather, although the latter has an advantage in being noiseless. Meanwhile wood is being tried very extensively; it is not so slippery and less costly when compared with asphalte, while it is equally durable. A little while ago the great artery of Ludgate-hill was closed for several days for the purpose of laying it with wood, and if this answers, it will probably be extended through Fleet-street and the Strand to Charing-cross. It is also likely enough to take the place of granite between Holborn and Regent-circus. At present there is a large isolated patch of the last-mentioned route laid with asphalte, and as the omnibuses glide over this, the contrast between it and the roar which arises from the granite roadway stretching away east and west of it, can be appreciated only by those who have had experience of it.

Money has been what is technically termed "easier" in the City since the recent reduction in the Bank rate of discount. I may explain that the Bank of England is ruled by a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, who meet every Thursday in a spacious apartment known as the Bank Parlour, and there decide by a majority all matters of importance. They can and do meet oftener if occasion requires, but Thursday is the regular day, and in exciting times great is the crowd which assembles in the passages, anxious to know what the governors have done with the rate of discount; or, in other words, the figure which this vast establishment has decided to charge smaller houses for accommodation when they apply for assistance. When there is a pressure upon the Money Market the more urgent are the demands upon the Bank for help, and the higher the rate is likely to go. No one, with a superficial look at the great square building, could have an idea of the immense amount of business transacted within its massive walls. There are a thousand clerks employed in it, their salaries amounting to £200,000 per annum. Forty engravers and printers of notes are constantly at work there. It may not be generally known that the Bank of England never re-issues its notes, but destroys every one of them on their return. You may, in strolling through the Courts see little heaps of ashes in some of the well-guarded vaults, the remains of notes which have been recently burnt. These are, from time to time, gathered together, and placed in the library, which now contains ninety million notes that have been cancelled during the last seven years. In the album you may see notes of £1,000 each bearing the signatures of various illustrious persons who have visited the Bank; the latest of these has the autograph of the Shah of Persia. The curious wanderer passes from one department to another without molestation, and the sharp rattling sound which so frequently meets the ear is the clangour made by the pouring of heaps of sovereigns into scales of different sizes. How some people stand and gaze with astonishment at the coolness of the officials as they scoop up the golden coins in scores and hundreds at a time from the polished counters! The clerks pour them into the scales with no more ceremony than a grocer's assistant would weigh up a pound of tea or sugar. In the large room of the bank a quarter of a million of sovereigns will sometimes change hands in the course of the day, and the entire amount of money turned over in the building on a daily average, ranges from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000. Every night a numerous guard of soldiers patrols the corridors, for the protection of the enormous mass of treasure which is stored in the vaults, and locked away in the strong coffers of the bank.

This is the week of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, which is always a reminder to us that Christmas is close at hand. During those few days there are gathered at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, the choicest specimens of stock from all parts of the kingdom, and it seldom happens but that both the Queen and the Prince of Wales are exhibitors. Cattle Show week is, indeed, one of the seasons to which Londoners look forward. On the shilling days they crowd to the Hall in large numbers, and on a fine evening so great is the throng upon the pavement in the High-street of Islington, that the progress of pedestrians there is remarkably slow. Passing along the same thoroughfare, at all hours of the day, are a class of people which is not often seen in the streets of the metropolis, but with each returning December there is a regular invasion of them. You can tell by a glance at their ruddy faces, their substantially-built frames, and the general character of their attire, that they are neither city clerks, loungers about town, nor residents in the pleasant suburb of Highbury. They are the farmers who for a brief period have left their broad acres in the depth of winter, and have run up to London to witness the wonders of the show. As Islington, so far as refreshment houses are concerned, is not well prepared for such a demand upon the resources as is now necessarily occasioned, the bulk of the agriculturists troop down into the city, and if the ordinary customer, who looks for his chop or his steak all the year round, now finds himself disappointed, the proprietor explains the disappearance of the viands by the courteous assurance that "it is Cattle Show week." However, we are all glad to see the farmers, and long may they live to pay us their annual visit.

THE ENGLISH LABOURER—FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

The English agricultural labourer when he emigrates to America must not take it for granted that he will be regarded in that country from a purely sentimental point of view. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, an Ohio farmer, after observing that the English agricultural labourers, and he presumes Mr. Arch himself, seem to think that only half the rule of supply and demand is true—namely, that it is their privilege to sell their labour wherever they can get the highest price for it, but it is not their employer's privilege to hire labourers wherever he can get them cheapest, states that he has had of late some experience of English labourers, and he finds the followng to be about the sum of their ideas:—First, that their employer is their natural enemy, and that consequently it is their duty to do as little work for the wages they receive and do it as badly as lies in their power, so that they comply with the letter of the law; second, that they will demand the highest wages paid to experienced American labourers, although they can perform scarcely one farming operation according to the American standard. Set them to furrowing out or cultivating corn, and they cannot drive a horse with "the single line;" set them to, shuckling corn, and they will make but little over half hands; set them cutting cord-wood, and they will barely earn their victuals. As to setting them at any job requiring a little mechanical skill and ingenuity, such as hewing timber, putting up board fence, or laying up rough stone wall, you might as well set a big monkey at it and expect it done properly. All this time they think they are entitled to the highest wages and the greatest privileges. "Not long since," adds the writer, "I sent to an English agent and obtained a labourer, paying his passage to this country, to be repaid out of his wages. The fellow was not a full hand at any of my farm work, but I could have put up with that had he been diligent and willing to learn. In the winter I required him to light the fire in my sitting-room. He refused to do it one Sunday morning, on the ground that lighting fires was not arm labourer's work—it belonged to the kitchen girl to do it. I at once discharged him, losing about twenty dollars (unworked-out passage money) by the operation, but, like the man who passed off a counterfeit quarter between two copper cents, 'I got shut of him at any rate.'" The writer warns Mr. Arch that if he expects to bring English labourers to America to go to farming at once by themselves they will certainly lose money in it. English farming is not perfection in America. The labourers must live long enough there to learn the American methods of farming before they can expect to farm profitably on their own account. In conclusion, he says he has never had but two English importations work for him who were worth hiring. One was a carpenter when in England and the other a butcher. He would have retained both in his service, but after living with him a year they found they could do better at their own trades.

Out of 217,333 persons proceeded against last year in Ireland, 2,267 were "known thieves."

MR. READ, M.P., on the AGRICULTURAL LABOURER and the POOR LAW.

On Monday evening, Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., addressed a well-attended meeting of the Farmers' Club at the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet-street, London. Mr. Read commenced by saying that the agricultural labourer and the poor law had for many years been closely joined together, and he knew of no period when they merited more consideration than at the present time. There could be no doubt that in years past the wages of the agricultural labourer had been too low, but in the two years preceding 1871 there had been a general rise in labourers' wages, which, however, he did not think was to be attributed to the effect of the union. When he first heard Mr. Arch in London, such good sense respecting payment for piece work and the classification of labour was uttered by him, that he (Mr. Reed) fully agreed in what he heard; but since that time the Agricultural Labourers' Union had entirely adopted the trades' union programme, and had gone back to the principle of day work, which he thought was the curse of the agricultural labourer. He believed it rested with the individual himself to improve his position. The labourer, Mr. Read considered, had a perfect right to combine, but it was useless combining against natural laws and the true principles of political economy. The unions might succeed for a time, but they must end in misery and loss, for it would drive trade into other channels and some of it out of the country. The threat of Mr. Arch to the farmers of England, that he would take all the labourers away, would, if carried out, turn the country into pasture land, from which the people would get no more meat and would get no corn at all. Referring to the opinion that the farmers made great profit out of their property, the speaker said that such was the exception. The labourer, he considered with his 15s. a week, his perquisites, cheap living, easier work, and shorter hours, was as well off as the man in the town earning 25s. or more per week. Having got unions, some suggested that the farmers should not employ labourers who were members of them; but he was of opinion that no difference should be made between unionists and non-unionists. He showed that there was a possibility of doing with a less number of workmen by an extended adoption of machinery. In tracing the origin and rise of the poor law he stated that the abolition of out-door relief had considerably reduced the poor rate, and afterwards the indiscriminate administration of out door relief had kept the labourer in a state of semi-pauperism. The unionists now looked upon the union as a sort of benefit club, the poor law encouraging improvidence. A great fault of the middle class, he thought, was the bringing up of the young to the genteel calling of clerks, and he should like to see an example set by many of the parents causing their sons to learn to be skilled artisans. The franchise, he did not think, would be of much benefit to the labourers—the farmers had not reaped much good from it. He concluded by advocating a conciliatory action on the part of the farmers towards those labourers who desired to leave the union.

THE LOSS of the 'VILLE DU HAVRE.'

The Correspondent of the *Daily News* has sent the following communication for publication:—

PLYMOUTH, Sunday.

Captain Robertson and the crew of the *Lochearn*, the Clyde clipper which came into collision with the French steamer *Ville du Havre* in mid-ocean, were landed here by No. 8 pilot cutter last evening from the ship *British Queen*, from Philadelphia to Antwerp. The *Lochearn*, shortly after transferring those of the *Ville du Havre* who survived the catastrophe, was found to be making water fast, and in a gale on the 28th of November her crew abandoned her and took to their boats, and were picked up by the *British Queen*. The captain, in his log, gives the following account of the collision and the subsequent foundering of his own vessel:—

At two a.m. on the morning of November 22nd we were in lat. 46.54 N. and long. 35.6 W. The wind was S.W. and true. The ship was braced up on the port tack, heading by standard compass N.W. by W., or W. half N. true. A steamer's mast-head light was seen from one to two points on the port bow. Our side lights were out and burning brightly. Shortly after we saw two or three lights coming straight for us, but almost immediately afterwards she showed only her port and mast head lights, and was steering apparently to pass under our stern. After a time we rang our bell and ported our helm, as we thought she was coming too near. The steamer was still showing only her port light, and when close up to the bow the *Ville du Havre* was starboarded for she was going across our bow. A collision was now inevitable, and the order was given to back the aft yards, but before the braces could be let go the two ships came into collision, the *Lochearn* striking the *Ville du Havre* amidships. The ships immediately separated, and we drew our aft yards back. A portion of the crew then shortened sail, and the remainder cleared away the port lifeboat. The carpenter, who was at the pumps, reported that the ship was making no water. I then went forward, and found that the bowsprit was gone, and the bow smashed completely in, but the collision bulkhead was apparently uninjured. A boat from the *Ville du Havre* then came alongside, containing an officer and four men. I asked if the steamer was much injured, and the officer replied that she was injured, but he did not say that she required any assistance. No signal of distress was made by the steamer, and I was under the impression at this time that the boat had been sent from the *Ville du Havre* to render us assistance, but while I was talking to the officer I saw the steamer apparently settling down. We therefore lowered the port lifeboat at once, in charge of the second officer and four men, and they immediately made off to the sinking ship. Our cutter and starboard lifeboats were then cleared away, and in a few minutes they were also despatched to the scene of the catastrophe, their only guide the cries of the drowning people, the steamer having disappeared. We kept our own boats until daylight, and until we had picked up every one that we found floating amongst the wreck, and we succeeded in saving eighty-four people out of three hundred and six, a large proportion having gone down with the steamer. The *Ville du Havre* only floated about a quarter of an hour after having been struck. At noon the American ship *Trimountain* hove in sight. We at once hoisted a signal of distress, and the captain of the *Trimountain* agreeing to take as many people on board as we thought fit, and we sent the passengers and French crew on board, with the exception of a gentleman who was injured, and one of the firemen. During the remainder of the day we were engaged in securing the *Lochearn's* foremast and topmast, all the sides being gone. On November 23 no ship hove in sight, and we were drifting to the north-east, the weather being moderate but hazy. The crew were employed with the carpenter in getting a barricade up across the bow, composed of spars cut and lashed together with the packing of all our spare sails, to keep her from staving in her bulkhead. We trimmed the ship as much as possible, and when she came a little more out of the water we found that her stem and bow plates were smashed right down to the forefoot. At that time the ship was making very little water. On the following day we sighted nothing. The ship drifted to the north-east. It was blowing a heavy gale; the sea breaking heavily against the bulkhead, and making it quiver. We were obliged to keep the vessel under lower topsails, and, the mizen being aback and the ship in the trough of the sea, the moment her head came to the sea the water poured in by the sides of the compartments which were now separated from the stringers. On November 26 the ship was still drifting to the eastward, the wind being strong from the west. The bulkhead showed unmistakable signs of weakness, and the water was pouring in from both stringers. On the 27th the wind was westerly and moderated. We tried her again under her lower topsails, but were obliged to discontinue the attempt. The bulkheads were separating more from the frames, and they were much shaken, and getting worse daily. On the 28th, by dead reckoning, we were in lat. 43 north, and long. 30.39 west. A violent gale was blowing from the west, the ship lying in the trough of the sea and rolling frightfully. At two a.m. the seaman on duty watching the bulkhead reported a fresh leak, and found a heavy strain behind the space between the stringers and the bulkhead. The water was coming in from both sides with a force that sent it ten feet abaft before it touched the skin. We also now found the water coming in from the four frames abaft the bulkhead and from the rivet heads around the compartments. We kept the pumps going, until about four a.m. there was only five inches of water in the well. Two hours afterwards the ship *British Queen* hove in sight. We at once lowered the lifeboat and sent the chief officer on board to report our condition, and to ask them to stand by us, as the water was coming in with greater force every half-hour, and the bulkhead was now completely separated from the frame on both sides. The crew refused to stay longer by the ship. The water was momentarily increasing, and was now coming in like a sluice, with the prospect of the bulkhead giving way entirely at any moment. Therefore I reluctantly gave orders for lowering of the boats, and put the crew on board the *British Queen*. We were received with the greatest possible kindness by Captain Masters. Before leaving the *Lochearn* the well was sounded, and 3 feet 6 inches of water was found. The greatest quantity of water was aft."

A letter from Havre, published in the *XIXe Siècle*, states that a funeral service for the repose of the souls of those who were lost in the *Ville du Havre* was celebrated on Sunday morning in the church of Notre Dame. The sacred edifice was crowded. In front of the altar was a catafalque surrounded by large wax candles, and near it were the crew of the gunboat *L'Averne*, the survivors of the crew of the *Ville du Havre*, and the families of those who were lost in the ill-fated vessel. In the choir were M. Vandal and the directors of the Transatlantic Company, Captain Surmont, and the other surviving officers; the Mayor of Havre and his deputies, the sub-Prefect, the officers of the *Averne*, the officers of the 5th Regiment of the Line, of the Artillery, and of the Engineers, the members of the Municipal Council, and of the Chamber of Commerce, the members of the Tribunal of Commerce, the President and Judges of the Civil Tribunal, the Procureur of the Republic, and the officers of the Fire Brigade and Salvage Corps. The curé, M. Duval, officiated, with all his clergy, while the band of the 5th Regiment of the Line played funeral marches. The emotion was profound. After the service the curé ascended the pulpit and delivered a very affecting discourse. When the preacher, bursting into tears, turned round, and extending his hands towards the catafalque, exclaimed—"And we have not even the consolation of having the bodies of those for whom we mourn," there was throughout the church an extraordinary manifestation of grief, and several women fainted. In going out of the church, M. Vandal shook hands with all who had assisted at the ceremony, and thanked them for having testified their sorrow in so touching a manner.

At the afternoon service in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, on Sunday, Canon Liddon made a feeling allusion to the wreck of the *Ville du Havre* and the terrible loss of life involved in it. In the course of his sermon, which dealt much with modern materialism, the very rev. Canon said there were men in this metropolis who once believed themselves to be immortal, but who had ceased to do so. It was calculated that a great number of souls passed out of existence every 24 hours, but the suffering was distributed over the surface of the globe. But the catastrophe which befell the *Vile du Havre* was of the sharpest, most piercing kind. They must feel that their weakness enabled them in some sense to take in what the sufferings must have been. Few could have read in the morning papers the account of two hundred and odd men, women, and children, just like themselves, roused from their beds on a winter's night to find they had but some twelve minutes to live ere they sank into a grave beneath the waves, without saying, "Had I been there in bed in that *Ville du Havre*, how would it have been with me? What would have been the conviction on my mind in that moment of supreme agony? Would I have acquired the resignation of not a few blessed by God in the great ship? Would I have said, from the depths of my soul, 'Into Thy hands, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit'?" If the glorious gospel had done well for them, then surely they had solemn works to do without delay. In other words, if they had got grace and mercy, they needed both should they be taken at a short notice, like that given to the unhappy passengers and crew of the *Ville du Havre*. The last question he should tell them to ask themselves was "The gospel has done everything for us—what have we done for Him of whom it speaks?"

On Sunday at Pontifical high mass, at St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Southwark, the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, who is preaching a series of Advent sermons at the church, referred in the course of his discourse to the loss of the *Ville du Havre* and the melancholy loss of life which followed it. He made especial allusion to a Roman Catholic priest who, when the ship was fast settling down, raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and prayed for the souls of those who were then on the brink of eternity, and who at last, with the blessed name upon his lips, disappeared beneath the waters. Monsignor Capel told the congregation how a melancholy catastrophe like that he spoke of should cause them alway to be prepared for their last hour, and to live in amity and goodwill with all mankind.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.

We'll be merry yet old fellows.
Never mind the price of coals
Sing old Rose and burn the bellows;
Thence with warmth to cheer your souls.

We no more again to blow them
Can afford; shall ne'er require.
Fit for fuel only, throw them,
Therefore on our winter's fire.—*Punch*.

RAILWAY DAMAGES.

At Manchester the cause of "Telfer *v.* the London and North-western Railway Company," has been tried, and was an action for personal injury.

The plaintiff is a Wesleyan Minister stationed at Widnes, and receiving a salary of £200. Besides performing the functions connected with the ministry, he was held in great repute as a lecturer, and had engagements to lecture for three months in advance. The company admitted their negligence. He was travelling in November, 1872, in a second class carriage, when his train ran into another. He was violently shaken, his nose was broken, and he has since been unable to preach or lecture. There was a great shock to the nervous system. His voice too, which had been clear and strong, was now thick and weak. From the medical evidence it appeared that it would probably take two years before he would be able to resume and perform his former duties. Mr. Pope having addressed the jury in mitigation of damages, they found for the plaintiff—Damages, £2,500.

SCHORA *v.* THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

This was an action of a like nature against the same defendants.

The plaintiff was a passenger for a journey on defendants' line. The negligence charged was in their servants not closing and fastening the door of the carriage in which plaintiff was riding on the train leaving Earlstown Junction, and, happening to rise in the carriage while it was in motion and touching the door, it flew open and he fell out. He was a painter and grainer, and earned about 40s. a week. The injuries were chiefly to the foot and leg.

The jury found for the plaintiff—Damages £250.

At the Manchester Assizes the cause of "Burnhill *v.* the Great Northern Railway Company" has also been tried, and was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover compensation from the defendants for the loss of his wife, who was killed in an accident on their line.

The accident occurred between Wakefield and Leeds on the 25th of January last, and damages were claimed on behalf of the plaintiff's children, aged respectively eleven, seven, six, four, and three years, for the loss of their mother. The plaintiff himself is a fishmonger, but the business was carried on chiefly by the wife, who was described as "the man of the house."

The defendants did not dispute their liability, but paid £150 into court.

The plaintiff stated that since his wife's death his business had fallen off considerably, and that he had been obliged to employ an assistant. In cross-examination he admitted that he was a bankrupt a year before the accident, and had paid 2s. 6d. in the pound.

Mr. Aspinall objected that there was no liability in regard to the children, inasmuch as the legal obligation of maintaining the children rests on the father in his lifetime.

Mr. Justice Quain said he was not prepared to rule that the children had no pecuniary interest in the life of the mother, but he should take a note of the objection and allow the defendants to move.

The jury returned their verdict for £150, in addition to the like sum already paid into court, appropriating £100 to the father and £200 to the children.

THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT M'CAUSLAND.

News of a very sad event reaches us from Zanzibar, (says a Bombay paper of the 17th ult.) About the middle of September last the pinnace and cutter of her Majesty's ship *Daphne*, under command of Sub-Lieutenants Marcus M'Causland, and Hoskins, were cruising on the African coast, opposite the island of Sinambaya, about four miles north-east of Lamoo. Lieutenant M'Causland had some three weeks previously landed at the village of Kiongo, on this coast, and had been hospitably treated by the chief of the tribe. Believing that he would receive the same civil treatment at the hands of the chief, he went on shore, unarmed and accompanied by an interpreter only. The chief received him with apparent cordiality, placed him on a seat under a tree in the village, and after some conversation left him, saying he would present him with a goat for the men. Hardly had the chief left the spot when a young man rushed from behind and speared Lieutenant M'Causland in the back. Others joined in the attack, and in a few minutes the unfortunate officer was dead. The interpreter hotly pursued, escaped with difficulty to the boat. Lieutenant Hockins then landed a party, which the villagers fired on, but a truce was arranged by which the body of M'Causland was recovered. A report was then made to the Walee of Lamoo, who appears to have contented himself by reporting the affair to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Dissatisfied with the supineness of the Walee, Lieutenant Hockins sailed back to Kiongo with the *Daphne's* boats, and landed a party, who took the village and destroyed it, killing one of the inhabitants, while the rest escaped into the surrounding jungle. Official advices received by the Bombay government state that the Sultan of Zanzibar was exerting himself to effect the capture of the actual culprits in this unfortunate affair. It is much to be regretted that any officer should have ventured unprotected on a coast which is notorious for its complicity in the slave trade, and where the feelings of the semi savage tribes have been much inflamed by the recent action of the British government in the suppression of the traffic.

The heaviest fog that has yet occurred in London during the present season prevailed in London on Tuesday morning. The trains on the suburban lines were much delayed, and the navigation of the Thames above bridge was stopped. Gas had to be used everywhere within doors. The fog was accompained by a severe frost.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

Mr. Adamson, of North Shields, owner of the bark *James Montgomery*, received a letter on Saturday from Mr. Housagoe, master of that vessel, and dated from Leghorn on Monday last, describing a frightful scene which occurred on board his vessel off the Corsican coast on the morning of November 28. He states he was aroused at six in the morning by an Italian rushing down into the cabin and informing him that one of the Italian seamen he had shipped at Spezzia had stabbed three of the crew, two of them dangerously, in the neck. The mate had gone on deck to see what was the matter, but he had a very narrow escape, as the Italian made two thursts at him with a knife, but fortunately missed him, and he got up the fore-rigging clear of him. The Italian had first attempted to kill two men in their beds by stabbing them in the neck. He then made on to the deck and attacked the watch; they fled to the rigging out of his way. He then went into the house aft and stabbed the carpenter in three places. After that he knocked him down with a maul, got his axe, and took charge of the deck. The master and two men were fastened down in the cabin by him. Having pitched everything moveable off the deck the Italian took charge of it and steered the vessel for the land. He ran her close in. He then jumped overboard and swam for the shore, which was about a quarter of a mile off. The men then came down from the rigging and liberated the captain from the cabin. They steered for the nearest port, and got to Leghorn on Sunday night week. Two of the men who were stabbed in the neck were removed to a hospital, but the carpenter was going on favourably, and the master will be enabled to bring him home.

BURNING OF THE SHIP "WALTER BAINE."

Letters received at Dundee contain particulars of the destruction by fire at sea of the iron clipper *Walter Baine*, on her passage from Dundee to Calcutta with coal. The *Walter Baine* is the fourth liner burned at sea while outward bound from Dundee to India within the last six months. Fire was first observed on the *Walter Baine* on the 27th September, and although holes were pierced in the deck and water poured down, it was seen that the flames had obtained so strong a hold that the total destruction of the ship was inevitable. The prospects of the crew of 22 hands were sufficiently dismal. The nearest point of land was the barren island of St. Paul's, 180 miles distant. The boats were got out ready, and provisions and nautical instruments stowed on board. By the evening of the 30th the heat was so great, and the fumes of gas and sulphur were so unbearable, that the men took to the boats. The last man to leave the ship was the captain, who remained on deck till the hatches were blown off and total destruction appeared to be a matter of only a few minutes. The boats had not been away two hours when a vessel was observed bearing down in full sail. She proved to be the *Grenada*, bound from Greenock to Java with coal, four months out. Both boats got alongside, and the crew of the *Walter Baine* was rescued. As the *Grenada* was short of water, she was steered in the direction of the burning wreck to see if any additional supply could be got from her. The sides of the *Walter Baine* were found to be red hot. Both captains, however, went on board. While they were standing on the poop the main and mizen masts fell over the side. The two captains jumped into the sea and swam to the nearest boat, no water being secured, as the flames had cut off all communication with the tanks. The vessel when last seen was a sheet of flame from stem to stern, and was fast sinking. The *Grenada* bore up, and arrived at Batavia on the 20th of October.

SHEPHERDS AND CATTLEMEN.

In London, on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Thain Davidson, M.A., availing himself of the anniversary of the Smithfield Cattle Show, preached a special sermon, at the request of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the shepherds and cattle-drovers assembled in the Agricultural-hall, Islington. Taking for his text the words "*Be thou diligent and know the state of thy flocks and look well to thy herd*," he observed that the cattle disease had proved a real blessing in so far as it had led to greater attention to our animals and a stricter regard to their comfort and welfare. He also bore eloquent testimony to the services which the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty had rendered in the same direction from time to time. About two centuries ago the chief amusement of the people of London, especially of the upper classes, consisted of debasing sports—such as bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and cock-fighting and within half a mile of the place where he was speaking the King's bear-garden was situated. Much had been done since those days to suppress such cruelties, but much still remained to be done towards the comfort of the animal creation, and he urged upon every one engaged in the care of them the duty of avoiding in every respect the infliction of corporal suffering, and to shrink from vexing or annoying the creatures which God placed on the earth before man himself. The preacher dwelt on the peculiar susceptibility of the animal creation to kindness—a pleasant word or an affectionate stroke making them inexpressibly happy for the moment and insuring their devotion. He also related instances of the marvellous sagacity and inalienable attachment of dogs in particular, and shepherds' dogs especially; such as their refusing to leave the death-bed of a master, and in some cases pining to death by the side of his grave. He referred likewise to the terrible amount of cruelty which was still practised in London upon horses in spite of the efforts made by the Society to suppress it by prosecuting offenders in that respect. Poor dumb animals were constantly being goaded through the crowded streets by men and boys and beaten for daring to be weary or thirsty. Reminding his hearers of the Divine saying "Every beast of the forest is mine and so are the cattle on a thousand hills," he kindly urged them to take care how they treated the innocent animals committed to their care. "A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast." Let them strive, then, to treat them on all occasions with gentleness and kindness, and their reward would be great.

The discourse, of which this is necessarily but an outline, was listened to by about 800 people with deep attention, and those who could not gain admission into the hall were addressed on the same subject in another part of the building.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A further advance of 6d per ton in the price of coals was made upon the London Coal Exchange on Monday.

Last year the cost of reformatories and industrial schools in Ireland was £110,689.

The number of offenders charged for being drunk a disorderly in Ireland last year was 83,289, showing a decrease in the preceding year, when the number was 91,334.

President MacMahon has subscribed 5,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the *Ville du Havre*. The subscription at Havre amounts to 40,000 francs.

The Duke of Hamilton was married on Wednesday to Lady Mary Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke of Manchester, at Kimbolton Castle.

Dr. Lyon Playfair has, it is said, a scheme under consideration for lowering the price of short telegrams from a shilling to sixpence, and another plan for dispensing with the system of registering newspapers.

The Bishop of Oxford has been injured through having been struck by a truss of hay thrown from a loft at the moment the right rev. prelate was passing, on his way to the Oxford railway station. His lordship was announced to preach on Tuesday at the reopening of the parish church of Shalbourne, but was unable to be present.

Lord Cairns has directed that a third and final dividend of 5½d. in the pound to be paid to the creditors of the Albert Assurance Company. The previous dividends were 2s. and 1s. 6d. The total amount, therefore, which the creditors will have received will be 3s. 11½d. in the pound.

It is shown by the judicial statistics for Ireland of last year that the treasonable offences, which in 1867 exceeded 500, were reduced in 1870 to 37, had fallen to 7 in 1871, and had entirely disappeared in 1872. Last year there were 211,470 offences dealt with summarily in Ireland, against 220,179 in the previous year. The number convicted in 1872 was 177,526.

The accounts of the National Debt Commissioners show that at the close of the old savings-banks year in November the fund belonging to the trustee savings-banks of the United Kingdom, invested at the National Debt Office, amounted (in round numbers) to £39,816,000, and the fund belonging to the Post-office savings-banks, was £21,267,000. The total reaches the large and unprecedented amount of 61 millions; and this is exclusive of the balances necessarily kept in hand at the several banks.

In London, last Saturday, a deputation from the Commissioners of Sewers had an interview with Mr. Stansfeld, to urge upon the Government the necessity of taking immediate legislative action to put a stop to the importation of spurious tea into this country. Powers to local authorities to examine and seize such teas as should be adulterated were advocated, it being stated that if such powers were given the importation would stop. Mr. Stansfeld said he thought some check should be put upon frauds of the description referred to, and he promised to endeavour to come to some conclusion upon the matter.

The practice of wearing armour is supposed to have gone out of fashion in modern warfare. Captain Burton makes a statement on this point which will surprise many. He says "during the last Franco-Prussian war several of my friends escaped severe wounds by wearing in action a strip of hard leather, with a rib or angle to the fore. It must be large enough to cover heart, lungs, and stomach pit, and it should be sewn inside the blouse or tunic; of course the looser the better." He does not give this information without a practical object in view, for he immediately adds: "Such a defence will be especially valuable for those who must often expose themselves in the bush to Anglo-Ashanti trade guns loaded with pebbles and bits of iron." In the case of any war which the sabre was likely to play a part Captain Burton would recommend curb-chains worn across the cap, along the shoulders, and down the arms and legs.

One of the sufferers from the railway collision at Guide Bridge—Mr. Amos Mitchell, of the Wellington Hotel, Hyde, has died from the effects of his injuries.

It is stated that of 250 persons locked up by the Liverpool police between Saturday evening and Monday morning, no fewer than 185 were drunk.

Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co., informs us (*The Times*) that they have received the sum of £1,000 from E.G.T., as a donation to the British Orphan Asylum.

The Society of Catholic Interests at Rome has caused an immense number of copies of the Pope's Encyclical to be printed for gratuitous distribution.

A row of houses in one of the lower parts of Northampton fell down last Friday, killing a child six years of age. The property has been in a dilapidated state for some time, and the houses have not been occupied for two years.

The *Cologne Gazette* is informed from Berlin that, in all probability, the Prussian Government will shortly alter its course of dealing with regard to refractory Roman Catholic priests, and, instead of fining, will imprison them.

It is stated, "on good authority," that the health of Prince Leopold has of late greatly changed for the better, and that the only hindrance to his personal comfort is a little affection of the knee-joint, which, it is hoped, is also gradually improving under the influence of medical skill.

Lord French has sent a donation of £50 to the Home Rule League, and in the letter accompanying the gift he expresses his opinion that the movement will have a signal triumph at the next general election.

The United States and Germany have concluded a postal card convention, providing for an exchange of postal cards between the two countries at a fixed postal rate of two cents each.

Between Saturday night and Sunday morning the shop of Mr. Davidson, jeweller and watchmaker, Dundee, was broken into, and watches, brooches, and other articles carried off to the amount of about £700. The robbery appears to have been carefully planned.

From April 1st to the 6th inst. the Treasury receipts amounted to £47,054,896, as compared with £46,417,147 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £51,020,052. On Saturday last the balance in the Bank of England was £3,325,790, and in the Bank of Ireland, £699,375.

It is stated that a movement is on foot among the ladies of Edinburgh for the purpose of presenting in their name a suitable gift to Princess Marie of Russia on the occasion of her Royal Highness's marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh.

An American contemporary publishes a rather startling item describing a hailstorm in Missouri. It is stated that none of the hailstones were "less than an egg," and that "several lumps of ice were to be seen as large as a keg." This is a story suggested by a keg.

On Monday afternoon her Majesty held, at Windsor Castle, investitures of Knights of the Bath and the Star of India, when a number of distinguished naval and military officers were decorated by the Sovereign. Luncheon was served in the dining and octagon rooms for about fifty guests.

The condition of Captain Williams, M.P., whose arm was so severely injured last week by being caught in some agricultural machinery that it had to be amputated, has hitherto been very precarious. His medical attendants, however, are now sanguine of his recovery.

Several of the Paris journals have given an account of a desperate duel fought with swords a few nights back in the Square Clary. It now appears that the affair was got up by some idle young men for the purpose of mystifying the police.

Cardinal Cullen has declared himself in favour of closing publichouses on Sundays. Moreover, he would have the publicans' Sunday commence early on Saturday night, because he considers it is then the working classes begin to squander their wages.

"The fashion of wearing fans of an enormous size is coming up in Paris. Anyone in England wishing to imitate, now times are economic and coals dear, is recommended to cut an old umbrella in two, by which means two handsome and fashionable fans will be obtained, and as English ladies of course wish to hide their charms, they will thereby thoroughly succeed."—*Court Journal*.

A deputation from St. Paul's Cathedral, headed by Dr. Stainer, the organist, paid a visit to Worcester on Saturday for the purpose of hearing the new peal of twelve bells which has recently been placed in Worcester Cathedral tower, and which has the repute of being one of the finest peals in the kingdom. It is understood to be in contemplation to place a similar peal in one of the western towers of St. Paul's together with chimes and a carillon machine as at Worcester.

The question of teaching religion in the public schools was discussed by the Glasgow School Board on Monday. A motion by Dr. Buchanan that instruction in the Bible and Catechism should be given according to use and wont to the children whose parents offer no objection, except in schools where a majority of the parents appear to be opposed to such instruction, was carried over an amendment by Mr. Page Hopps by 9 votes to 6.

The municipal authorities of Paris have a scheme before them for the improved naming of their streets. As it is, at every corner or intersecting passage the name may be read in clear, bold letters. It is now proposed that the *plaques* upon which the names are printed should be transparent and illuminated when the gas is lit; and that the same arrangement should be adopted in numbering every tenth house, so that a stranger shall have no difficulty, day or night in finding a given address.

General Sherman is said to have declared, in reply to numerous offers to volunteer into the army, that he does not expect war, and that the Government does not desire it. A Correspondent at Madrid says that President Grant declines to accept the resignation of General Sickles, and approves of his action generally with regard to the *Virginius*.

In Tuesday's sitting of the French Assembly, during the discussion of the estimates of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, a member moved that the grant to unemployed diplomatic agents should be reduced one-half, and condemned the frequent changes which had recently been made in the service. The motion was taken into consideration. Another motion was also taken into consideration proposing a grant for the appointment of a Commission to examine into the means of avoiding collisions at sea.

The following parliamentary papers were issued on Monday. Reports of the Inspectors of Factories for the half-year ending April 30, 1873; returns relating to railway crossings; return of the estimated population of England and Wales for the years 1867 to 1871 inclusive; return of the number of boys in the Royal Navy; abstract of the municipal borough accounts (England) for the year ended August 31, 1872; index to the report from the Select Committee on Boundaries of Parishes, Unions and Counties; and index to the report from the Select Committee on Wild Birds Protection.

Mr. Thomas Baring has left about £3,000,000 sterling, which he has distributed in various proportions over a pretty wide circle of relatives, forgetting none. The principal legatee is Lord Northbrook, who succeeds to about £1,250,000, and, in addition to that, the London house and pictures, valued at between £200,000 and £300,000 more. The estate of Norman Court, which Mr. T. Baring inherited from Mr. Baring Wall, goes to a nephew or cousin of Mr. Wall, with £300,000 added. £300,000 is left to Lord Northbrook's half-brother. The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Baring) gets £40,000.

The *Daily News* admits that "for the present the prospects of trade are certainly not unfavourable, and a long period of depression has been traversed, as it was almost too much to hope it would be, with a minimum of injury. The fact that England has suffered so little will also diminish the distress which has been occasioned by money panics in many other markets; and their speedier restoration after panic should in turn contribute to an earlier revival of our trade in all quarters of the globe."

During the last few months the trade in pearl fishery on the western coast of Australia has been rapidly increasing. Experienced divers from Ceylon have arrived, and are assisting in the work. One of the latest consignments received in this country has been on view in London, at Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons' sale-rooms in Covent-garden, previous to their sale by auction. The catalogue comprised about 240 lots, many of which contained pearls of great beauty, fairly rivalling the Oriental pearls in lustre and purity of colour.

A large part of Iowa is threatened, like Bengal, with famine. In 1872 a number of settlers from the prairie bought lands at low prices in various sparsely populated counties of that State. The first year's crop was abundant, and it was believed the yield this autumn would be equally satisfactory. In June, however, "untold myriads of grasshoppers" invaded the districts, and "caused almost a total failure of corn and small grain." Some families have gone to more fortunate neighbourhoods; but the majority are unable to leave their present quarters, and among these great distress prevails. Twisted grass and weeds are their only fuel, and they have been obliged to slaughter their horses and oxen for food.

On Sunday morning a fire, attended with fatal consequences occurred at the works of Messrs. Thomas Milner and Co., safe manufacturers, Faulkner-street, Liverpool. The fire was discovered about half-past nine, and in two hours one extensive wing in which it occurred was gutted. During the progress of the fire the outer wall fell on some adjoining cottages, burying three of the inmates beneath the ruins. When extricated, two of them, an old man and a boy, were dead, and the other one, another boy, has received such injuries as to render it doubtful whether he will recover. The full damage cannot yet be estimated, but the loss in safes alone is supposed to amount to between £6,000 and £7,000.

Prince Bismarck (*Galignani* says) has just met with a check. He had undertaken to obtain the adoption by foreign Powers of German as the language of negotiations. He had hitherto endeavoured to impose it officially, but had had confined himself to semi-official propositions by his agents. He has just himself commenced the struggle. He sent a note in German to Prince Gortschakoff, who replied in Russian. As the Emperor William's Prime Minister does not understand that language, he had to send for a translator, and the Opposition journals of Berlin state that he was much irritated at the result of his experiment.

It is said on good authority that, now that the ancient ceremonial at the "making" of serjeants-at-law is about to be abolished, and with it the always interesting proceeding of "the giving and receiving of a ring," Her Majesty proposes to convert the many rings she has received from the judges elevated to the bench since her accession to a purpose at once useful and ornamental. It is intended to convert the rings, each of which is two inches broad, and bears the motto of the learned giver on an enamelled ribbon, into a set of candlesticks, each to have a massive base. The set will form an interesting memento.

"There is a Highlander at present engaged in the neighbourhood of Kilpatrick in the construction of a wheelbarrow, which he proposes dragging from Glasgow to London without any assistance, carrying with him everything necessary for the journey in the shape of provisions, water, bed, and clothing. He will cook and sleep on the barrow without shelter, and add nothing to his stock on the way, and perform the journey under all weathers, only resting at night fall or when inquiring the way. With this portable camp on wheels he expects ere long to enter London in triumph."—*Court Journal*.

The Correctional Tribunal of Douai has just tried a woman named Josephine Legrand, seventy-two years of age, on a charge of contravening the law on hawking books. She had sold and distributed in the villages of Fenain and Somain various Bonapartist pamphlets, entitled, "Le 2nd Décembre," "Ils en ont menti," L'Empereur est mort." Various lists prepared to receive signatures, one for an appeal to the people, another headed, "To his Majesty Napoleon IV., the 15th of August, 1873," and copies of a writing beginning with the word "Plébiscite," and concluding with that of "Napoleon," and on which was pasted a photograph of the Prince Imperial, were also found on her. She was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of 16f. and the costs.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

[Our limited space precludes us from giving more than the following condensed account.]

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH DAY.

On Monday morning the interior of the court was densely crowded; and in the lobby eight stalwart prison warders were seated in a row ready to be called to identify Jean Luie. The Claimant arrived at a few minutes to eleven, and the judges took their seats punctually at eleven, when

Mr. Hawkins said: The witnesses with respect to whom an application was made the other day are now in attendance, and Jean Luie is also here, being brought up from Holloway: would your lordships have him brought into court?

Jean Luie was brought into court, and at the request of Mr. Hawkins was seated opposite the prosecuting attorneys.

Mr. Kenealy: I understand these witnesses are about to be called for the purpose of reopening the rebutting evidence on the part of the prosecution. Of course your lordship will understand that I am no consenting party to this.

The Lord Chief Justice: We have decided.

Mr. Kenealy: I thought any decision made in chambers might be afterwards——

The Lord Chief Justice: It was at your own option and suggestion that it was heard in chambers.

Mr. Kenealy: I merely wanted it to be understood that the defendant does not withdraw his opposition to it.

The Lord Chief Justice: Oh, very good.

WILLIAM WOODS: I am an assistant warder at the Chatham convict prison. I had in custody there a prisoner who passed as John Lundgren. He came in in 1868, under a sentence of penal servitude for seven years.

Mr. Kenealy objected that the evidence was collateral, and ought not to be given.

The Lord Chief Justice said it was most essential to the case.

Witness continued: He was discharged on the 25th of March last on license, the sentence not having expired—it was commonly called a ticket-of-leave. Whilst he was in Chatham he was occupied most of his time in the tailor's shop. He was under my personal supervision daily from October 18, 1871, until April, 1872. After that I saw him almost daily. On the 4th December last I went to Holloway Prison with Inspector Clarke, and I there saw the person described as Jean Luie. I identified him at once as the same person who was in custody as a convict at Chatham. I now identify him at once as the same man.

Cross-examined by Mr. Kenealy: I had no conversation with Clarke about the case on our way to Holloway. I met Clarke in Scotland-yard. I was told by the Chief Warder at Chatham that I had to go to London to identify Luie. Clarke did not tell me that Luie had complained of the conduct of detectives in following him. I did not know that he had complained, or that he went regularly to the Treasury for his money. I don't know if the description of the convicts are entered minutely in the prison books. Photographs are taken of the prisoners. I produce one of Lundgren. It was taken about a month before he was discharged. I can't swear to the correctness of the description, "both little fingers crooked." I take no notice of marks. I can only swear that Luie is the same man. Clarke showed me a photograph of Luie before I saw him in Holloway Prison. I said it was the same man. I saw Lundgren occasionally, about a month before he left the prison. I saw Luie in bed in his cell in Holloway Prison on Thursday last. Clarke and one of the prison officials was with me. I afterwards told Clarke that I was sure Luie was the same man. Clarke might have replied, "Well, that's all right." I returned to Chatham, and came up again this morning. Ten prison officials came up with me this morning. Two photographs were handed about, and we all agreed that Luie was the same man as Lundgren.

WILLIAM GEORGE WOOD: I am one of the principal warders of Chatham Convict Prison. Luie was received into the prison on the 7th of September, 1868, and left the 25th of March last. I saw him this morning. I identify him as the man who entered the prison as John Lundgren. On one occasion, shortly after he joined the tailor's party darning stockings, I spoke to him. The latter part of April, 1872, he was transferred to the "drivers," that is, driving horses. When he entered the tailors' shop I asked him in German if he was a German. He replied, in the same language, "No." I asked him in English where he belonged, and he said he was a Belgian. I asked him, if it was a fair question, what he had done before he was transported? He said he had been the mate of a vessel for several years. He said he had sailed to all parts of the world. By the prison regulations a convict is allowed to grow his hair, moustache, whiskers and beard three months before leaving the prison. Luie commenced to grow his on the 25th December, 1872.

Cross examined: I saw him a few days prior to his discharge. He was often under my personal supervision. Lundgren's conduct in prison was so good that he obtained seven days extra remission of imprisonment. Each convict cuts and clips his fellow prisoner's hair and beard, under the supervision of an officer. I saw Luie this morning. A photograph of him had been previously shown to me. I should not have identified him by the latter, because it represented him with his hat on, and drawn over his head and eyes. I could not see his bald head. I saw Mr. Pollard at Chatham yesterday. He took down my evidence. He showed me a photograph of Luie, and the prison photograph of Lundgren. Lundgren did not tell me he had been to the diggings. He said he had been to all parts of the world.

GEORGE BONYNGE: I am a tailor warder at Chatham Convict Prison. Lundgren was under my charge from 27th February, 1870, until April, 1872. I saw him nearly every morning going to chapel from that time until March, 1873. I dressed him before he left the prison in his liberty clothes. He told me he was always a seafaring man, and that he would require a sailor's suit. I gave him a sailor's suit. I identify Luie as the same man. I could pick him out of a thousand.

Cross-examined: He does not now wear the dress I gave him. The particulars of the dress are recorded in a book before a convict leaves the prison. I identified Luie this morning.

By the Lord Chief Justice: Lundgren spoke English with a broken accent. I never noticed his fingers. Whilst in the tailor's shop he darned stockings.

CHARLES SEYMOUR: I am a warder in Chatham Convict Prison. Luie is the man who was in that prison under the name of Lundgren in 1872. He there joined the driver's party to the time of his discharge.

Cross-examined: I never noticed if there was anything the matter with his fingers. He was last under my personal charge on the 29th November, 1872, when I "marked him up" for his work. This morning we were all called together and went into a room close by. There were a great many people there. I picked out Luie.

GEORGE DOUGLAS: one of the warders at Chatham prison, and clerk in the governor's office, I knew in 1868 a convict there named Lundgren. I saw him repeatedly until his discharge in March last. Luie is the same man. There were about 40 persons in the room this morning when I identified him.

Cross examined: I don't know if they were all witnesses for the prosecution.

By the Lord Chief Justice: Lundgren was a baldheaded man like Luie. I never noticed his fingers.

JAMES LEVER: I am schoolmaster of the Chatham prison, and photographer at the establishment. I remember Lundgren. I knew him for eighteen months. I photographed him preparatory to his discharge. The photograph produced is the same, and I also produce the negative. I also produce several copies. I recognise Luie as the same man.

Cross-examined: Some one in the room said, "That's Luie." He did not attend school. I was with him an hour and a half when I photographed him. There was others present at the same time. I saw him in the tailor's shop twelve months before I photographed him.

By the Lord Chief Justice: I can only identify him with the photograph. I distinctly recollect taking the photograph. I am sure in my own mind that he is the same man.

FREDERICK POTTER: I am clerk in the steward's office in Chatham prison. I have been there 2½ years. I remember a man there in prison called Lundgren. When a man is about to be discharged he comes under my particular notice. I remember Lundgren's discharge on the 25th March last. A convict is allowed to earn gratuity money. He had £3 due to him for gratuity money, and £1 private cash when he was discharged. I make up his accounts the day previous to his discharge for him to sign. He is escorted to the railway station by a warder on the morning of the discharge. The warder obtains the convict's free ticket, and sees him into the train. Lundgren's ticket was taken for Folkestone. The warder then handed him 5s., and £2 was forwarded by Post-office order to John Lundgren, Post-office, Folkestone, to be called for. The money is, in fact, sent the day before, so that a man can get it when he arrives at his destination; the balance is sent a month after, the convict being supplied with a form to apply to the police for it wherever it might be. The first was applied for, but not the balance. I remember Lundgren from this: He gave the governor Liege, Belgium, as his destination. He said he wanted to go via Folkestone and Boulogne; but on the day of his discharge he told me he would go a nearer route by Hull and Ostend. I went to the governor, but I found all his papers had been sent to Folkestone, which necessitated his going there. I have seen Jean Luie. He is the same man as Lundgren, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

In cross-examination the witness said he saw Luie here this morning. Eight or more of us went in together. On Saturday I saw his photograph in the chief warder's office, and I was shown another yesterday which was said to be one of Luie. I was spoken to about Lundgren, as I had the discussion with him the day before he left.

The witness said he had a book containing the signature of Lundgren, and he produced it.

The Lord Chief Justice compared it with the signature "Jean Luie" in the affidavit of Luie, and both documents were handed to the jury for comparison, it being pointed out that many of the letters of both names were the same—one signature being "John Lundgren," the other "Jean Luie."

They were both very carefully examined by the jury, as were the photographs.

The Lord Chief Justice pointed out that in "Jean" and in "John" there was the same letter "n" final, as well as the capital "J" in both; and there were other letters, as the capital "L," and the small letters "u," "e," &c.

Another warder, named DAVIDSON, was then called, who stated that he had known the convict Lundgren for upwards of two years, and had occasion to see him several times in the course of a week. On his discharge he went with him to the railway station with a railway warrant for his fare. He got the ticket for Folkestone and gave him 5s. That is the man (pointing to Luie) I took to the station. I am quite sure of it. I could pick him out of a thousand.

In cross-examination he said he was shown a photograph of Luie yesterday. Two photographs were shown—one the prison photograph, the other the photograph of Luie, and he said it was Lundgren. This morning he saw Luie in a room with other people, and he said "That is Lundgren."

The next witness was JOHN NICHOLLS, a Bristol policeman, who stated that he was present at Cardiff when John Lundgren was sentenced to penal servitude at the Quarter Sessions, October, 1867, for obtaining £20 from the Italian Consul under false pretences.

The formal certificate of conviction was put in. It stated that the prisoner had been "before convicted of felony."

The witness looked at Luie, and said positively, "That is the man." He stated that in 1862 he was in the Bristol Police Force and apprehended Luie under the name of Charles Lundgren on a charge of stealing a letter containing a sum of money.

Mr. Kenealy asked whether all this was to be received.

The Lord Chief Justice: Why not?

Mr. Kenealy said it was not material to the issue; but The Lord Chief Justice said the witness Luie had in his evidence stated a series of services at sea so as to satisfy the jury, and to account for him from 1854 to the time he appeared as a witness. And therefore it was most material to prove where he was during that period.

Mr. Kenealy said the Court had ruled that he could not call evidence in contradiction.

The Lord Chief Justice: We have said nothing of the kind.

Mr. Kenealy: The Court would not give me time to obtain evidence.

The Lord Chief Justice: That is quite another thing; but all that is now in question is whether the evidence is admissible. We think it is.

The witness went on to state that Luie was convicted and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. That was the "previous conviction" mentioned in the indictment at Cardiff. I, said the witness, framed it.

Mr. Hawkins: Is that the same man?

Witness: That is the man.

The certificate of the conviction at Bristol was put in and read, the prisoner being described as "Charles Lundgren."

In cross-examination the witness said he saw Luie in Cardiff in October, 1867. He had seen him many times before, as he lived at Bristol among the ships, sometimes as a runner, at other times as an interpreter. Between 1862 and 1867 he never saw him. He was then undergoing his sentence. The man's wife and child, said the witness, were at Bristol. I saw her on Saturday. I had known him about 18 months prior to 1862. He used during that period to be about the ships there. He used to lodge at a Mrs. Hide's, King-street, Bristol. His wife is living at Mrs. Will's, in the Horse-market, in Bristol. I went to his lodgings in King-street, and took the money, the produce of the bill in the letter, from a box under his bed. His wife does not use the name of Lundgren, but passes as Mrs. Hawkins. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Hawkins: What was her maiden name?

Witness: Miss Cockburn. (Roars of laughter.)

The witness went on to state that he had been shown Luie in a room here. He knew he was to see him. He came up for the purpose. He was to come to see if he knew him. He had no description of him. He knew that if he saw Lundgren he should know him. He saw his wife on Saturday and showed her the photograph. He saw Hide, but did not show him a photograph. He had never seen Lundgren after 1867 until he saw him yesterday.

In answer to the Lord Chief Justice, the witness said that the man's wife and child were living at Bristol while the man was undergoing his sentence. There were three children; one of them is with the mother.

Being shown a photograph, he said he should not recognize it as Lundgren.

MR. WILLIAM W. GIBSON: I am partner in the firm of Whitwell, Gibson and Co., of Bristol. We are merchants and shipbrokers. I was in the firm in 1859. In that year we had a water clerk named Lundgren in our employ, at weekly wages. I personally paid him. He came to me in July or August, 1859. He was well known to different Swedish and Scandinavian captains. He came to us from Cardiff, but I always understood that he was previously in Hull. He remained in our service until April, 1861, when he left in consequence of an action for libel. He then went into prison in consequence, and was there for two months. He kept away from us after that, and shortly after he was apprehended and sent to prison on another charge. The man Luie is the same person who was in our employ in 1859. I have not the least doubt of it. The first payment of weekly wages was on the 13th August, 1859.

Cross-examined: My attention was first called to Luie on Tuesday last in reading a report in the London papers while going from Bristol to Scarborough. I had previously seen Luie's photograph. When the first photograph was put before me I said I was doubtful about the man. I could see a resemblance, but I could not say positively as to the man. The impression on my mind was not one of doubt. From the photograph I felt morally persuaded that it was not a good likeness of the man. There was a resemblance, but not a likeness. Lundgren had not much hair on his head in 1859. He was not bald. He had no beard, but a moustache, and occasionally an imperial. He had no whiskers. (The photograph produced does not remind me of Lundgren). My business was connected with the northern countries. Lundgren spoke Swedish. He was a married man, and I believe he had a family. I have some recollection of a contraction, but I can't say if both his little fingers were crooked. My recollection will not carry me back to the colour of his hair or eyes or complexion. The libel was written by Lundgren and published in the Bristol papers. He intimated that he had received half a sovereign from a certain gentleman for his vote at a municipal election. An action was brought against him, and he was arrested for the costs. I recognised him on Friday last, particularly by his voice. I said, "Lundgren, I am sorry to see you in this plight again." He said, "I do not know you, sir." His lips quivered, and he looked pale. He has more colour to day than he had on Friday. After I saw him I was satisfied he was the same man.

By the Lord Chief Justice: When I spoke to Luie I recognised the same accent and tone of voice.

NICHOLS, re-called, and, in answer to the Lord Chief Justice, said he did not know whose employment Lundgren was in in Bristol.

Mr. ERNEST BRAMER: I now reside at Leytonstone, in Essex. I was formerly a shipbroker at Gloucester, from 1853 to 1862. I then had dealings with Whitwell and Co., of Bristol. They had a clerk called Lundgren in 1858 and 1859. I knew him very well. I frequently saw him. He was a Swede. I saw Luie on Friday last. He is the same man. I spoke to him in Swedish, "Hallo! Lundgren, are you here?" and he replied in English, "I don't know you, Sir." In Bristol we spoke sometimes Swedish and sometimes English. I recollected his voice immediately I heard him speak.

Cross-examined: I spoke to him both in Bristol and in Cardiff in 1858, '59, and '60. I have a vague remembrance that I saw him there in 1854. I should have known his voice if I had not seen his face. I cannot speak to particular conversations with him, or persons who were present at the time. I am a Dane, and when I saw in the papers that he described himself as a Dane I thought if I could hear him speak I could detect whether he was a Dane or not. When I saw Luie's photograph in the Poultry I went into the shop and had a look at it. I recognised him at once, and I came to the court to see him. I had never seen him with his hat off. I saw his wife before her marriage at her brother's, who kept a publichouse, where captains congregated. The Chatham photograph is a better likeness than the photograph I saw in the shop. The features are the same now as in 1858 and 1859.

LOUIS BESISKI: I am in the employ of Messrs. Cory Brothers and Co., merchants and shipbrokers, at Cardiff. I have been there between seventeen and eighteen years. I remember a person named Lundgren in their employ in 1856 and 1857. A gentleman named Spark was in their employ at the same time. I was present as a witness at Lundgren's trial at Cardiff, in 1867. He then asked me if I would swear he was Lundgren. I replied that if he had been in a room with hundreds of persons, and I shut my eyes, and he spoke, I would swear he was Lundgren. He had told Captain Parry, from whom he had obtained the money, that his name was Safstrong. I recognised in a photograph that was shown me in Cardiff of Luie the same man as Lundgren. I said, however, that I should know him better with his hat off, as he was partly bald. I came to London on Saturday night last by the mail train, and this morning I saw Luie. I recognised him as Karl Lundgren who was in the same office at Cardiff with me.

Cross-examined: I was a witness against him at Cardiff.

EDWARD SPARKS: I am cashier in the service of Messrs. Marychurch and Co., at Cardiff. In 1856 and 1857 I was with Messrs. Cory Brothers. I knew a person named Karl Lundgren from November, 1856, until the summer of 1857, in the same employ. Jean Luie is the same person as Karl Lundgren.

Cross-examined: I never saw him after 1857 until this morning. His hair was light in colour.

The court then again adjourned.

The trial was resumed on Tuesday morning—the one hundred and thirty-seventh day.

Mr. FREDERICK PALMER, from the office of the Director of Convict Prisons in Parliament-street, produced Volume I. of the general register of male convicts sentenced to penal servitude, containing a photograph of each prisoner with a description of him. The photograph was sent up after the release of a convict. (The register was examined by the judges.)

Cross-examined: The marks on a convict were ascertained before he was sent to the government prison, and they were entered in a book called the Penal Record with the governor's initials. Previous to a prisoner being released, he ought to be examined to see whether the marks upon him correspond with the entry in the Penal Record. If there were any more marks they were inserted with the initials of the governor. The mouth was always examined, to see whether a prisoner had lost any teeth. He had also brought with him the Penal Record. When a convict was liberated on a ticket-of-leave, a notice of it with his photograph was forwarded to the police authorities in the district where he was going, and also to the registrar of criminals at Whitehall. If the man removed from one district to another he ought to report himself, and if he did not he was liable to have his licence forfeited. The fact of his having removed without giving notice was reported to the Home Office and, his licence having been revoked, he was supposed to undergo the rest of his sentence in Millbank Prison.

JAMES CRANSTON, a warder at Chatham convict prison and discipline clerk, said a penal record accompanied a prisoner to a Government prison. In the case of John Lundgren the record came from Cardiff prison. He (witness) took his description, and noticed a contraction of the little finger of each hand. After his photograph was taken he was stripped in the infirmary, and he himself examined him. He saw the contraction of the fingers, and found it was entered on the previous penal record. He found that while his height was entered as 5ft. 7½in. he was really 5ft. 7in., and he made the correction. From an original record, it appeared that he was committed on the 18th and convicted on the 24th of October 1862. He received a remission of several months from his sentence and was discharged on the 11th of April, 1865, going to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

Look at the man who sits there (Luie). Do you recognise him?—Yes.

As whom?—As John Lundgren.

The man whose description you wrote in the infirmary?—The same.

Examination continued: Saw Luie in a private room this morning, and said to him, "Lundgren, show me your hands." He took his hands out of his pockets, and, looking at them, he observed a contraction of the little fingers.

In cross-examination, the witness was asked if the third finger of one of Luie's hands was not immovable. Luie stood up and exhibited the hand, and the witness, taking hold of the finger, said he was of opinion it could be easily moved.

In reply to the Lord Chief Justice the witness said that the contraction of the little fingers of Lundgren corresponded with those of Luie.

Mr. JAMES WILLIAM FOSTER, a clerk in the firm of Messrs. Parry, ship-brokers, of Cardiff, said that in 1867 a person representing himself as Captain Safstron came to their office. Luie, the man in court, was the same individual. He said he was master of a vessel called the *Carolina* in Penarth Roads, off Cardiff, and he obtained a sum of £20, signing a book for the amount. He was present when Safstron was given into custody for obtaining the money under false pretences, and also when he was convicted for the offence.

Mr. HENRY C. BUCKINGHAM, formerly a partner in the firm, who gave corroborative evidence, said he gave Safstron into custody himself. He had not the slightest doubt he was the same man. Safstron was convicted under the name of Lundgren.

Mr. GEORGE S. STONE, a ship-broker and merchant at Cardiff, whose firm was formerly known as Sully and Stone, said that in 1854 he had a clerk in his service named Lundgren. He was employed principally out of doors. He did not recollect his Christian name. He was paid weekly wages, and he found from his books that on November 25, 1854, he received thirty shillings and ninepence. The last payment he could trace was on February 19, 1855. Lundgren then left, and he believed he entered the service of Mark Whitwell and Co., of Bristol. Saw Luie yesterday morning, and recognized him as the man who had been in his service as Lundgren.

Cross-examined: Saw Lundgren many times after February, 1855, at Bristol and Cardiff.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY MARTIN, ship-broker and steam towing agent at Cardiff, who knew Lundgren when he was in the service of Sully and Stone and Corry, and Son, also identified Luie as the same man.

In cross-examination, the witness said he had seen a Mr. Stevens, an attorney, at Cardiff.

Mr. Kenealy: Do you know that he is employed by Lord Bute? (Laughter.)—I do not.

The witness said that Stevens showed him a photograph, but he told him that he should not like to swear to it until he had seen the man. Stevens pressed him to come to town. He was met by some one at the Paddington station. He fancied he was connected with Scotland-yard because he was very polite, but he did not know him. (Laughter.) He had also seen Clark, the detective. He recognised Luie as Lundgren the moment he saw him drive up in a cab from the prison.

To Mr. Justice Mellor: I have no doubt he is the same person.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, sail-maker at Cardiff, said that in 1867 a person came to him and inquired for Messrs. Parry's office and he showed him. He represented himself to be the captain of a vessel in Penarth Roads. He saw Luie this morning, and identified him as the same man. He had not the slightest doubt about it.

Mr. HERMAN TRANA, in the service of provision merchants in Liverpool, said that in 1850 and 1851 he was in the employ of Joseph Heald and Co., shipbrokers, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In the course of his service he went on board a ship called the *Isabella* at North Shields to solicit employment in connection with the vessel. He had learnt before that the captain's name was Carl Lundgren, and he made his acquaintance on board. He did not get the ship, and he saw no more of Lundgren for a year or two. In 1853 or 1854 he was in the service of John Lundgren and Company, shipbrokers in Hull, and he again saw Carl Lundgren, who was a clerk in the same employ. After he (witness) left their service he entered into business on his own account in Hull, and he employed Carl Lundgren to solicit business from ships which arrived. Having been absent for a fortnight, he received on his return a communication from Heald and Co. with respect to some business he had done for them. He saw them, and they complained of having been sent the charter of a vessel which had no existence. He returned to Hull, and found Lundgren in bed; and he said to him, "I think you have swindled me." Afterwards he ceased to have anything to do with Lundgren. He could not fix the date of this transaction, nor go nearer than say it was in 1853 or 1854. He had no books to refer to. In 1862 or 1863 he was in Bristol for six months. During that period he met Lundgren on board a Russian ship, and saw him frequently afterwards in Bristol, but did not know what he was doing. Saw Luie for the first time yesterday morning. He was the same person—Charles Lundgren, of Gottenburg.

The witness was closely cross-examined as to his various employments. He said he was a Swede, and that he was introduced into the case by receiving a communication from the Swedish consul in Liverpool, who asked him if he knew a person named Carl Lundgren, and showed him some photographs.

Mr. JOHN LUNDGREN, of Horseferry-road, Westminster, managing clerk of the foreign department of a firm in London, said he was a native of Finland, and came to this country in 1848. He carried on the business of a shipbroker in Hull from 1851 to 1857. The last witness was in his service as a clerk from 1853 to the middle of 1854. A person named C. P. Lundgren, who was called Charles, a Swede, entered his service as water or boarding clerk, and he remained until about the summer of 1854. He recollected he went just before the Crimean war. His name was spelled like his own, but he was no relation. Saw Luie last night, just after the rising of the court.

Is he the same man?—The very identical man. (Laughter.) I said to him "How do you do?" and he replied, "Even thou knows me. (Laughter.) The witness then said that his managing clerk in Hull was Samuel Shields, who was also a member of the firm. The last time he saw Lundgren was in Bristol in 1862.

Mr. SAMUEL SHIELDS, of the firm of Shields and Co., shipbrokers, Hull, gave confirmatory testimony, and said that almost daily in Hull he saw Carl Lundgren, not only while he was in the same service, but until the latter part of 1854. Luie was the same man he knew by that name in Hull.

To Mr. Justice Mellor: I have not the slightest doubt about the man.

Mr. JOHN FREDERICK CRANBURG, a shipbroker at Hull and a native of Finland, deposed that he went with Trana on the occasion when he charged Carl Lundgren with deceiving him, and said it occurred in August, 1854. He believed Luie to be the same man.

In cross-examination, he said he had frequent conversations with Lundgren during the months of May, June, and July, 1854.

A long discussion here arose as to whether there were any wrinkles on the forehead of the prison photograph, Mr. Kenealy asserting that there were, and that they did not appear in Luie, and proposed to question the witness on the subject.

One of the jury said it was immaterial whether Luie had wrinkles or not on his forehead.

Mr. Kenealy: I hope, sir, you will not take upon yourself to pronounce the verdict of the jury.

The juryman: I do nothing of the kind, and I protest against such an insinuation.

Mr. Kenealy: I intend to make a strong point upon that matter.

The juryman: I hope you will not waste time upon it.

Mr. Kenealy: I must waste time in doing my duty.

Another juryman: There are no wrinkles on the photograph.

Mr. Kenealy: I do not care what is the opinion of two or three jurymen, unless they express the united opinion of the jury.

Here an intimation from the rest of the jury that they thought there were no wrinkles caused some laughter.

Mr. Kenealy: Of course, if the jury are all united on the question of the wrinkles, it is no use my pursuing the subject (laughter); but I contend there are other points of dissimilarity.

The next witness was also a Swede, Mr. THIRLING, outfitter, of Hull, who deposed to constantly seeing Carl Lundgren in Hull in August and September, 1854, and said that Luie was the same man.

Cross-examined: I saw him almost daily, because he and other Swedes met at the "Minerva Hotel" in Hull.

Mr. JAMES COOPER: I am clerk to Messrs. Humphreys, shipbuilders, Hull. In 1853 and 1854 I knew the firm of John Lundgren, of Hull. I knew Trana, Shields, and Lundgren. I knew the latter from the latter part of 1853 to the middle of 1854, when I lost sight of him. I again saw him yesterday and to-day. Luie is the same person. I heard he had come from Gottenberg.

Cross-examined: I can't fix the particular date when I saw him in 1853 and 1854. I have met him at the Minerva Hotel. I only recollect speaking to him once. I was first spoken to about the matter on Saturday last in Hull by Mr. Bowker.

By the Lord Chief Justice: I only saw him once at the Minerva Hotel.

Mr. JOHN H. TALLEEN: I am clerk to Messrs. Phillips and Co., St. Dunstan's Hill. I am a Swede. I first arrived at Hull from Sweden in February, 1854. I there became acquainted with a person named Lundgren. I think he was then out of employ. I frequently saw him on the quay and on board ship with the captains of vessels. I continued to see him until the autumn of the same year when he left Hull. He got into disgrace about a charter. Mr. Harbeston got up a subscription for him to get rid of him from Hull, and he was sent from Hull I believe to Cardiff. I subscribed to the fund. I never saw him again until yesterday. Luie is the same man.

Mrs. ELIZA GOLLEDGE: I reside in Bute-street, Cardiff. I have lived in Cardiff since 1851. I knew a person there named Karl Lundgren, and his being married there. I knew him in the latter part of 1854, and he married in April, 1855. His wife's maiden name was Sarah Coulburn. I was not present at the marriage, but Lundgren took her to church from my father's, the "Scandinavian" Hotel. He was married at Melksham, in Wiltshire. I knew him about a year before he was married. Luie is the same man.

Cross-examined: The only change I see in him is that he is a little older. I knew him directly I saw him. Mr. Stevens, solicitor, Cardiff, showed me a photograph on Saturday afternoon. There was no name that I noticed at the bottom of the photograph. I was with Mr. Stevens about five minutes.

MARY MATILDA JOHN: I am the stepdaughter of the last witness. I am married, and reside at Cardiff. My father kept the "Scandinavian" Hotel at Cardiff. I knew Karl Lundgren and Sarah Coulbourn before they were married. I have not seen him since his marriage until yesterday. Luie is the same person.

Cross-examined: I was not at the marriage. I was young when he was married. I was more than six or seven years of age then. I believe he has ill-used his wife. I was spoken to last Saturday, and I saw a photograph at Mr. Stevens's with Jean Luie at the bottom. He asked me if I could recognise it, and I said "Yes, it is Lundgren."

SARAH LUNDGREN was then called. Her appearance in the box caused quite a sensation in the court: I am now living in Bristol, at No. 11, in the Horse Fair. I am the daughter of Mr. William Coulburn, builder, of Melksham. In 1854 some friends of mine kept the Scandinavian Hotel at Cardiff. I was on a visit to them just before Christmas, 1854. I there made the acquaintance of a person called Karl Peter Lundgren. I afterwards married him on the 2nd of April, 1855, at Melksham. After my husband came out of prison at Bristol I lived with him for five weeks, and then he left me. I bid him good-bye at Reading to go to my father's at Melksham. He told me he was going to Liverpool. I received a letter from him from Queenstown, in Ireland. I replied to it. That is the only letter I have received from him. He never afterwards communicated with me. He told me he belonged to Gottenberg, in Sweden, and that he had been in Hull, which he left, and came to Cardiff. I see my husband now in court. The man Luie is the same.

By the Lord Chief Justice: I can't remember when we parted at Reading. It was after he came out of prison in 1865, after he was tried at Bristol.

Cross-examined: I was applied to on Saturday. Three Bristol detectives came to me at my own house. I was shown one photograph with Luie's name at the bottom. They asked me if I knew him; if I thought it was my husband. I said I would not swear to the likeness.

By the Lord Chief Justice: When I saw Luie this morning I recognised him. I have no doubt about it. He told me that he broke his little finger saving himself in a wreck.

The court then again adjourned.

On Wednesday morning Jean Luie was again brought up from Holloway prison in the custody of Mr. Weatherhead, the Governor.

Upon the suggestion of the foreman of the jury, it was arranged that the Court should adjourn for the Christmas holidays on Friday, the 19th inst., and sit again on Monday, the 29th, at half-past ten o'clock.

The first witness called was GEORGE JENKINS, a clerk in the firm of Corry, Brothers, ship-brokers at Cardiff and Cross-by-square, London. On the 4th of July last a man calling himself Captain Landbag, of the ship *Amazon*, then at Belfast came to the London office and produced a letter from Gustave Malin, of Gottenberg, the owners, asking them to procure a freight for the ship and to advance him (Landbag) £30 or £40, according to his requirements. The witness told him that it was irregular to advance money under such circumstances, and he would communicate with the firm at Cardiff. Next day Landbag came again, at his request, and he (witness) said he would go and fetch a Mr. Windsor before he advanced the money. He did so, and when he returned with Mr. Windsor, Captain Landbag had gone, but had left word that he would call again next morning. He, however, never called again. He saw Luie last Friday and he swore he was the same man.

WALTER JONES, another clerk in the same office, said that after the last witness left for Mr. Windsor, Captain Landbag waited for a quarter of an hour and then said he would go out to dinner, and return shortly. He never returned. Witness saw Luie on Tuesday week, and at once recognised him as the same person. He had not the least doubt on the subject. This witness having been cross-examined by Mr. Kenealy at considerable length as to what had passed between him and the solicitors and the detectives before and after he saw Luie;

The Lord Chief Justice said: In the ordinary course, the statement of a witness must be taken down by an attorney.

Mr. Hawkins: If it had not been done, the witness would not have been here.

A Juryman (to witness): Did the solicitors tell you what you were to say?—Certainly not.

The Lord Chief Justice: That is really what it all comes to practically.

Mr. Kenealy said he did not mean to convey that, but wished to show that one witness after another had been talked to and shown the photographs in such a way as to convey a certain impression and to greatly influence their minds.

The Lord Chief Justice: That may be your object, but hitherto you have signally failed in it; and I cannot help thinking our time has been sadly wasted.

Mr. Kenealy: That is a matter for the jury. Your lordship is perpetually insulting me from the bench—I don't know why.

The Lord Chief Justice: What do you say?

Mr. Kenealy: Your lordship is repeatedly insulting me from the bench.

The Lord Chief Justice (warmly): Don't, sir, use that language to me, because I will not bear it!

Mr Kenealy: I consider, from what your lordship has just said to me, and taking into account the numerous other things in the same spirit that have been directed to me that——

The Lord Chief Justice: You have no business to address such language to me; I will not submit to it.

Mr. Justice Lush: It is high time to put an end to this line of cross-examination, as a great deal of time has already been wasted.

The Foreman: It has no effect on the mind of the jury.

A Juryman: None whatever.

Mr. Kenealy said, without wishing to cast any imputation on the witnesses, he asked the jury, for the reason he had stated, to suspend their judgment upon their evidence.

Mr. Justice Lush thought there was no cause for the insinuation that the minds of the jury had been influenced in the manner suggested, adding that it was not only the judgment of the bench but of the jury that a great deal of time had needlessly been wasted in the cross-examination.

Mr. Justice Mellor: Mr. Kenealy, I much regretted to hear what you said to the Lord Chief Justice, and for this simple reason—it is the first time I ever heard that a judge is not at liberty to interpose in such a cross-examination when the questions are reiterated so constantly.

The Lord Chief Justice: It was not until every witness on this particular issue had been repeatedly asked the same sort of questions without anything being elicited to shake confidence in their statements—of course whether they are right or wrong in their identification of Luie is another matter—it was not until all these questions had been put without any answer being given to lead one to suppose for a moment that a single witness had formed a judgment by reason of what had been said to him by solicitors, police, or anybody else, that I thought it necessary to interpose and say that time had been wasted in these inquiries. It is the opinion also of my learned brothers that it is the duty of a judge under such circumstances to interfere and protect the public against a waste of the public time, and it is not consistent with decency for a counsel to tell a judge that he insults him when he makes such an observation.

Mr. Kenealy: I must in the conduct of a case exercise my reason and discretion. Possibly I may have been indiscreet——

The Lord Chief Justice: Certainly; but it is neither discreet nor decent to make to a judge the observation you have addressed to me.

Mr. Kenealy: You have repeated that frequently, and I must only endure it from your lordship. I can only say my opinion is not altered.

The Lord Chief Justice: I can only say that during the seventeen years I have been on the bench I have never had an unpleasant word with counsel until I had the misfortune to preside at this trial.

Mr. Hawkins: That is quite true. (A sentiment which seemed to be echoed by the Bar.)

Mr. Kenealy: All I can say is that I have done the best to avoid it.

Mr. Justice Lush: I can only add that I heard your observations with astonishment, and that I think the offence is aggravated by having been committed by a gentleman holding the office of one of her Majesty's counsel, who owes a special duty of obedience to her Majesty's Court.

Mr. Kenealy: Your lordship has twice taxed me with that.

Mr. Justice Lush: I think it is an aggravation coming from a gentleman in that position, who ought to set an example.

Mr. Kenealy: I have never suffered so much as I have in this trial.

The Lord Chief Justice: Because you have brought it upon yourself.

Mr. Kenealy: I don't think so.

Mr. Justice Mellor: If this is repeated at any other trial the administration of justice will be seriously impeded. I recollect that when M. Berryer was in this country he expressed the opinion that the good relations which subsisted here between the bench and the bar were of inestimable value, because they enabled the business to go on so smoothly, but those relations would be at an end if a judge is to be treated as you have treated not only my Lord Chief Justice but every judge on the bench.

Mr. Kenealy: Because I have been treated as no counsel has ever been treated before in Westminster Hall.

The Lord Chief Justice: You have brought it down upon yourself. A counsel is not to be allowed to outrage decency and violate all the ordinary rules of propriety in the administration of justice without calling down the censure of the bench. A judge is wanting in his duty if he does not interpose when a counsel so acts.

Mr. Kenealy: I would not complain if the censure were conveyed in different terms, but it has been conveyed in the most bitterly offensive language that could have been selected.

The Lord Chief Justice made an exclamation of astonishment.

Mr. Kenealy: I am sorry to say that is my opinion, and I cannot alter it.

The Lord Chief Justice: Then let us go on.

WILLIAM HENRY WINDSOR, of the firm of Windsor and Co., City, said that on the 1st of July a person representing himself as Ström, captain of a vessel called the *Amazon*, at Lowestoft, came, and bringing with him a letter of introduction, wanted an advance of £25 or £30. He went out to make inquiries, and when he returned Ström had gone. He had asked the firm to get a charter for the vessel. Luie was the same man.

HENRY E. GROOM gave corroborative evidence.

WM. MATHWIN, of the firm of Heald and Co., of Newcastle, said that Luie, in the name of Captain Grundland, master of the *Marguerita*, at Lowestoft, in October, 1865, under the pretence of employing them to get a charter for the vessel, for a voyage to Barcelona, obtained an advance of £12. Afterwards they found that the vessel had no existence. For the fraud Grundland was tried at Newcastle on the 3rd of January, 1866, and sentenced to imprisonment in the House of Correction for six months with hard labour. He had no doubt Luie was the same person.

JOHN TODD, a clerk in the same firm, said that on being arrested Luie declared that he was Peter Paterson. (Laughter.)

GEORGE THOMAS, of the Customs, Liverpool, said that no vessel called the *Circassia* arrived at that port in May, June, or July last, except a steamer from Quebec, which arrived on the 29th of May. (Luie had said he arrived by the *Circassia* in June from New York.)

Mr. PLOWDEN, a member of the bar, said he came by the *Circassia* from Quebec, and he recollected she arrived on the 29th of May, because that was the Derby Day. (Laughter.) She did not call at New York.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, purser of the *Circassia*, said that Luie was not in the list of passengers, and there were no stowaways.

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, shipping agent at Folkestone, said that no mail or passenger boats went between that port and Ostend. The only vessels he knew in ten years go to Ostend were two, employed by Messrs. Rothschild to carry bullion.

GEORGE WHATELEY was called to give evidence to the same effect.

This was the whole of the evidence for the Crown.

After some discussion between Mr. Kenealy and the bench, it was arranged that Luie's person should be examined for hernia and marks by two surgeons, and that Mr. Kenealy should have time to consider between then and the following morning what course he would adopt with regard to the evidence that had been given relative to Luie.

The Court then adjourned.

SINKING of a PASSENGER STEAMER by H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON."

By the arrival of the *Illimani* at Liverpool, with the captain and crew of the steamer *Flamsteed*, details have been received respecting the sinking of that vessel after collision with her Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*. The *Flamsteed*, which was one of the Liverpool, Brazil, and River Plate Steam Navigation Company's fleet, left Liverpool for Madeira and Brazilian ports on the 12th November, under the command of Captain Brown, and with a crew of 39 men. She had on board eleven passengers, and carried a general cargo. She left Madeira on the 21st November, and early in the morning of the 24th the *Bellerophon* was sighted about three or four miles ahead, and to windward. The *Bellerophon* signalled to the *Flamsteed*, and hove to in order to obtain communication with her, and accordingly the latter vessel approached. When a short distance off a boat was sent from *Bellerophon*, and was taken in tow by the *Flamsteed*. The vessels had by this time approached each other, and the *Bellerophon*, drifting to leeward, came broadside on to the passenger steamer, the collision, however, being only slight in its effect. The *Flamsteed* ported her helm, and endeavoured to get clear, but the *Bellerophon* continued to drift to leeward, and again came into collision with her, this time in a somewhat oblique direction. It was then found that the ram of the man of war, which extended 25 feet in advance of her bow, had struck the *Flamsteed* at a depth of 14 feet under water, making an immense breach in the vessel's side. Everything was done on the part of the crew of the *Flamsteed* and the officers and crew of the *Bellerophon* to save the vessel, but without success, and it soon became evident that she was in a sinking condition. The passengers and crew were thereupon transferred to the *Bellerophon*, Captain Brown being the last to leave her, and the unfortunate steamer went down stern foremost almost immediately afterwards, about five hours after the collision. The passengers were conveyed to St. Vincent by the *Bellerophon*, where they remained, in order to proceed upon their voyage by the first outward bound steamer, and the crew were transferred to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Illimani*. The value of the vessel and cargo is estimated roughly at £100,000. The vessel herself was not insured, the company being their own underwriters. The *Bellerophon* was uninjured by the collision. The life-boat of the *Flamsteed* was lowered immediately after the second collision, and took off the passengers to the *Bellerophon*, and the boats of the latter rescued the crew of the sinking steamer. Whilst the two vessels were approaching each other previous to the first collision the man-of-war's boat, which was in tow of the *Flamsteed*, got between them, and the men leaped into the water. Fortunately the sea was comparatively calm at the time. The *Flamsteed* was struck on the port side abaft the mainmast.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH PRISONERS OF THE "VIRGINIUS."

There have reached New York copies of an important correspondence that took place between General Burriel, the Governor of Santiago de Cuba and Captain Lambton Loraine, commander of her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Niobe*, respecting the capture of English subjects on board the *Virginius* who were among the crew. The first communication was from the commander of the *Niobe*, asking the governor of the city what was to be done with the English subjects, and hoping that no sentence would be put into execution before giving them a fair hearing. The next communication was from the governor in reply, stating that up to that time none of the British subjects had been sentenced to death; and in case they were sentenced to death he had no power to prevent the sentence being carried out. There was some mistake in regard to the number of the British subjects. There were only eight found among the prisoners on board the *Virginius*, instead of eighteen as first reported. The communication which followed was very long, and was from the commander of the *Niobe* to the Governor of Santiago de Cuba, insisting that the governor should interfere so that there might be no danger of any violence being inflicted upon the British subjects, and that all fears of their being executed should be dispelled by his acting promptly in the matter. A strong protest accompanied the letter against the action taken by the Spanish authorities in capturing the ship and crew of the *Virginius* and throwing them into prison before giving them a trial, and stating furthermore that he had no right to treat them either as prisoners of war or pirates. The capture of the *Virginius* he said, was illegal, she being at the time on the high seas. A demand was also made that the French subjects should be fairly dealt with, especially as he had no one there to represent them. He claimed the same rights for them as he did for the English. In reply to this letter Governor Burriel sent a communication, in which he defended the action of the commander and officers of the *Tornado*, and remarked that the capture of the *Virginius* was a legal act. It was, he said, the duty of those nations who were clamouring for revenge to sustain Spain in her undertakings, and put piratical expedition off the seas. No honourable nation would countenance such clamour or render any aid or protection to this criminal enterprise as the Governor of Jamaica did in Kingston.

THE INCREASE of RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

The steady increase of railway traffic during the last fifteen years, in bad as in good times, is proved by the following table just published by a contemporary of high authority:—

	Amount.	Increase on previous years. Amount.	Per Cent.
1859	25,744,000	1,787,000	7·4
1860	27,767,000	2,023,000	8·0
1861	28,565,000	798,000	2·9
1862	29,128,000	563,000	2·0
1863	31,156,000	2,028,000	7·0
1864	34,015,000	2,859,000	9·2
1865	35,890,000	1,875,000	5·5
1866	38,164,000	2,274,000	6·4
1867	39,480,000	1,316,000	3·5
1868	39,690,000	108,000	0·5
1869	41,075,000	1,387,000	3·5
1870	43,417,000	2,342,000	5·7
1871	47,108,000	3,691,000	8·6
1872	51,304,000	4,196,000	8·9

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

A CLASSICAL ASS.—The natives of Southern Italy, even of the lowest class, make familiar use of classical names, although they at times misapply them in a curious manner. A story is related of a peasant whose ass had been stolen, and who, while complaining of his loss to the police, and at the same time expatiating on the merits of the animal, concluded his praises by saying that "his ass, when decorated with its pack-saddle, looked quite like a Cicero."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—The death of Marian F. Plyffer, a young nurse at the Boston City Hospital, on the 19th ult., was immediately followed by the suicide of Arthur Foster, a medical novice and house officer of the institution. It appears that Foster was called in the night to prescribe for Miss Plyffer, and mistook her symptoms for those of hysteria, and upon her death he was so chagrined at his failure to recognise the indications of opium that he immediately went to a bath-room and killed himself by opening the femoral artery. He was highly esteemed.

A PHILOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—At the last meeting of the Philological Society great interest was excited by a paper on Etruscan Numerals by the Rev. Isaac Taylor. He stated that the long sought key to the Etruscan language had at last been discovered. Two dice had been found in a tomb, with their six faces marked with words instead of pips. He showed that these words were identical with the first six digits in the Altaic branch of the Turanian family of speech. Guided by this clue it was easy to prove that the grammar and vocabulary of the 3,000 Etruscan inscriptions were also Altaic. The words denoting kindred, the pronouns, the conjugations, and the declensions, corresponded closely to those of the Tartar tribes of Siberia. The Etruscan mythology proved to be essentially the same as that of the Kalevala, the great Finnic epic.

EMIGRATION TO THE CAPE.—Several parties of artisans and labourers have lately left Southampton by the Union Company's mail steamships for the Cape of Good Hope, under a Government engagement, to be employed on public works in the colony. A large number went out in the *Roman*, which sailed on Friday last, and another batch will leave by the next steamer on the 15th inst. The married and single men have entered into two and three years' engagements respectively, free passages being provided for them, and the rate of pay guaranteed is 5s. per day to labourers and 7s. to 8s. for artisans, to commence from the date of arrival in the colony. The Cape papers last received state that the emigrants who had arrived at Table Bay reported most favourably of the arrangements made for their passage out, and the careful attentions bestowed upon them by the Rev. Mr. Fuller, the Government agent acting in the matter, who superintends their departure.

NICELY BOUND.—We are all familiar with "best calf" in another form besides excellent veal, but perhaps it may not be equally well known that "coloured sheep" (not to be confounded with black faced mutton) is also to be found on our tables.—*Punch*.

GREAT INCREASE OF WILD FIELD BIRDS.—A remarkable increase of wild birds has been observed in the southern counties since the Wild Birds Preservation Act came into operation, and the Gun Licences Bill has also afforded small birds great protection. On the Surrey hills clouds of goldfinches, linnets, and other birds have congregated, and during the last week the London birdcatchers netted many hundreds of these warblers and consigned them to market. Farmers, however, have unanimously determined to prevent this system of small bird poaching, and many of these professional birdcatchers have been warned off the land and threatened with imprisonment if again found trespassing.

A TRAGIC OBITUARY.—The daily registers of the Paris Morgue, in which the "sensational" information obtained about the bodies exposed there is carefully written, are being collected and bound in volumes, and they will be placed for the benefit of the lovers of tragedy in the National Library. This new apocrypha of modern life will no doubt find many readers, some with the objects of literary craft, and some from more serious and philosophic motives.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE IN RUSSIA.—A remarkable instance of discipline in the Russian army has just occurred at a fire in the small town of Bardock, where 192 houses were burned. A sentinel who was on duty having been forgotten, remained at his post. His watch-box was consumed, and his clothes were already on fire, when a corporal arrived to relieve him. The Emperor, upon hearing of the circumstance, sent the man 50 roubles, decorated him with the Order of St. Anne, and gave instructions for him to be made a non-commissioned officer.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—In the first three quarters of the year 1873, the quantity of house-made spirits on which duty was paid for consumption in the United Kingdom as beverage reached 20,254,220 gallons, being an increase of no less than 1,394,509 gallons over the corresponding period of 1872, which, in its turn, had shown a still larger increase over its predecessor. The return for 1873 shows 11,029,728 gallons in England, being an increase of 920,687 gallons over 1872; 4,708,680 gallons for Scotland, an increase of 213,909 gallons; and 4,515,812 gallons for Ireland, an increase of 259,913 gallons. The return of foreign spirits imported in the first three quarters of 1873 shows 7,171,592 proof gallons entered for consumption in the United Kingdom, an increase of 974,109 gallons over the corresponding period of 1872.

SYDNEY SMITH ON SCOTCH SHEEP IN ENGLAND.—When living in Yorkshire, Sydney Smith imported some blackfaced sheep from Scotland, in order that he might enjoy the finer flavour of Scotch mutton. He gives a ludicrous picture of the activity of the sheep. "Ten times a day," he says, "my men were called off from their work to hunt the Scotch sheep out of my own or my neighbours' wheat. They crawled through hedges where I should have thought a rabbit could hardly have found admission, and where crawling would not do they had recourse to leaping. Five or six times they all assembled in a body, and set out on their return to the north. My bailiff took a place in the mail, pursued them, and overtook them half-way to Newcastle. Then it was quite impossible to get them fat; they consumed my turnips in winter and my clover in the summer, without any apparent addition to their weight. Ten or twelve per cent. always died of the rot, and more would have perished in the same manner, if they had not been prematurely eaten out of the way."

NEW USE OF GAS.—Mr. Baker, Inspector of Factories, notices in his report, recently issued, that gas engines are coming into use in various trades, particularly for small letter-press printers and riband weavers. It is a cheap and easily applied motive power, whenever a solid foundation for the engine can be obtained. In the neighbourhood of Coventry, he observes, steam power forming a considerable element of expense in the weaving of ribands, the gas engine has been employed to do the work of boys 13 or 14 years of age, who used to turn the machinery, and the invention is acceptable, as relieving labour of some part of its fatigue.

A RAILWAY TRAVELLERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.—*The Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to a letter lately addressed to it by Mr. Richard Martin, the banker, of 68, Lombard-street. This gentleman said:—Your article, "What Railway Passengers may do or Themselves," only requires to be rearranged to form the basis of a society that which none would be more popular or more successful. If no more influential person that myself will start a "Railway Travellers' Protection Society," I shall be happy to receive suggestions and communications (by letter) from persons who may take an interest in such a movement, and arrange the details. I have for many months had the formation of such a society in view, with the details of which I need not trouble you. With a fair start, the society would soon run alone, and I am convinced would be eminently useful.

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY.—The Tribunal de Première Instance of Brussels has recently pronounced a decision which will be interesting to railway travellers in England. The railways in Belgium are the property of the State, and it was against the State that a traveller sought damages for delay in the performance of a journey. On the 1st of February the complainant took a ticket at Brussels for Marchiennes. The train started at the time fixed, but was detained for three-quarters of an hour near Charleroi in consequence of the line being blocked by goods trains. The traveller sought 300f. damages for the delay to which he had been exposed. The counsel for the State resisted the demand, contending that the delay to which the plaintiff had been subjected was the result of inevitable accident, and further, that, according to the terms of the contract upon which a railway ticket was granted, no compensation greater than the amount of the fare paid could be demanded. The Court overruled that objection, and decided the blocking up of the line by an accumulation of trains "constitutes a fault on the part of the administration, since it is not to be contested that it is bound to assure a free passage and the punctual arrival of the trains which are under its control." The Court made an order against the State to pay to the plaintiff the sum of 150f. as damages.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—MONDAY.

Business at Mark-lane to-day has been only moderate, and there has been no appreciable movement in values. English wheat has been again in short supply, nevertheless a want of animation has been the characteristic of the trade, sales progressing slowly, at about late rates. There has been a fair show of foreign wheat on the stands. The demand has been inactive, but the prices of Monday last. The supply of barley has been moderate. Both malting and grinding produce have been purchased less freely on former terms. Malt has changed hands at late rates. English oats have been comparatively scarce, and have sold at about previous quotations. The show of foreign has been good. Sales have been restricted, and inferior corn has been barely so firm. Maize has been quiet, and without change. For beans the market has been without feature, and there has been no change in values. Peas have sold on former terms. Flour has been quiet and unaltered.

MARK-LANE.—WEDNESDAY.

The dense fog that has prevailed at Mark-lane has greatly interfered with business, and has imparted quite a nominal character to the trade. English wheat has been in short supply, and the show of foreign has been restricted. The trade has been quiet on former terms. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stand. Fine sorts have been steady in value; but inferior produce has been drooping. Malting is quoted at 37s. to 46s., and grinding and distilling at 30 to 36s. per qr.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The imports of foreign stock into London last week amounted to 5,630 head. In the corresponding week in 1872 we received 5,572; in 1871, 10,475; in 1870, 12,070; in 1869, 7,453; and in 1,868, 2897 head. In the cattle trade to-day there has been no feature of importance. The supply of stock has been about the average, but, as usual, there has been a marked preponderance of secondary qualities. English breeds have been fairly represented, and there has been an increased supply from Scotland. The demand has been quiet, but about the rates current on Monday last. The best Scots and crosses are selling at 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d. per 8lb. From Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire we received about 1,850; from other parts of England about 350; from Scotland about 200; and from Ireland about 500 head. The foreign side of the market has been much less freely supported, only about 700 Dutch having been received. Business has been progressing slowly, at about late quotations. For the best Downs and half-breds, 6s. 8d. to 6s. 10d. per 8lb. has been paid. Calves have been in moderate supply at late rates. Pigs have been moderately plentiful and in disposed of at about late prices:—Coarse and inferior beasts, 4s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; second quality ditto, 5s. to 5s. 4d.; prime large oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s.; prime Scots, &c., 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4d.; coarse and inferior sheep, 4s. 4d. to 5s.; second quality ditto, 5s. 4d. to 6s.; prime coarse woolled, 6s. to 6s. 4d.; prime Southdowns, 6s. 6d. to 6s. 10d.; large coarse calves, 5s. to 5s. 6d.; prime small ditto, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 2d.; large hogs, 4s. to 4s. 4d.; small porkers, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 2d.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY.

There were moderate supplies of meat, the demand for which was again rather quiet, at the quotations annexed:—Inferior beef, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; middling ditto, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 5s. 4d.; veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; inferior mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; middling ditto, 4s. to 4s. 4d.; prime ditto, 5s. to 5s. 8d.; large pork, 4s. to 4s. 4d.; and small pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.

SEED.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 8.—There was a limited supply of new English red Cloverseed; fine samples were held very high. There was more inquiry for American, and higher prices asked for such. White Cloverseed was quite as dear, with a fair sale. The best new Trefoil met more inquiry, and prices were rather higher. White Mustardseed was purchased slowly on former terms, and there was no alteration in the value of brown samples of either English or Dutch. Canaryseed brought the recent advance steadily. Large Hempseed sold on former terms to a fair extent. There was some inquiry for new spring Tares; fine qualities from France may be looked for this season. English Rapeseed of good quality was fully as dear, with a moderate demand.

HOPS.

The amount of business passing in hops of the last growth is very small, there being an entire absence of speculation. Prices are not quotably lower, but the tendency is certainly downwards. There is, however, some inquiry for yearlings and olds, both of which sustain their value. Continental markets are quiet, but moderately strong in tone:—East Kent Goldings, £5 12s. to £9 9s.; Mid-Kents, £5 12s. to £9; Weald of Kents, £5 to £7; Worcesters, £5 15s. to £7 10s.; Farnham and Country, £6 6s. to £8 8s.; Yearlings, £4 to £5 5s.; Bavarian, £5 15s. to £8 8s.; Belgian, £4 5s. to £4 15s.; Alsace, £7 to £7 15s.; French, £6 to £6 15s.

POTATOES.

These markets were fairly supplied, and fairly active for really sound potatoes; but other kinds were dull, and in some instances slightly easier. Best Regents, 120s. to 150s.; secondary and inferior ditto, 90s. to 110s.; rocks, 90s. to 110s.; best flukes, 130s. to 150s.; and other kinds, 100s. to 110s.

PROVISION.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 8.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 500 firkins butter, and 3,572 bales bacon, and from foreign ports 24,434 packages butter, 1,566 bales, 278 boxes bacon. In Irish butter nothing new to notice. Foreign met a ready sale, and prices were generally about 4s. higher, best Dutch 126s. to 128s. In the bacon market but little change to notice in the value of the best Waterford, orders charged 72s. on board; but other brands in some instances were pressed for sale at a decline of 2s. to 4s. per cwt.

PRICES.

Butter, per cwt.:	s.	s.	Cheese, per cwt.:	s.	s.
Dorset	136	148	Cheshire	66	84
Friesland	130	136	Dble. Glouc., new	64	72
Jersey	112	126	Cheddar	76	86
Eng. Fresh, per doz.	16	18	American	60	72
Bacon, per cwt.:			Hams: York	108	112
Wiltshire, dried	70	72	Cumberland	104	110
Irish, green, f.o.b.	72	74	Irish	96	104

TALLOW.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 8.—P.Y.C. is in limited request, at 40s. 3d. per cwt. on the spot. Town Tallow is firm, at 41s. net cash. Rough fat commands 2s. per 8lbs.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Town Tallow, per cwt.	43	6	Rough Stuff, per cwt.	15	6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs.	2	0	Graves	19	0
Melted Stuff, per cwt.	30	6	Good Dregs	6	0
Yellow Russian, new			40s. 6d. per cwt.		
Ditto Ditto old			40s. 0d.		
Australian Mutton Tallow			41s. 6d.		
Ditto Beef			Ditto 39s. 6d.		

HAY.

LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 6.—A large supply of hay and straw has been on sale here to-day. Trade has been very dull, and late rates were with difficulty realised. Prime clover, 80s. to 100s.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime meadow hay, 75s. to 80s.; inferior, 50s. to 70s.; and Straw, 32s. to 41s. per load.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 28s. to 30s.; red ditto, 12s. to 23s. roused ditto, 30s. to 27s. 6d. per barrel; kippers, 3s. 6d. to 4s.; bloaters, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per basket; smoked haddock, 20s. to 30s. per barrel; trawl, 15s. to 18s.; plaice, 10s. to 20s.; whiting, 12s. to 15s. per basket; soles, 1s. 6d. to 4s. per pair; turbot, 4s. 6d. to 12s.; brill, 2s. to 4s. 6d. each; lobsters, 15s. to 30s.; crabs, 12s. to 24s. per dozen; native oysters, £10 10s.; pearl, ditto, £3 3s.; common ditto, £2 5s. to £1 10s. per bushel

THE ROTHWELL TIMES

SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1873.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LETTER FROM DR. BROWNE.—THE VISIT TO OXFORD.—EUSTACE HARTLEY'S MAJORITY.—THE CARRIAGE ACCIDENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

There was a letter for "Miss Ellen Deane," in the doctor's crabbed handwriting, and one for Mrs. Beresford also. If some of the good folks at Earlsford, whom the doctor daily offended by his gruffness and brusquerie, could have seen his affectionate letter to his adopted child, they would have wondered not a little:—

"Earlsford, 27th May, 18—.

"My dear Nelly,—I have your frightened little note beside me, in which you announce your grave determination of exiling yourself from home and me for yet another year. 'Am I angry?' Angry! My dear child, I honour your decision, and think it does you credit. Very few girls would leave me so, I fancy, at least. I fancy so—(though my acquaintance with womankind is very limited)—when they could have had the run of all the Earlsford parties during the next hunting and archery season. But I am going to punish you, Nelly; I am going to inflict my presence on you for a whole week. Oxford Commemoration falls early this year, do you think you can persuade your kind friend to chaperon you through all the mighty doings consequent thereupon. If so, we will spend a few days among the colleges. I have a fancy for it. There will be some people from this neighbourhood there; Mrs. Hartley (her son is doing wonders at college, I hear) and Mr. Malcolms. I have written to your governess, my dear, about all women's gear necessary for your expedition. My daughter must look like the lady she is, and be able to ruffle it among the bravest. And now, my child, I must say good-bye; I hear the hum of many voices in the next room. I will write, and tell me what you think of my plan; and believe that I am now and ever your affectionate father. "ADAM BROWNE."

"To Miss Nelly Deane."

"Well, Nelly," said Mrs. Beresford, as Nelly laid down her letter with a pleased look upon her face, "I suppose our missives are to the same purport. What shall I say to the doctor? Do you think we can manage to get, eh?"

"Can you go?" said the young girl, searching her hand into that of her friend; "if you could"——

"You would have no objection. Well, I think I shall enjoy it as much as you will; I am fond of Oxford, though I seldom go there. But would you like to see my letter? I know I may show it to you; see, Nelly! *Carte blanche* in the matter of dress!—everything of the best! What do you think of that?"

"I think I shall never be able to repay him for his goodness," she replied, as she took the letter; "how every one mistakes and misjudges him!"

"Not every one, my dear; you and I do not. He will ask no payment of you except your love; and you do love him, I know.

"Indeed I do!" she replied, fervently,—"with all my heart! As dearly as daughter ever loved a father," she continued, her cheek flushing, and her eyes sparkling with a grateful light. "You do not know half his goodness to me yet."

"Do I not? Well, I can guess at it; and now we'll go and make preparations for our grand holiday."

The next few days were passed in a whirl of excitement and finery; dressmakers and milliners were in the ascendant, and study was forgotten. Mrs. Beresford's summer holidays had commenced, and all the young ladies were away; so Nelly and her kind governess had the house to themselves and plenty of room for their operations.

"Oh, I shall never get through all these!" she said in half dismay, as she looked at the silks, and muslins, and laces spread out around her. "All these for one week, Mrs. Beresford!"

"Not one too many," she replied; "you don't know what Oxford Commemoration is, Nelly, nor how many toilets it entails on the ladies who enter into the festivities attendant thereupon; and I see from the doctor's letter he means us to see everything. You won't know yourself, my dear, when you get amongst the gay throng there."

"I hardly know myself know," said Nelly, "when I think of the past two years. Oh, if you could only have seen me before dear Dr. Browne befriended me; poor grandma had only just come to for us to live upon; and this merino dress I have on is better than anything I had then. If she could only see me now—only know what friends have arisen to help me!"

"You deserve your good fortune, my child," her governess said with feeling, as Nelly,

"With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye,"

resumed her work. "My old friend will be amply repaid for all he has done for you, or I am mistaken in my pupil."

* * * * *

Eustace Hartley's majority placed him at once among the most popular of the landed proprietors round Earlsford. His estate was one of the largest in the county, and his gentlemanly bearing, his handsome person, and his natural kindliness of heart, soon made him admired by his equals, and respected by his inferiors. The strange gloom which had seemed to oppress him, had vanished under the pleasant influences of home and society, and he returned to Oxford to finish the term preceding the long vacation, more like what he had been than his mother had seen him for many a day.

The end of June saw him at Earlscourt again—prepared to spend the greater part of his leisure in superintending various improvements and alterations on his property—having resisted all the invitations of his fellow-students to join their excursions, either to the Welsh hills, the Scotch lakes, or the Irish bogs; to all which places students are in the habit of betaking themselves, in what they fondly imagine are reading parties, though all the reading they do in those long summer months might be easily compressed into a week's work at Col ege. Some even go further and make excursions up the Rhine and into Switzerland, as if any one could study under the shadow of the glorious Alps, or amid the vineyards and ruins of the Rhine.

To none of these, however, did Eustace incline. He came home, somewhat to his mother's surprise, who had hardly expected that her manly son should spend his leisure at home like a liberated schoolboy.

"I could not help it, mother," he said, laughingly, in answer to some remark on the subject from her. "I have turned lazy, I suppose; besides, I wanted to come home and make acquaintance with my neighbours, and to have another look at some of the pretty faces I saw wh n I took possession.

"I am glad to have you for any reason," said his mother. "You have just come opportunely; the races are next week, the usual addenda of balls, concerts, and theatricals, at all of which we shall have to shew ourselves in state. Don't look so wry; it would be a pity to deprive the good folks of that their pleasure, which is looking at the 'gentry,' as their term every one who is a grade above themselves in the world."

"I didn't know I was looking wry," said Eustace; "but these county festivities are a bore; however, if it must be, it must. I'll endure them all but one, and that's the theatre. I hate theatres."

"Hate theatres!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley, in surprise; "then you must be wonderfully changed. I remember the time when you would ride twenty miles to the theatre. Are you turned Puritan, or Methodist, or what?"

"Neither one nor the other," replied her son; "but people do change, and I suppose I have. However, I will face all these overwhelming gaieties with due propriety, if, as you think, they are part and parcel of my new duties."

"Now, Eustace!"

"Well, mother, you hinted as much just now; and I am quite willing to add the attraction of my fascinating presence to the race-course, the ball-room, and the—the theatre, if you will have it so," he added, with a grimace she was at a loss to understand.

"That's a good boy," she said, with a smile. "And now go and get ready, you promised to drive with me this morning, you know."

Mrs. Hartley and her son attracted universal attention as they drove through Earlsford in their elegant equipage. Respectful greetings met them on all sides, till the lady laughingly said, "You would spare your arm a good deal if you kept your hat off altogether, Eustace!"

"Perhaps I should," he replied, abruptly, only half understanding what she said; "was not that she street where she lived?"

"The young lady that—no, the old lady, was it not, that died on"——

"Oh, that poor Mrs. Deane!" said his mother, looking back; "yes, that's the street; what a dreadful place to live in!"

"What became of the young girl I saw?" he asked in a tone of well-assumed indifference "niece or something, wasn't she?"

"Ah, that's a strange story. Did I never tell you? Dr. Browne has adopted her, or actually adopted her as his daughter and heiress. She'll be a rich woman some of these days."

"And does she live with him?"

"No, not yet. She was a sensible girl, and chose to go to school for a time. She's at——Ha! what's that?"

Something seemed to rise suddenly from the ground before the horses' heads; and in a moment, startled beyond all restraint, they were whirling away at an ungovernable rate. Eustace never clearly remembered what passed during the next few moments. He was conscious of whirling past the houses and shops at lightning speed, of hearing frightened faces, and hearing shouts and cries; of his hat flying off and being left far behind; of his mother sitting quite still, and pale with fright, by his arms being almost dislocated, and his gloves rubbed to rags by the pulling of his fiery steeds; and finally, of a confused thought that the frightened horses, after a sudden stop, and stunned him for a moment out of all consciousness.

He recovered himself almost directly, to find himself in the midst of a crowd of people, the carriage a wreck, the horses covered with foam, and all the Babel of sounds going on that attends him which always attends an accident of any sort.

"My mother?" he said, looking around him inquiringly.

"Quite safe, and not hurt, I hope, and believe," said a voice close behind him. It was Dr. Browne, who had been passing at the instant. "Here, take my arm, and come on," he continued; "there are plenty of people here to take charge of the horses. That was about as narrow an escape as I ever saw. Come along! Mrs. Hartley is here."

They turned into the principal hotel of the place, where the lady had been taken, and found her, as Dr. Browne had stated, unhurt, though much frightened and shaken. She rose as they entered, and threw herself into her son's arms, with a burst of grateful emotion, as Eustace" she exclaimed, "I thought you were killed!"

"Not quite, mother!" he answered, returning her caress; "scarcely hurt even; rather shaken and very dusty; but nothing worse, thank God!"

"Thank God, indeed!" she repeated fervently. "Oh, to think what it might have been! How did it happen? Do you remember?"

"Not very clearly," said her son; "we were just passing the theatre, and something—a flag, I think —seemed to fly up suddenly; I had no time for looking back. But lie down again, mother, I will go and see about something to take you home."

"My carriage is at your service," said the doctor. "if you will allow me to send for it; I know it will be a convenance more to your taste than the musty vehicles of our respectable old city. Ten minutes will bring it round," he continued, ringing the bell.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Hartley, languidly.

Reaction was rapidly taking the place of excitement, and she was glad to lie down again among the cushions and close her eyes. Her son looked at her in alarm.

"No harm done, I assure you," Dr. Browne said, following his glance; "a day or two will set her to rights. This has been enough to shake stronger nerves than hers. What have we here?" he continued, turning over the papers that littered the table. "'Earlsford races—nomination of stewards.' No need to publish that; we know all about it already. 'Ball in the Town Hall'—of course. Warm pigeon and cold negus—limp muslin and cleaned gloves—that's the general style of those delectable entertainments. You'll be the great attraction this year."

"Shall I?" said Eustace, wearily.

"Of course! A handsome bachelor and unmarried; what can you expect but to be lionised?"

"It's a great bore, though."

"I should think so; worst things are very well for a change, but they soon get insipid. 'Archery meeting'—h'm! that's got up for your especial entrapment, I suspect. 'Ah, my old friend,' as the old gentleman said when one has heard and seen so often; 'Theatre'—well, if they fulfil the promise of this lengthy advertisement, we shall have something to see at all events. Mr. Smith, relying on the well-known generosity of the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Earlsford and its vicinity, and mindful of past favours'——

"Oh, spare me the infliction" said Eustace; "I detest the theatre."

"Do you? then I pity you, for you'll be obliged to go. There's a list of people—'Signor Duvernay, from the Royal Opera, Berlin.'—H'm! I expect from somewhere in the Sister Isle, would be nearer the mark!—'with his unrivalled ballet company, will have the honour of introducing to the population of this ancient city'"——

"Oh, don't!" said the young man, with a grimace.

"Now listen," said the doctor; "the announcement is a perfect gem of its kind. Where was I? Oh! 'Of that ancient city, his original ballet, entitled, "The Fairies of the Silver Fountain; or, The Guardian Genius of the Silver Lake.'" "The Silver Lake!" "The ladies of Signor Duvernay's unrivalled corps de ballet. "The Guardian Genius of the Crystal Lake' by—Here's a name! Now do listen, Hartley—by Mademoiselle Stella Morton, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Gardens. The services of this incomparable artiste have been engaged by Signor Duvernay, regardless of expense, exclusively for his visit to Earlsford; she being under an engagement to appear immediately at her Majesty's Theatre, London. That's the finish of the doctor," the doctor said, laying down the paper; "but I suppose the more lies that are circulated about these theatrical people, the more attraction they are. If this lady were in such terrible request, even we Earlsford folk would have heard something about her before this; and I don't remember ever hearing or seeing the name—Mademoiselle Stella Morton, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden;' no, I'm sure I haven't, unless some pretty girl from the back row of the ballet, picked out upon spec. and turned into a principal *danseuse* for the nonce! that's how they try to delude us country folks. Why, Eustace! Hartley!" he exclaimed, suddenly, looking for the first time at his companion's face; "my dear boy, what's the matter? you were hurt, then, after all!"

He might well think so, for Eustace Hartley had risen from the couch, pale as death, and looked around him with distended eyes, and a face from which every vestige of colour had departed.

Mrs. Hartley, who had been dozing from exhaustion, started from her couch in alarm at the doctor's sudden exclamation. He felt sorry for having spoken so hastily, when he saw her look of terror, and endeavoured to calm her. Her son's face was pale as death, and the hand which rested on the table shook as with an ague fit.

"O doctor! what is it?" she cried; "where is he hurt?"

"Nowhere, I hope," Dr. Browne replied, while Eustace smiled at their alarm, and assured them over and over again he was not hurt in the least.

"It is nothing, indeed, nothing, dear mother," he said, "I have neither scratch nor bruise."

"But you have turned so pale, and trouble so," she said, anxiously.

"I must confess to a slight faintness; I suppose, I am somewhat shaken. I shall be all right when I get home again."

"Your carriage!" said the doctor, as the rattle of wheels was heard driving into the main yard; "the sooner you are both of you home the better; and if you are inclined to be spared any disagreeable reminders of this morning's work, I should recommend a long rest to both of you. I shall drive over in the morning."

"I hope we shall neith r of us need you professionally," said Eustace, to whose cheek the colour was rapidly returning; "I would not do to be laid up through all the gaieties!" And with a cordial "good-bye" to Dr. Browne, they started for home.

(To be continued.)

TYES.—Whatever multiplies the ties that bind man to man makes him better and happ er.

WORDS.—The knowledge of words is the gate of scholarship. The history of a word is often more instructive than the history of a campaign.

Fictions are revelations not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors, not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations of the eternal desire of the heart.

MANNERS.—There is something higher in politeness than Christian moralists have recognised. In its best forms, as a simple, out-going, all-pervading spirit, none but the truly religious man can show it; for it is the sacrifice of self in the little habitual matters of life—always the best test of our principles—together with very little race for merit, as our brothers under the same grand destiny.—CHARLES L. BRACE.

THE VIRTUE OF AN IF.—"If I had to begin life again I would do very differently." So think most men in the high, generous, self-condemning hour when success as well as those who fail, and perhaps the successful are the more discontented with their conduct. "If" is the motto of the race for men, as our brothers under the same grand destiny.—CHARLES L. BRACE.

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MANNERS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.—In illustration of the importance of good manners a contemporary records an incident which occurred at a Scotch telegraph office many years ago. Lord John Russell was the Minister in attendance upon her Majesty at Balmoral when one evening there came a messenger to Aboyne—a little old man, bitched in a great coat—with a telegram from his Lordship to one of his ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who, seeing that it did not bear a signature—as all the rest of the old companies, when a signature was necessary—threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command, "Put your name to it"; it's a pity your master doesn't know how to send a telegram." The name was added, and the message handed back. "Why, you mean fellow!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavouring to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it. What's your name?" "My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell." It was Lord John Russell himself, and the unhappy clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

AT KILLYCRANKIE.—It is related that as the practised eye of Mackay reconnoitred the position of his old brother-officer Dundee, he pointed out the Camerons to young Lochiel, a captain in the Scots Fusiliers, who rode near him, and said—"Behold your father and his wild savages! How would you like to be with him?" "It matters little," replied the young man, haughtily, and not a little disgusted to hear Mackay, himself a Highlander, speak thus; "but I recommend you to be well prepared, or my father and his wild savages" before night may be nearer you than you wish." In the Highlands, war was not yet a science, hence personal prowess was the first requisite of a commander. Lochiel knew how much the cohesion of their little army and its ultimate success depended on the life of Dundee, brought him to point-blank range, and said, "Your lordship's a traitor," said he, with reference to this, "is to overlook everything, and to issue your orders. Ours is to execute them bravely and promptly." "There is much in what you say, but I must establish my character for high courage. Your people expect to see their leader in the thickest of the battle, and to-day they shall see me there. I promise you on my honour that in future fights I shall take more care of myself." And he kept his word. He stood on the last of his battle-fields."—*British Battles on Land and Sea," by James Grant.*

MONMOUTH AT SEDGEMOOR.—"For whom are you?" demanded an officer of the Guards, as he saw the dusky masses debouching amid the gloom. "For the king," replied Lord Grey, and for the people." "For which King?" resumed the officer. "For King Monmouth—and God with us!" was the defiant response. In a moment every butt was at the shoulder, a line of fire ran like a garland along the black edge of the ditch, and Monmouth's cavalry were falling over each other in heaps. "Cavalry to the front!" cried the Duke of Albemarle, "Cavalry to the front!" cried the Duke of Albemarle, pike in hand, at the head of his infantry, found himself compelled to halt by the margin of the fatal ditch, of the existence of which he had been totally ignorant. The Royals and Guards were still firing, and now his men re-pended, and for three-quarters of an hour an incessant roar of musketry rang across the black trench amid the mist of the moor. The Somers-shire peasants, "Anabaptists and poore clothworkers of the country," as Evelyn calls them, stood to their perilous task with great bravery, but they levelled their barrels too high, and the ball flew over the plumed bearers of the royal troops, to lodge in the marshy soil beyond. At Sedgemoor the Guards from London did not behave well. "Feroun's cuirassiers," says Valrymple, the annalist, "as often happens in combats with an irregular army, at first gave way, all except Lord Grey and a few Scots." "Lord Grey," says Fox, tells us that the whole brunt of the rebels' fire fell on them and the regiment now known as the Grenadier Guards. But the duke, by his care to keep his men in order, and to make them fire with regularity, instead of rushing into the ranks of the enemy, when the time could be created, with their swords, the only weapons by which that superiority given by discipline to regular over irregular troops can be exhibited, lost in the end the first advantage chance had given him.—*British Battles on Land and Sea.*

HOUSE MATRIMONY.—Money is gradually buying up even hearts and feelings. I believe the time will come when it will be the fashion to serve up five shilling pieces instead of biscuits with one's sherry. "I don't see, after all," said Mrs. Stanley, "that violent love matches are always such a great success. You remember poor Miss Lucy Grey was for twelve months. He ran away with the girl afterwards, and I'm sure I never saw two people so sick of each other as they are now. I'm positive they hate one another." "Most cordially, I allow, Jane." "At first," Mrs. Stanley went on, "people said how romantic it was—and it was a nicely matched, and all that so thoroughly suited to each other, and what not; in fact, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, till——" "Till it was discovered to be sixes and sevens—that's the next stage, which is very different, though it sounds nearly the same, continued the lady. "He discovered that he didn't want a noodle, and she began to find out that she had just got—what he didn't want to be. And then comes the sticky thing, and may still be very happy; a loveless match is a fatal thing, and can never be happy in the true sense of the word." "I would have no one so dear to me as Blanche," pursued my lady, with the coaxing tone in her tone, "as to go through such a life-long ordeal as mine. Few could b ar it as I have borne it, and come out of it as I came out of it—with a full sense of right always in the opinion of the world. The nearest thing to the Divine in this world, Jane, is the pure, strong, fervent love of a high-minded girl for her mother. To go against it, or to thwart it, is to fly in the face of God. Mothers make 'good matches' (as they are called) for us—or we take them for ourselves. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundre! what are they? I'll tell you! Everybody knows, but nobody likes to acknowledge it. Mere barabble-rinders of this morning's work. I should recommend a long rest to both of you. I shall drive over in the morning."

"I hope we shall neith r of us need you professionally," said Eustace, to whose cheek the colour was rapidly returning; "I would not do to be laid up through all the gaieties!" And with a cordial "good-bye" to Dr. Browne, they started for home.

(To be continued.)

THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT LOFTHOUSE.—The Leeds Borough Coroner, held an adjourned inquest yesterday, concerning the death in the Leeds Infirmary, of Joshua Bean, bricklayer (27), from injuries received on the tramway at Lofthouse Collieries, of Messrs. Charlesworth. In returning a verdict of "accidental death," the jury suggested that persons should not be permitted to walk down the line, as they had been in the habit of doing.

Original Poetry.

JUDGE NOT.

TO A PERSON EXPRESSING A HARSH OPINION AS TO THE FUTURE STATE OF A REPUTEDLY WICKED MAN, DECEASED.

Oh! speak not thus: mercy divine,
Is meted not to suit thy narrow views,
Compassion reigns in heaven; then thine
Should to all fellow sinners hope refuse.
Judge not.

Admit the fact that he gone hence,
From vice or crime born many an ugly stain;
Should'st thou, a man of erring sense,
Condemn a wretch to hopeless, endless pain.
Judge not.

Art thou, a man from vices free?
Hast thou a conscience which no guilt has known?
Then learn to pity men like me,
Whose hopes must ever flow from mercy's throne.
Judge not.

Forgiveness is a Father's part,
Our heavenly Father, merciful and kind,
Knows every impulse of the heart,
Each motive that disturbs or prompts the mind.
Judge not.

Judge not, but learn to God above
The sinner's destiny beyond the grave,
To Him whose dearest name is love,
Whose generous purpose is the lost to save.
Judge not.

What suits thy views, seems right to thee,
And by that standard thou wilt all assay;
Hence though sincere the verdict be,
'Tis but the verdict of a thing of clay.
Judge not.

EDWARD BURLEND.

ROTHWELL LOCAL BOARD MEETING

THE usual fortnightly meeting of the Rothwell Local Board, was held on Monday last.—Present: J. Charlesworth, Esq. (Chairman), Messrs. W. Hargreaves, Dickenson, Bumby, Clayton, Kendrew, and Webster; S. Hargreaves, Clerk.

Mr. Jowett, the Nuisance Inspector, reported several cases which required notice, and it was proposed by Mr. Hargreaves, seconded by Mr. Kendrew,—that the owner of some property at the lower end of the village be served with notice to abate the nuisance there.

With regard to the Bye-wash, near the mill, a resolution proposed by Mr. Hargreaves, and seconded by Mr. Dickenson, was unanimously carried,—that the Clerk write to Mr. Farrer, desiring him to appoint a time when he could meet a deputation of the Rothwell Local Board, to come to some arrangement as to a nuisance now existing in the Bye-wash, near the mill.

The reading of "Tenders for the survey and levelling of the Township of Rothwell," as advertised in *The Rothwell Times*, and other newspapers, was then proceeded with. There were a large number of replies, but it was very evident that some misapprehension existed as to the exact requirements of the Board some parties understanding it to mean the whole of the District covered by the Board, others, that the intention of the advertisers was to ascertain the cost of survey, levelling, and supervision of the works for drainage, while another set of replies, contained tenders for the simple survey and levelling of the Township only, those being the class of answers the Board advertised for. At this stage of proceedings, Mr. Wheater, of Leeds, having come over to ask some questions respecting the sewerage of the Board, on the subject above referred to, was answered:—That the Board simply wish to know the cost of surveying and levelling the village proper, and supplying plans, sections, etc., from which the Board could work a complete drainage scheme. Mr. Wheater, in the course of a short time presented his estimate, which was placed with those of his competitors. Mr. Lumley, of Bradford, having come over to Rothwell, waited in the other room, and asked to be summoned to the Board; on being introduced, in reply to a question from the Chairman, stated "he had not sent or brought any tender, as he considered the tender they wished to have would be useless, and proceeded to tell the Board, that if they had such a survey and plans as they proposed when the works were commenced, another similar survey would have to be made, and thus cause additional expense; but as the Chairman showed they *must* have a survey and plans on which to base their proposed powers to proceed with the works. Mr. Lumley, who had brought and shown plans of several Board works he now has under hand, endeavoured to explain his opinion, but, as the Chairman very properly and frequently reminded him, "the Board have not met to-night to discuss with any gentleman what means they should adopt in this business, but to receive tenders for a distinct requirement, and that if Mr. Lumley has no tender to submit, we have nothing further to do with him." Notwithstanding the slight passage of arms between Mr. Lumley and the Board, the members expressed themselves obliged for his hints, and the gentleman left the room assuring the Board that he had come with the best intentions, that if he had done any good he was perfectly satisfied, whether he eventually got the job or not. On Mr. Lumble's departure the consideration of the tenders was again taken up, and after some conversation, the Board, on the recommendation of the Chairman, decided that as such a variety of construction had been placed on their advertisement, a more complete and detailed advertisement should be inserted, and a communion resolution was also unanimously passed,—that a special meeting be held, for the consideration of the exact wording and compass of the above advertisement; proposed by Mr. Hargreaves, seconded by Mr. Webster.

The next busines was, the subject of a new Highway Rate.—It appears that the funds for the highways are already much overdrawn, and as the Treasurer is at present largely out of pocket, it was resolved unanimously, on the proposition of Mr. Webster, seconded by Mr. Clayton,—that a Highway Rate of 10d. in the pound, be laid.

There being no information as to the state of public health, in the village, it was decided,—that the Medical Officer of health, be requested to furnish a report of the condition of the village, to be supplied at the next Board meeting.

Accounts to the amount of £30, were ordered to be paid.

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD for LEEDS—8-23, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-2, 4-38, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 8-35, 10-8.

LEEDS for WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 9-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD for METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-18, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD for METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-50, 11-47, 1-46, 5-15, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD for METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON for METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY for WAKEFIELD (Westgate)—7-5, 8-8, 9-49, 10-12, 10-56, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 10-17. Saturdays, 9-9. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-45.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) to ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-23, 8-0, 9-23, 10 5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-58, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Saturdays, 5-0. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38.

LOFTHOUSE for WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52. Saturdays, 9-15. Sundays, 10-24. 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-24, 7-50.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) for LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-3, 2-48, 6-24, 8-8. Saturdays, 5-0. Sundays, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

LEEDS SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.—On Tuesday last this now famous show was opened at ten o'clock, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Ald. Marsden), who, according to usual custom, was previously entertained at breakfast by the committee. The total amount offered in prizes for competition is about £2000, in addition to a number of Medals. There are 796 entries, including 74 cattle, 18 sheep, 17 pigs, 14 roots, 469 poultry, and 204 agricultural Lots. Last year the entries were between 800 and 900, the cattle numbering about 100. Although there is such a falling off in point of numbers the quality of the stock shown more than compensates for the decrease. That the show increases in popular favour is abundantly shown by the total receipts. Last year the receipts on the first day for admission, amounted to £227; on Tuesday, they were £283, or an increase of £56. In addition to the stock exhibited the committee have been fully alive to the necessity of the suitable adornment of a building where ordinary use requires but bare brick walls and open tie-bered roofing. The decorations effectively conceal the character of the structure, and have been carried out under the personal superintendance of Mr. T. S. Hollins (Messrs. Hirom & Co.). They were executed under the direction of Mr. W. Jackson, of Rockingham Street. Excellent music is provided morning, afternoon, and evening, by the band of the 12th Lancers, and the Leeds military band. Mr. Sowden, the secretary, seems to have studied with entire success the comfort of the visitors, the arrangements of which are being admirable. Although not exhibited for competition, no animal in the show yard commands more interest and attraction than the first prize Devon ox, from the farm of Her Majesty, purchased at the Birmingham show, by Mr. Richard Wood, butcher, of Westhouse-lane, Leeds. It is a perfect specimen of its kind. Anticipating epicures have been so excessive in their demands for "cuts" from it, that seeing the ox would not satisfy them, Mr. Wood, has, we are informed, actually gone to London to secure another of the same breed, wherewith to meet the orders of his customers. The show rem ained open on Wednesday and Thursday; the total receipts amounting to £808 8s. 10d.

OUR COAL SUPPLY.—On Wednesday evening, at the Victoria Literature Society, a paper was read on this subject, by Mr. Parker Bly de, Mr. R. W. Dunlop, C.B., in the chair. Miss Emily Faithfull, wrote that great coal was used in Manchester, and was found to be very excellent. Mr. Rhodes, after adducing the enormous demands for coal and for fra ds in its sale, proposed that, as a means of preventing these frauds, he would suggest that the public should not allow coals to be delivered after dark light, that the purchasers should have all their coals measured in, who o point and that each delivery note should stipulate the consecutive number of sacks. The sacks could then be carefully examined, and deducted from the gross weight found before delivery. Besides occasional frauds there were others of a permanent nature which were overlooked by the ordinary purchaser. One of these was the exposure of the coals to rain and night dews at the various depôts. How long, he would ask, could the coals be otherwise than wet? Therefore the purchaser paid not only for his coals, but for a considerable portion of water also. He did not agree for several reasons with those who suggested, as a means of lowering the price of coals to put an export duty on them, for that would probably only lead to greater evils than those complained of. The first thing to be accomplished, therefore, was to find a substitute for coal, which could be used at a moderate price. Many experiments had shown that result had been made, but had failed. Peat also had be n tried, but with a like result, and until lately the whole of the bed lands of the United Kingdom were considered worthless, but by the introduction of M. Challeton de Beughat's process, peat could now not only be converted into a splendid fuel for a high price of coal need no longer be feared. With respect to the peat coal, it might be said that it was equal in density, if not superior, to the best of coals. Amongst the other advantages the author of the paper claimed for his new fuel were that it did not require so much wood to ignite it as coal, and that by the process the light was brilliant, and its heat intense; moreover, it required no poking, and gave off no blacks or dust. The time, it was thought, would arrive when peat and not coal chimneys could never become foul where it was used. With the respect to the area of peat-fields in Great Britain, it was considerable although not accurately covered by M. C. de Brughat, and which was on the point of being carried out by the Peat Coal and Charcoal Company Limited, would establish an entirely new industry throughout the kingdom and would be the means at the same time of utilising the large areas of land that were at present but of little use but barren acres, and which in most cases, will, after the removal of the surface, become of great agricultural value. In conclusion, he would add that coal, which was the Nature ages to produce, could now be manufactured by man's handiwork in the space of a few days. The usual discussion then ensued, and votes of thanks were given to the chairman, and to Mr. C. E. Parker Rhodes for his admirable paper.

DYSON'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS!

DYSON'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, from £2 10s.

DYSON'S LADIES' SILVER WATCHES from £2 10s.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's GOLD WATCHES from £4. Levers, from £5.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's SILVER LEVER WATCHES, £2 and £2 10s.

DYSON'S WORKMAN'S WATCH, £2 5s., Stout Silver Cases guaranteed.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's Silver Watches, £1 7s. and £1 10s. Every Watch Warranted.

DYSON'S SPLENDID STOCK OF WATCHES.

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DYSON, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Every Description of English and Foreign Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired.

An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises, 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane,) LEEDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE—Half-day Holiday. JOHN DYSON, Watchmaker and Jeweller Closes his Establishment every Wednesday at One o'clock.

WINTER!

1873-4.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WINTER CLOTHING

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PARKIN'S Overcoats, 5s. 6d. FOR LITTLE BOYS.

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THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society, offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.

A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information, apply to JOHN BATTY, Agent.

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(Opposite the Black Bull,)

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Will have a carefully Selected Stock of GARDEN SEEDS for 1874.

RUPTURES!!!

THE AMERICAN TRUSS IS SUPERSEDING ALL THE OLD KINDS OF TRUSS NOW IN USE.—The Truss has obtained the approval and recommendation of the leading surgeons, and is adopted by the authorities of hospitals and medical institutions. The American Truss possesses the following peculiar advantages: simplicity & lightness of weight. It affords a perfect support, and allows the various motions and positions of the body to take place with ease and precision. It does not cause pain or irritation by unequal pressure, neither has it any metal springs or pads to rust and get out of repair. The Truss can be worn during any exercise or at night, and is equally applicable for adults of both sexes and for children.

The prices are arranged on the lowest possible scale The Truss can be forwarded by post on receipt of the size round the body, and Post Office Order payable at Brighton, to WEST & LONG, Surgical Instrument Makers, 19, Middle street, Brighton, from whom only the Truss can be obtained.

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A Single Truss..... 7s. 9s. 12s. Postage free.

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Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.

Saturday, December 13th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1, No. 8. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

IMPORTANT.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE,

On and after Saturday, January 3rd, 1874,

"THE ROTHWELL TIMES,"

and Woodlesford, Oulton, Carlton, and Lofthouse Chronicle,

WILL BE ENLARGED

to the size of Monday's Mercury.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE

In order to enable new subscribers of "THE ROTHWELL TIMES," to read this interesting and thrilling serial, a summary of the preceding chapters, will be given in

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

published on Tuesday next.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *The Rothwell Times*, will contain

A Summary of the Tale, "THE SECRET MARRIAGE."

Three Christmas Stories, viz:

"WALTER WOODRUFF'S FORTUNE."

"THE MODEL'S WIFE."

A Story of "THE YORKSHIRE MOORS."

Christmas Customs,
Christmas Superstitions,
Christmas Poetry. Conundrums.
Riddles, etc., etc.

Besides a Budget of Fun, Wit, & Humour.

Making altogether a most interesting and amusing Christmas Entertainment.

PUBLISHED NEXT TUESDAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

The following cases have been heard during the week, in the West-Riding Police Court, Wakefield, before E. Tew, Esq., (Chairman,) Dr. Kendell, Dr. Holdsworth, W. H. Leatham, Esq., and other Magistrates.

CAUTION TO CARELESS CARTERS.—A man named Thomas Goward, who is employed at a stone quarry in the vicinity of Woodlesford, appeared in answer to a summons taken out against him by Sergeant Denham for having, whilst in charge of a horse and cart belonging to his masters, being "in such a situation that he could not govern the horse." Charges of this sort are so frequently preferred against waggoners, who can ill-afford to pay the heavy "expenses" incidents upon even the most "nominal" conviction, that it really behoves those entrusted with horses drawing waggons or carts—(as the following cases will prove)—to forego self-indulgence, even under what they may consider most favourable circumstances, and act up to the strict letter of the law.—Goward was charged with having been comfortably seated upon the front of the conveyance entrusted to his care, whilst it was being drawn along the Wakefield and Aberford turnpike road at Woodlesford, about two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday week. He had no control whatever over his horses, and upon his own acknowledgment, had not spoken to them. The Chairman, in his remarks to the defendant, who did not appear to realize the fact that he had committed a breach of the law, stated that he was liable to a penalty of 40s. and costs. The law was that every owner of a conveyance along any highway should have control over his horses by reins, and practice of waggoners sitting upon their shafts and other conveyances the moment they came to comparatively unfrequented parts was a most common and dangerous one, and one which the Bench must visit with fines or punishment, in every instance, of more or less severity. He (the Chairman) then asked whether anything had been hitherto recorded against the defendant? Sergeant Denham: No; I believe he bears a very good character. The Chairman: I am glad to hear that, but we shall be obliged to impose a small fine—one of a merely nominal kind—that is 2s. 6d. so that, with expenses you will have 11s. 6d. to pay, and we hope this will be a caution to others.—John Jackson, another carter from the same quarry, was next called upon to answer to a summons charging him with having committed a similar breach of the law, whilst driving a waggon and two horses along the Wakefield and Aberford turnpike road, about half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday last. Sergeant Denham, in proving this case, stated that the defendant was riding on the front of his burry, and that a conveyance passed him whilst so situated, and just before his (the officer) coming up. The defendant: That is correct, so far as it goes, but I had not ridden 150 yards when I saw the conveyance approaching, and jumped off because he saw the conveyance, or because he saw you? Sergeant Denham: I was in plain clothes, and therefore don't suppose he would know me at the time. The Chairman: Then we will suppose your statement is correct, and that you were really about to attend to your horses; but still such negligence is highly dangerous, and we hope that if we only impose a small fine, as in the former case, you will take warning by it, and be more careful in future. The defendant promised to do so, and was then ordered to pay 2s. 6d. and costs in all 11s. 6d.

DRIVING WHILST DRUNK.—A man named Isaac Greenwood, colliery smith, was summoned for having been drunk whilst in charge of a horse and cart at Woodlesford on the 7th inst. The defendant, it was stated, when he had been driving his wife out, had during the day imbibed so freely that he was totally unfit to have the management of the horse; indeed upon the latter alighting she refused to re-enter the trap. The defendant stated that he had only had a glass or two, and accounted for being now unable to give his general attendance. The Chairman remarked that if he was unaccustomed to drink, he should most decidedly have refrained upon such an occasion as this, when he had his wife with him. He would inflict a fine of 5s. and costs, amounting altogether to 15s. with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.—The money was paid.

APPLICATION FOR WRIT OF EJECTMENT.—Mr. William Smithson, the owner of some cottage and other property at Ouzlewell Green, applied to the Justices for a writ of ejectment against one of his tenants named Emmanuel Dobson. The services of the requisite notice on the 11th of October and on the 6th of December having been proved, the Bench granted a warrant, to be enforced provided, the defendant had not quitted at the expiration of 21 days.

ROLLING HOME IN THE MORNING; OR A "JOLLY PANEY OF ROTHWELL MINERS.—Three men named George Sidebottom, James Hopton, and James Blackburn were summoned by P.-C. George Gill for having been drunk and riotous on the highway at Rothwell on the morning of the 9th inst. The men are all colliers, working for Mr. Charlesworth; Sidebottom lives in Black Bull Fold, Hopton at the bottom of the Marsh, and Blackburn in Church Lane, and, from the statement made by P.-C. Gill, it appeared that whilst on duty in Rothwell about a quarter to one o'clock, on the morning of Sunday the 7th inst., he came across the three defendants who were rolling about the street, locked in one another's arms, and creating an unusually noise. They were requested to go home, and complied without causing any trouble. The Chairman: Is anything known of these men? Sergeant Denham: Sidebottom has been here four times previously for being drunk, for wilful damage, and for refusing to quit, but nothing is known of either of the other men. His last offence was on the 20th of August in the present year, and he was then fined 10s, and costs. The Chairman: Then he will now be ordered to pay a fine of 12s. 6d. and 6s. his proportion or costs, or go to prison for seven days, and the other parties will have to pay a fine of 5s. each and cases, or a total altogether of 35s. 6d.—The money was paid.

A LOFTHOUSE GATE COLLIER HIS IN CUFS.—William Hadley, collier, living at Lofthouse Gate, was summoned at the instance of P.-C. McLaren for having been drunk and riotous at that place on the evening of the 6th inst. The officer stated that about eleven o'clock on the night in question he was standing on the highway when the defendant who was "far advanced in liquor," staggered up to him, and made use of insulting language, when requested to go home. He at length went away, and then moved further trouble. The defendant did not question the accuracy of the officer's statement, except so far as it related to abusive language, and he asserted that he had not said anything improper. The Bench imposed a fine of 5s. and costs, in all 10s. which was paid.

DRINK NO RESPECTOR OF PERSONS.—The Rothwell police preferred a charge of drunkenness and riotous conduct against Mrs. Ann Brayshaw, wife of George Brayshaw, of Highfield Terrace, Beeston Hill, who was found on the Leeds and Pontefract road, at Rothwell Haigh, on Wednesday the 10th inst., in a beastly state of intoxication. P.-C. Balfour stated that his attention been called by a book-keeper to the woman, who was standing by the road side, he asked her what was the matter with her, to which she replied, "I don't want to say anything to such——as you!" she then dropped her shawl, and was so drunk that she could not pick it up. The Chairman: Till your attention was called to her, she had not done anything to attract attention?—P.-C. Balfour: not the least that I am aware of; but she abused me freely and called me all sorts of bad names. She had a child two months old in her arms, and she actually fell into the hedge with it. The officer, in reply to the Bench, proceeded to state that he had to summons the assistance of a neighbour to whom Mrs. Brayshaw was known, and get her to take charge of the child whilst the woman was taken to her home. She was in respectable circumstances, and this was the first offence that had ever been recorded against her. The Justices ordered payment of a 5s. fine and expenses, in all 15s. with the alternative of three days' imprisonment. The money was paid.

A HUNSLET HORSE DEALER REFUSING TO SUPPORT HIS WIFE.—At the West-Riding Police Court (Wakefield) yesterday, Mr. Wm. Saville Wood, clerk to the Guardians of the Pontefract Union, applied for an order of distraint upon the goods of Mr. Richard Bleasby, horse dealer, formerly residing at Methley, but at present carrying on business at Hunslet, who had been ordered by the Justices in October last to contribute 10s. per week towards the support of his wife, which order he had set at defiance. The defendant asserted that he was not liable, setting up as a reason that his wife had committed adultery, but as that was merely an assertion, the order of the Justices must be held to be still in operation. The sum due was £4. The Bench made an order for the payment of this amount, together with expenses, in all £5 0s. 10d, granting in default a distress warrant, and in the event of there being no goods, two months imprisonment.

THE STORM.

ROTHWELL.

Last Tuesday morning will not soon be forgotten in Rothwell and neighbourhood. From about three o'clock in the morning the wind swept through the town, gradually increasing in violence till about seven o'clock, when the crisis seemed to be reached, after which, till nine o'clock, it somewhat abated, and by noon, comparatively hushed.

Much damage appears to have been done to property, very few persons having escaped without any loss.

The roof of Mr. Cresland's house, in the Churchfield, was so much injured, they were necessitated to remove all their furniture downstairs. Mr. Judson, had two stacks nearly blown away. Mr. Roodhouse, also sustaining injury of a similar kind; while Mr. T. Barret, and Mr. Jas. Copley, had to complain of a like damage Half the wooden covering which is laid on the iron roof of Messrs. Seaton's shipping office was carried bodily away, a distance of about 40 yards, into Mr. Dobson's orchard, and had not means been taken to prevent any other mishap, it is probable some of the roofing would have been lifted.

The house in which Mr. M. Sheldon lives, seems to have suffered more than any other in the main street, a large hole being made in the roof, by the fall of part of the chimney.

So many houses have suffered more or less from the falling of chimney pots, and the loosening of slates, that we should have to enumerate a very long list of names, to mention them all. The main street, the Cross district, Butcher Lane, the Marsh, have all their tale of broken chimneys and damaged roofs.

A wall in the pastures running from the mill up to Mr. Smith's garden wall, 27 yards long, 5 feet high, and 10 inches thick, has been laid flat, in some parts the foundation being torn up too.

A large pear tree behind Mr. Nettleton's house, was torn up by the roots.

The green-house of James Wood, has been lifted from its place, and badly damaged; as also another green-house, on Carlton Lane.

Everywhere fall trees, and broken bricks, slates, spouts, and pots, spoke of the fearful violence of the gale.

Fortunately no injury has been caused to life.

Similar losses have been sustained in the adjacent villages, but we are happy to say, nothing serious has been reported,—save that a stained window in Woodlesford Church, that of the Queen Head, on the Wakefield Road, presents a pitiable sight, the upper part of the house being almost entirely destroyed, and a large shed carried away.

LEEDS.

Throughout this town, much property has been damaged or destroyed. In Lady Lane, part of Mr. Snell's cloth pressing mill, about half-past six o'clock, was blown down, and rendered, the falling of the rubbish on a flue, causing the additional calamity of fire to break out, which was speedily extinguished by the Corporation Fire Brigade, two workmen are severely hurt, and had to be conveyed to the Infirmary.

A chimney in Meadow Lane, was overturned, falling on some buildings, and causing damage to the extent of £1,000.

A new Baptist Chapel, in York Road, just ready for slating, has been left a great wreck, and will not be repaired under £1,000.

A portion of F——hall Church spire is fallen; and the roof of Ventnor Street Chapel, is also broken. Part of the steeple and bells of St. Joseph's Roman-Catholic Church, Hunslet, fell through the roof, damaging a valuable organ. St. Ann's Roman-Catholic Church, has also lost one of the pinacles.

Messrs. Brown and McNeil, Waterloo Road, have severely suffered in damage to stock, and have had to close their premises for repairs.

Persons in all parts of the town have sustained very serious injury to their houses, and in some cases, to their persons, though, we are thankful to say, no deaths have occurred.

MR. SCOTT'S CONCERT AT WOODLESFORD.—On Monday last, Mr. Rispin Scott and Party gave a Concert and Entertainment, at the Woodlesford and Oulton Mechanics' Institute, but we are sorry to learn the audience was only small.

SOCIAL TEA MEETING AND PRESENTATION AT THE GOOD TEMPLAR LODGE, AT ROTHWELL.—Last Thursday, a very interesting meeting was held in the Lodge Room, of the Good Hope Lodge, No. 1870, preceded by a knife and fork tea. At seven o'clock, the chair was taken by the W.C., Brother Seamor, who said he was proud of being a Good Templar, and was devoting the remainder of his life to the reclamation of the drunkard, and to the increase of temperance and religion. During the evening, a number of young men and women sang several pieces creditably. The Chairman then called on Bro. Ell to make a speech, which he gave in a very original and amusing manner, notwithstanding the frequent interruptions of some of his auditors, who assisted him by putting in a "That's true," "Never mind," &c. A number of maiden readings and recitations were given during the evening, while the choir sang several pieces very neatly, Mr Naylor accompanying on the harmonium, those taking prominent parts being Messrs. Bramley, Jun. Crossley, Ineson, and Cripps. Mr. E. Hampson said he was glad he only knew one side of the temperance question by experience, but he had seen quite plenty of the other to cause him to stick close to total abstinence. Before the conclusion of the meeting, the Chairman presented two vols. of Kitto's Bible, beautifully bound, to the Lodge Deputy and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ineson, as a token of respect and gratitude for services rendered to the Rothwell Good Hope Lodge, No. 1870, during its early struggles—by the officers and members of the Order. Mr. E. Taylor spoke on the presentation, and recounted the advantages and blessings of the Bible. Mr. A. Steel referred to the past twelve months, and rejoiced in the good that had been accomplished since last December 18th. Mr. Ineson, in replying, said he could not find words to express his gratitude and thanks for the rich and valuable present they had made. He had, when eight years old, made a sort of agreement with his father, who was a tippler on Saturday nights, that he would have no more drink, if his father would give over going to the public house. He had been in sympathy with the temperance cause all his life, and while they rejoiced in the success of their Lodge, said, if they had done well during the past, let them be determined to do still better in the future. The meeting, which was very harmonious, shortly afterwards closed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

THE "LAMBERT" MYSTERY.

To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.

SIR,—There are so many tales going about this town respecting poor Lambert, and the steps taken for the clearing up of the mystery, that I thought it would write to your useful paper, and may be somebody could say something more clear about it. They say that searchwarrants have been down from London and have taken up the poor man's body, and that his head is now at London, getting examined. I have also noticed lately a deal of stir amongst the police, and Mr. Hall has been pretty frequently, and there's been some other strange folks about. People say that a witness has turned up and given very important evidence, and that already sufficient is known to make a clear case against somebody or other. I really think, it has been a badly managed affair somehow, and that the evidence ought all to have been collected at the time, and then both Lambert's poor wife and friends would have been satisfied, the suspected man would, if innocent, have not had to carry the suspicion about with him, pointed at by everybody, the law would have been made honourable, and the long anxiety and dissatisfaction of the public would have been saved.

I do hope this unsettled state of affairs will be brought to an end.

Yours, &c., JUSTICIA.

ROTHWELL BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS.

(To the Editor of the Rothwell Times.

SIR,—Will you permit me through the columns of your paper to say a few words to the public and district. About three years ago, the neglecters of the old brass band thought they had made a little progress in their musical abilities, so they would have a new set of instruments, and, as Messrs. F. Besson & Co.'s, London, are said to be the best, they sent to have a set of them. The above instruments are very expensive, and the members (who are all working-men) appealed to the public to assist them in getting the above-named Bessonian instruments, to which appeal the public did very liberally subscribe. When the instruments are got, and paid for, some of the members say they belong to them personally.

I cannot see this, when the public paid £10 towards them, and the set cost about £26. I understand two members have left already, and taken the instruments that they played upon away from the band. I thought it only right to let the public know how the money they so liberally gave for the good of the band, and not for any person that had played in the band, had gone.

One of the members that has left the band, has had the impudence to sell the instrument for £9, and the cost price was £12 12s.

I think I have said enough at present, and shall feel obliged to any subscriber to let me hear what he thinks about such doings as these.—Yours, &c.,

Rothwell, Dec. 17. A SUBSCRIBER.

Marriages.

SAVAGE—SMITH—On the 16th Inst., at Rothwell, by the Rev. G. Heberden, William Wood Savage, son of George Savage, of Cawood, to Hannah, only daughter of Samuel Smith, of Rothwell.

Deaths.

VARLEY—December 18th, aged 2 years and 10 months, Albert Varley, of Rothwell.

ELL—December 16th, aged 4 years and 2 months, Nezia Ashton Ell, Rothwell.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads 6d. two lines—Situation Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c, To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

WANTED GOOD PLAIN COOK, Who is able to manage a small Dairy.—Address—" M. W." Post Office, Rothwell.

WANTED at once, a good Plain Cook, For Family of two. Address—" B." Post Office, Woodlesford.

WANTED.—A good General SERVANT about 18 years of age.—Apply, " B. J.," *Rothwell Times* Office.

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MONEY ADVANCED at a few hours' notice, from £20 to £500, to private persons Farmers, Tradesmen, and others, on their Furniture or Stock-in-Trade, without removal or publicity if required, in strict confidence, at a moderate rate of interest.—Apply personally, or by letter, to MORRIS AND CO., (Private Offices), 10, ALBION STREET, (opposite the Mercury Office), Leeds.

CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure For Tic. in 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d
CROSBY'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE-QUININE WINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN OILS & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c. 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
AGENT FOR WOODLESFORD:—MR. COOMBES, Grocer and Patent Medicine Dealer, &c. the Church.
Agent for Carlton, Mr. D. Crossley, grocer & patent medicine dealer.

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FOR Useful and Cheap WATCHES, Go to M. Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate.

SILVER Watches, from 19s., Eighteen Ct. Gold Watches, from £2 2s.

GOOD AND USEFUL CLOCKS, From 6s.

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HUNSLET STEAM DYE WORKS, JACK LANE.
Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & Window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner.
Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antiques, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

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NEW STOCK OF CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS, SATCHETS, ETC.
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FIVE HUNDRED COLLIERS AND THEIR WIVES!
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SPECIALLY GOOD AND CHEAP FOR CHRISTMAS!
PRIME AMERICAN AND CHESHIRE CHEESE!!
VERY CHOICE NEW CURRANTS, RAISINS, AND FIGS!!!
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PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT!
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Regret that certain erroneous and exaggerated reports have been circulated, in reference to the sickness in the village, which tend to act detrimental to business, they wish distinctly to inform their customers that business has never been interrupted, and that they are in a good position to attend to all orders entrusted to their care as heretofore.
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THE ROTHWELL TIMES. SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1873.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

A ceremony which took place at Bow Church, Cheapside, a few days ago—that of confirming the new Bishop of Ely—affords me an opportunity of saying a few words descriptive of a structure which is the glory of that important thoroughfare. The term "Cockney" is often used, but properly speaking, it is applicable only to those who have been born within the sound of Bow Bells. The graceful and stately steeple, 221 feet in height, rises like a lighthouse, high above the roar and bustle of the human tide which so ceaselessly ebbs and flows beneath; and at intervals the mellow music of the bells is heard even above the noise of the rushing London traffic. The tradition is that the site now occupied by the church, as at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, was formerly that of a Roman temple; but although we have no proof of this, it is certain that a church of some kind has stood here for at least eight hundred years. Bow Church is first mentioned in the reign of William the Conqueror, and in all probability it was constructed soon after the Battle of Hastings made the Normans masters of this fair land. The present edifice was commenced in 1671 by Sir Christopher Wren, five years after the Great Fire had devastated the London of that day. Its massive entrance gate and its smoke-begrimed walls stand out in striking contrast to the splendid shops of Cheapside, and as its chimes ring out upon the troubled air for week-day service, they speak of another world to only a comparatively few out of the animated stream which all day long flows up and down between Peel's statue and the Mansion House. But in an evening, when the city is silent, and the noise of the traffic is hushed, pleasant enough are the sound of Bow Bells, for they seem to remind the listener of bygone ages, and to typify the fate of the busy crowds which have thronged Cheapside for centuries. They have rung out over generations of merchants, and city clerks, and tradesmen, and still remain to tell the fleeting multitude below what shadows they are and what shadows they pursue.

Although a London fog has its comic side, it has also an intensely serious one. That which settled down upon the metropolis for several days of last week was one of the densest and most persistent which we have had for years. To say nothing of its effects upon the unhappy animals in the Cattle Show, the loss which it occasioned to the community of London must have been incalculable. Look at the total suspension of traffic upon the river day after day, and ask what that means to the extensive industry employed in connection with the passenger steamboats. Take again dock labourers, and the class of men who obtain a livelihood by the navigation of barges up and down the Thames with the tide. If these people can earn nothing for nearly a week, we may be sure that their wives and families suffer, and that their Christmas will be shorn of much of its anticipated gratifications. The inconveniences of the fog were not, however, confined to the broad and ample stream which divides the two counties of Middlesex and Surrey. Omnibus traffic had to be materially curtailed, and if fewer journeys are performed, of course less money is earned. The same observation applies to the tramway cars, which, when not actually taken off, accomplished their distances very slowly, and amid the continuous shrieking of the drivers' whistles. Many a cab proprietor, rather than run the risk of having his horses crippled, preferred to keep them in his stable, and so had to submit to a loss of income. Then there was a large diminution of revenue upon the metropolitan and suburban lines of railway, for the engine drivers had to be so cautious that a considerable proportion of the trains never ran at all. And what of the vexation caused to millions of human beings who were compelled to live, move, and have their being in a suffocating, smoke-laden atmosphere? But the most serious aspect of this visitation was the sacrifice of life which it involved. Eight or ten persons drowned in the docks, five or six in the Regent's and Surrey canals, as many more in the river, and several knocked down and killed by vehicles in the streets—such are some of the shocking results of the fog which last week enveloped London in its fatal folds.

The numerous railway accidents which have taken place during the past four months have led to the establishment of an association for the protection of railway and general passengers. The payment of one guinea confers the advantages of membership, and the object of the organization is to assist those who belong to it, and who may meet with accidents while travelling, to prosecute their claims for compensation before the law courts. The association proposes thus to protect persons of limited income, and to prevent their savings of years from being swallowed up in litigation. Before taking proceedings against any railway company for damages a *prima facie* case will have to be made out, and if the officers of the association are satisfied with the simple and corroborated statement of facts thus furnished, they will take up the matter and carry it through without any cost to the injured person.

For several months past a statue of Sir James Outram has stood in front of the Athenæum Club, where it has been an object of interest and curiosity, as well as of criticism. Many who have seen it will regret to learn that it is to be packed up and carried away to Calcutta. There is something in its appearance which is refreshing after gazing at the smoke-blackened images which, more especially in winter, add so much to the gloom of this fog-bound city. It has been humorously suggested that some other statue should be sent to Calcutta with which the people there would be equally satisfied. There is, for instance, the statue of the Duke of York, overlooking St. James's-park, with the lightning conductor—a prominent object—sticking out of his Royal Highness's head. From its sooty appearance, it would be none the worse for a sea voyage.

The weekly meetings of the Royal Geographical Society are attended by numerous and distinguished audiences, and seldom has a more illustrious gathering been assembled there than on the occasion of Sir Samuel Baker's address on the result of his expedition into Central Africa. Amongst the visitors were the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, the former taking the opportunity to say some very complimentary things of the intrepid traveller and his wife. The amount of information conveyed at these meetings is very great. Only very lately Captain Moresby, R.N., gave the company the benefit of his experience on the south eastern coast of Guinea, not a very lively subject on the surface, it must be confessed. But the effect of these explorations has been to make some important corrections in our charts, to discover a new passage which will greatly shorten the voyage from China to Australia, and to give the public a number of interesting facts respecting the races who inhabit that part of the world. One or two of the speakers advocated our occupation of the island as a means of civilising and protecting the tribes from each other, and of preventing the Dutch or any other European Power from establishing themselves in too close proximity to our Australian colonies. But this was not generally endorsed, seeing how unfortunately one protectorate of the Fantees upon the Gold Coast has proved.

The joint committee of the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works, which was formed to carry out the liberation of certain bridges high up the Thames, have issued a report showing the progress already made in the work. The committee was constituted in 1869, and in four years, by the exercise of their parliamentary powers, they have freed Kingston, Walton, Staines, and Kew Bridges, and are now applying to the legislature for authority to raise funds for liberating those at Hampton Court, Chingford, and Tottenham Mills, the two last-mentioned being over the Lea. It is explained that these, like the other bridges, would long have been freed had it not been for the delay occasioned by the heavy claims on the part of some toll owners.

A colossal scheme of meteorological observation, proposed by the late Captain Maury, is to be put into partial observation from the 1st January next. In accordance with a recommendation from the Meteorological Congress of Vienna, arrangements have been made by the United States to join with the Russian and Turkish Governments in instituting a mutual interchange of one daily report, taken at the same hour at as many stations as possible throughout the three territories. The co-operation of other nations is expected, and in the interests of commerce and agriculture, as well as of science, it is hoped that these anticipations will be realized. According to the report of the chief signal officer of the United States, no important storm occurred during the past twelve months, in the regions included in the system of cautionary signals, without proper and sufficient warning of its approach and direction. Such is the progress of practical meteorology that the percentage of verifications was high enough to give an almost mathematical certainty to the rules of forecast. In many localities farming is satisfactorily conducted almost entirely with reference to the atmospheric conditions announced by the official reports as being likely to occur.

The terrible sentence passed upon Marshal Bazaine by the Versailles Court Martial has created a profound impression, and even amongst those who judged his conduct most severely there was a general hope that a man who had risen from such a humble position as that of a private soldier might escape the doom which nearly sixty years ago was meted out to Marshal Ney, who was shot for treachery to the Bourbon cause, by joining Napoleon on his escape from Elba. What extraordinary vicissitudes do we see presented in the career of MacMahon and Bazaine! When the war broke out between France and Prussia, in July 1870, MacMahon was looked upon as the best general possessed by France, but upon his reputation suffering after the result of the battle of Woerth, Bazaine, by common consent, was called upon to take the command of the Army of the Rhine. He was the foremost man in France when MacMahon was lying a wounded prisoner of war after the battle of Sedan; but how signally he failed at Metz is one of the most unhappy pages in French history. Behold the two men now! MacMahon the supreme ruler of France, and called upon to decide whether mercy should be extended to one who was his superior a little more than three years ago, but since sentenced to death, with military degradation, for not having done all that honour and duty demanded. I can now recall an incident that took place at the battle of Gravelotte, and one which I have not seen mentioned in any comments on the termination of this remarkable trial. When the slaughter was at its height upon that awful day, and for a time the wavering fortune of the field seemed to be in favour of the French, five Uhlans, in the most daring manner, charged the staff of Marshal Bazaine, with the evident intention of killing the Commander-in-Chief. They were beaten back, and great was the joy of the Marshal himself and of his staff at his miraculous escape from death. But how much better would it have been for Bazaine's honour and reputation had he died upon the field of battle, instead of being saved to undergo his present degradation!

THE ST. BARNABAS BALDACCHINO CASE.

Dr. Tristram, the chancellor of the diocese of London, held a Consistorial Court on Monday at the Chapter House, St. Paul's-churchyard, to give his decision on the important application of the vicar (the Rev. Mr. White) and the churchwardens for a faculty or licence to erect a baldacchino over the communion table of St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, as an adornment, and Mr. Bourne, and other parisioners, had entered a protest, and the matter had been taken up by the Church Association.

Mr. Walter Phillimore appeared as counsel for the vicar and churchwardens in support of the application, and Dr. A. J. Stephens, Q.C., opposed the granting of the faculty.

The question was considered to be one of public interest, as other applications were expected to be made as to other churches. On one side it was urged that the erection would be an ornament to the church, and on the other side it was alleged that the object was to introduce into the Church of England Popish innovations in the public worship.

Two points were brought before the learned judge for his consideration. (1) whether such an erection was lawful; and (2) whether, if unlawful, when opposed as repugnant to the religious convictions of a portion of the parishioners, it should be allowed. It was urged that a reredos was proposed at a vestry meeting, and not a baldacchino, which was a Roman Catholic canopy over the holy table, which was a moveable addition, and not a necessary adjunct for the religious service. Other churches were mentioned where a baldacchino had been erected, and that it was a mere pretence to allege that it had any tendency to Popery, and in this case was desired by many of the parishioners, who were willing to bear the expense, and viewed its erection as essential to the adornment of the east end of the edifice.

The learned judge (Dr. Tristam), in giving his judgment, mentioned the two points as above stated. He said there had been plans submitted for the baldacchino which was to be erected. It rested in the court to grant or refuse a faculty, with an appeal to the Arches' Court, and also to the Judicial Committtee. The application by the vicar and churchwardens was made by Mr. Phillimore on the 4th August last, and on the 11th of that month Mr. Bourne appeared, and the granting of the faculty had been opposed by the counsel, and on the hearing in October by the able and learned arguments of counsel on both sides (Dr. Stephen and Mr. Phillimore), the court had been greatly assisted in arriving at an opinion in this case. He would now proceed to consider the two questions—whether the erection of such an ornament as a baldacchino was lawful, and whether it should be erected if opposed to the religious convictions of the inhabitants. He (Dr. Tristram) at some length traced the historical nature of a baldacchino, the earliest of which was erected in St. Peter's, at Rome. Altar canopies had been erected in churches, and it was clear that canopies were held over the sovereigns of this country at their coronation. Canopies were held over popes, cardinals, and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. Having disposed of the historical character of the baldacchino he went on to consider whether such an ornament as a baldacchino was lawful in the Church of England. He referred to the decisions of the Judicial Committee as to "ornaments," and it mattered not whether the material was of one substance or another. The question was whether such an ornament was sanctioned by the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. On the part of the vicar and churchwardens it had been urged that the erection of a baldacchino in the church of St. Barnabas would add greater dignity and honour to the holy table. After much consideration, he had come to the conclusion that the proposed ornament did not come within the rubrics, and that it was not necessary or subsidiary to the service of the Church. It was not the province of this court to sanction the erection of an ornament that was not sanctioned, and as the law did not provide for such an ornament to the communion table, it was not for this court to issue a faculty to give greater dignity, and honour to the holy table than the simple dignity prescribed by the law. He should therefore refuse the application for a faculty, and grant Mr. Bourne his costs. As he had decided the question on the legal ground, it was not necessary to go into the question of discretion.

The application for the baldacchino was refused with costs. It is expected that the vicar and churchwardens will appeal to the Arches' Court.

THE WITNESS LUIE AT BOW-STREET.

On Saturday afternoon the person calling himself Jean Luie, the witness on behalf of the Claimant to the Tichborne estates, was brought before Sir Thomas Henry, by writ of *habeas corpus*, to answer the charge of having forfeited his licence, as a convict on "ticket of leave," by neglecting to report himself at intervals to the proper authorities.

Mr. Pollard, assistant solicitor to the Treasury, conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Crown.

The prisoner, for whom no barrister or solicitor appeared, was brought up in the custody of the chief warder of Holloway Prison, who has had the charge of Luie since his committal by the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench for contempt of Court. The prisoner gave the name of "Jean Luie."

Mr. Pollard, in stating the case, observed that the man at the bar was liberated from the convict prison of Chatham on the 25th of March last, on "ticket of leave," after undergoing a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, of which about two years then remained unexpired. He had been convicted in the name of John Lundgren, and that name appeared upon his licence. Since then he had been examined as a witness for the defendant in the case of the "Queen *v.* Castro," now being tried at Westminster, and on that as well as on the present occasion he had given the name of Jean Luie. During his examination at Westminster he related the history of his life, stating that he was born in Denmark in 1825, and first came to England in June last, having arrived in a steamer from Antwerp. He said that happening to be in a coffee-shop near London-bridge, he heard of there being a person calling himself Sir Roger Tichborne, who had been saved from the ship *Bella* many years ago, and was now laying claim to the Tichborne estates. Remembering that he took part in rescuing several persons who had been saved from a ship of that name, he at once endeavoured to seek out Sir Roger; and, after a fruitless visit to Brighton, was at length taken to the residence of the Claimant in Ressborough-gardens, and was introduced to the Claimant by Mr. Whalley. He said he was at once recognised by the Claimant, who said "*Coma esta* Luie?" and there was a mutual greeting, the prisoner remembering the Claimant's voice. He then proceeded to describe the events of the period referred to, stating that in 1853 he was on board the *Osprey*, stationed at Rio, and made the acquaintance of a man calling himself Captain Brown, and that in the following April, when sailing from Melbourne, they picked up a whaleboat containing six men in a greatly exhausted condition, one of them being paralyzed. This man, he said, was afterwards known to him by the name of "Rogers," and he remained with them till they all deserted the ship for the diggings. It fell to his lot to wash and dress Mr. Rogers, who had marks on his hip, but no tattoo marks whatever, and who used to complain that Luie was apt to hurt him, owing to two of his fingers being bent. Mr. Pollard then proceeded to epitemize the subsequent events of Luie's life, as described by himself on the 15th of October last, in the Court of Queen's Bench, embracing voyages in different ships to various parts of the globe, until his final settlement in America in 1871, and the pursuit of his wife, who had deserted him, from Chicago to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to England in June of the present year. Mr. Pollard next referred to the identification of Luie, through the portraits taken of him by the London Stereoscopic Company and exhibited in the shop windows, as the man who, in various names, had attempted to commit certain frauds in London and elsewhere, repeating the facts of the "rebutting evidence" already familiar to the public, and showing that the whole story related by Luie was false from beginning to end —his career in England from 1852, and his constant imprisonment for different offences at intervals during the whole of that time, being now perfectly well known. Upon these revelations the prisoner had been abandoned, as a witness, even by the counsel for the Claimant, and committed for contempt of Court by the Lord Chief Justice, for having committed perjury. The present charge against him, however, was irrespective of any proceedings which might be instituted on that account, and all that he (Mr. Pollard desired to do now was to establish the identity of "Luie" with the convict Lundgren, by the evidence of a warder of the Chatham prison, and then to ask for a remand of the prisoner to a future day.

George Clark, chief inspector, Scotland-yard, proved that he was present at the Tichborne trial on the 14th and 15th of October last when the prisoner was under examination as a witness for the defendant, and gave the name of "Jean Luie," declaring on oath that he had never passed by any other name; also that he had never been in trouble, but had spent nearly all his life since 1853 upon the seas and American rivers, and had never been in England till June of the present year. He had made inquiries and had ascertained that the prisoner had never reported himself as a convict on "ticket of leave."

James Cranston, warder of Chatham Prison, identified the prisoner as the convict "John Lundgren," who was discharged on "ticket of leave" on the 25th of March last, and had never "reported" himself since, in accordance with the conditions of the licence.

Upon this evidence Sir Thomas Henry remanded the prisoner, and informed the chief warder of Holloway prison that the prisoner was now out of his custody, and would be sent to the Middlesex House of Detention.

The prisoner, who said nothing to the charge, was then removed from the dock.

At Bow-street, on Tuesday, Jean Luie, *alias* Charles or John Lundgren, was again placed at the bar before Sir Thomas Henry, with failing to comply with the terms of the licence upon which he was liberated from prison on ticket of leave.

Mr. Pollard, from the office of the Treasury Solicitors, said that the Secretary of State had directed the removal of the prisoner to a convict prison, and had accordingly signed a revocation of the licence granted to him for good conduct. Instructions in the meanwhile would be immediately laid before counsel respecting the charge of perjury which would be brought against Luie. This, however, would occupy a few days.

Sir Thomas Henry: The prisoner can be brought up at any time to answer the charge. Let the revocation be read.

Mr. Granville Layard, the clerk taking the notes of the case, read the document, which was as follows:—"Order of revocation of licence to a convict made under the statutes 16 and 17 Vic. cap. 99, sec. 9; and 27 and 28 Vic., cap. 47, sec. 9. Whitehall, Dec. 15, 1873: Whereas, her Majesty was graciously pleased to grant on the 28th day of February, 1873, to John or Charles Lundgren, who was convicted of obtaining money by false pretences at the quarter sessions holden as Swansea for the county of Glamorgan, on the 13th day of October, 1867, and was then sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for a term of seven years, her Royal licence to be at large during the remaining portion of his said term of penal servitude unless it should please her Majesty sooner to revoke or alter such licence. Her Majesty is now pleased to revoke the said licence so granted to the said John or Charles Lundgren, as aforesaid, and doth hereby revoke the said licence. Given under my hand and seal. (Signed) ROBERT LOWE."

Sir Thomas Henry (to the prisoner).—You understand that you licence has been revoked?

Luie: Yes, sir.

Sir Thomas Henry: Have you any statement you wish to make?

Luie: Yes, sir.

Sir Thomas Henry: Let it be taken down.

Luie: All I have to say is that I am sorry for what has happened. It would not have happened if I had not been encouraged and made up to do what I have done.

Sir Thomas Henry: Is that all you wish to say?

Luie: Nothing else.

Sir Thomas Henry: You wish to say no more than that you have been encouraged and made up to do what you have done.

Luie: That is all I wish to say for the present.

Sir Thomas Henry: Very well. Then it is now my duty to commit you to the convict prison at Pentonville to undergo the remainder of your sentence; but you must understand that you may be brought here according to the statement of Mr. Pollard, of the Treasury Solicitors' Office, to answer the charge of perjury.

Luie, who was very quiet throughout the proceedings, was then removed.

MR. ARCH'S MISSION TO CANADA.

The Times has published the following letters:—

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will allow me a very little space in which to bring reason and facts to deal with the rhetoric of Mr. Arch's speech at Lambeth Baths. For brevity's sake I take his points *seriatim*.

1st. He says:—"We are increasing population without increasing production." Now, in fact, the productiveness of English soil, both arable and grazing, has increased and is increasing greatly, and in proportion to the increase of large estates and large farms and the application of capital to agriculture.

2. "Thousands of acres remained uncultivated while idle labourers starved in the winter." In the rich and paying soils of England no land remains uncultivated; and if the moors and mountains can be cultivated or made profitable feeding ground, it is only by large capitalists that the work can be done. I know Welsh squatters pretty well and their hovels and lives are as miserable as can be.

3. "Why should the labourer be banished from his native soil more than the Prince?" Nobody banishes him. He can, or thinks he can, get higher wages in other countries, and so he goes to them. If a law were passed to stop his going he might have some right to complain.

4. "Land should be let to the labourers at the same rent as to the farmers, instead of at 40 per cent. more." Who ought so to let it? Land, like everything else, is let for what it will fetch. There is no "should" or "ought" in the matter.

Whoever has been cursed with small tenants knows too well that the higher rent does not cover the losses from insolvencies and the outlay on multiplied buildings.

5. "He asked the artizans of the large towns what they would do if the millionaire had to give at the rate of a guinea a pound for beefsteak,"

I do not know what the artizans would do, but the best chance of their getting meat cheaper than as now would be for the landowners to abolish small holdings and make large farms, and for the farmers to graze as much and to plough as little and to use as much machinery and as few labourers as possible.—Yours, &c., R. TEMPLE.

December 11.

MR. ARCH'S REPLY.

I rely on your sense of justice to give me an opportunity of replying to the remarks of Mr. R. Temple, in *The Times* of Saturday last, upon my mission to Canada. I do not pretend to be capable of meeting in written controversy every gentleman who may feel his notions rudely shaken by my outspoken utterances upon the platforms of numerous meetings; but the five objections taken by Mr. Temple are so easily solved that I, an agricultural labourer, may not be thought guilty of presumption in attempting so easy a task as a complete refutation.

1. "We are increasing population without increasing production." It is a fact that our population increases at about the rate of about 14 per cent. every ten years; that the Census proves. Now, will any one acquainted with our agricultural returns pretend that our wheat crop increases at the same rate? Nay, according to the *Quarterly Review* of last January, our wheat crop has decreased year by year for the last 40 years.

2. "Thousands of acres remained uncultivated while idle labourers starved in the winter." It only requires any one to refer to the acreage of the three kingdoms, and then the Government returns of cultivated acres, and it appears there are in the three kingdoms near 28,000,000 acres of uncultivated land and at least 11,000,000 capable of cultivation. How many acres near Strathfieldsaye are uncultivated? How many acres by the hundred square miles together are to be seen in Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk? As to their fertility my fellow-labourers have little concern if they have a few acres upon a 4 per cent. rental in perpetuity from the Government.

3. "Why should the labourer be banished from his native soil more than the Prince?" Take away from the labourer every acre of land, burden him with taxation, leave him totally dependent upon a farmer for weekly wages, and he has but to show himself an earnest advocate for Unionism, when he can be banished from the soil and country to moil in towns or emigrate to the antipodes.

4. "Land should be let to the labourers at the same rent as to the farmers." Mr. Temple says there is no "should" or "ought" in the matter—that is, the landlords of England have no duty to their country or countrymen. They have only to take a narrow view of their own selfish interests. There is such a thing as a national right to some benefit from the soil of the country; but I leave this to other pens. Whoever has been blessed by a proprietary right to a few acres, and not "cursed" by landlordism, knows well the prosperity and independence they give him.

In my humble view, to cultivate little and graze much, to divide England into a few large farms, depend upon machinery, and use as few labourers as possible, driving half the farmers and three-fourths of the labourers into exile, is but the way to insure a settlement of the land question in a revolutionary manner.—Yours, &c., JOSEPH ARCH.

Barford, Warwickshire, Dec. 15.

A DOUBLE RAILWAY COLLISION.

A double collision took place on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway near Bolton, on Saturday evening. An express train from Manchester dashed into the rear of about thirty waggons that had become uncoupled from a luggage train between Bolton and Laslock Junction. The concussion threw several of the waggons on the up line; and a Southport passenger train coming up at the moment from the opposite direction ran into the waggons, completely blocking both lines with débris. Both engines, together with a number of the carriages of each train, left the metals, and some of the passengers in the express, in their fright, jumped over the railway fence into the river Croal. Happily, the water was not more than two feet deep. Eight of the carriages ran into each other, and became completely interlocked, and the engine of the Manchester train was crushed and rendered useless. Ten of the passengers were seriously injured.

Early on Saturday a collision between two shunting-engines occurred in the timber yard of the North-Eastern Railway Company, at West Hartlepool, by which a fireman, aged 21, named Thomas Prest, was killed on the spot, and an engine knocked off the metals. The engine in question, and another of which deceased was the fireman, were travelling in opposite directions upon the same line, when the driver of the latter, seeing that a collision was inevitable, reversed the lever, deceased screwing down the brake. No sooner had they done this than a collision occurred, while the two men were in the act of jumping off. Prest, was thrown forward between the buffers of his own (a "tank" engine, travelling foot-plate first) and those of the advancing engine, and when they rebounded, after the collision he was caught between the two and so frightfully crushed that he died immediately.

MR. BRIGHT HALF-WAY ON THE RIGHT ROAD!

In addressing a large public meeting at Birmingham on Monday night, Sir W. Lawson replied to the recent letter of Mr. Bright to a Liverpool working man. Mr. Bright (said Sir Wilfrid) had recommended a remedy for the evil of drunkenness, although he did not think the right hon. gentleman made the recommendation very heartily. But, because he was obliged to say something, he recommended that the town councils should be empowered to grant licences. Sir Wilfrid said he rejoiced to see his friend Mr. Bright half way on the right road. If the power to deal with licences was to be given freely and fully, it must include the power of prohibition. (Cheers.) Mr. Bright's plan was really a Permissive Bill in another shape. The speaker, however, thought the plan not quite so good or so likely to be adopted as the Permissive Bill, because if they had a board elected for issuing licenses the personal question would come into consideration at once. Town councils were elected for all sorts of purposes, and it would be very difficult to get a direct vote in a contest of that kind. He was not condemning Mr. Bright's plan, nor would he do so until it was more fully brought before him. Mr. Bright knew the importance of the question, and having declared his opinion, Sir Wilfrid was hopeful that his friend would not lose time, but would soon bring in a Bill embodying his plan. Until then he (the speaker) would suspend his judgment on Mr. Bright's new scheme. He had doubts of its success, because it had for very many years been tried in Scotland where it had failed, and where there had been much jobbing and disgraceful work in connection with it. He reminded his audience that Mr. Bright's proposition was embodied in the Municipal Corporations Reform Bill of 1835, but rejected by the House of Lords.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The St. Petersburgh journals state that the marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia has been fixed for the 20th of January. The marriage, according to the rite of the Church of England, appears to create certain difficulties. In the Greek Church marriages take place in the evening; in the Church of England during the day between certain prescribed hours. Hitherto the marriage ceremony of a Russian Grand Duchess with a Protestant Prince according to the Greek rite has always been followed by that according to the Protestant rite in one of the saloons of the Winter Palace; but a marriage according to the rite of the English Church must be performed in a church, chapel, or other building specially licensed. Our informant states that nothing has transpired as yet about the manner in which these difficulties are to be solved. Arrangements for the reception of the high guests who will be present at the marriage continue to be made, For the bridegroom, his brother Prince Arthur, the German Crown Prince and his consort, the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of Cambridge, and for Prince Alexander of Hesse, apartments have been prepared at the Winter Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales will reside with the Grand Duke Czarewitch at the Anitschkine Palace.

HEAVY RAILWAY DAMAGES.

On Saturday, at the Liverpool Assizes, before Baron Pollock, an action was brought by Mr. William Henry Goodair, a cotton spinner and manufacturer of Manchester and Preston, to recover compensation from the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, for serious personal injuries sustained by the plaintiff on the defendants' line. Mr. Goodair was, on the 14th of April, a passenger by the express from Manchester to Preston, due at the latter place at 3.45 p.m. On arriving at German's-bridge, near the Preston Station, the train came into violent collision with an engine which had been used in shunting, and the plaintiff—who was asleep in a first-class carriage—was awakened in a startled and confused condition, but did not imagine he had been seriously injured. He stayed a short time in Preston, and then went on to Blackpool, where his wife—who was an invalid—was staying. Next morning, however, he felt so seriously ill, that he was unable to get up and had to call in a doctor. He was compelled to remain in Blackpool until the 16th of June, when he returned to Preston, where he still continued very ill, and was attended by several medical men. On the 10th October, the plaintiff's father was run over by a vehicle in Manchester, and removed to the infirmary, where he died three days afterwards. Whilst his father was in the infirmary the plaintiff, although still very ill, went to visit him, being conveyed in an invalid carriage, and there was no doubt this journey tended to retard his recovery. Owing to the nature of his injuries, the plaintiff was unable to give personal attention to his business, which was a very extensive one, as he had houses in London and elsewhere, and the consequence was he sustained very considerable pecuniary loss. The various medical men who had attended him all agreed that he had sustained a severe shock to the nervous system, injury to the spinal cord, and the substance of the brain. They thought he would ultimately recover if he could be free from care and anxiety for a period of twelve or eighteen months. After a short consultation, the jury awarded the plaintiff £2,000 damages.

STRIKE AT SHEFFIELD.—The strike threatened at the Atlas Works has begun. The notices issued by Messrs. John Brown and Co. (Limited) to the forgeman and millmen in their employ, of a reduction of 10 per cent from their wages, expired on Saturday at noon, when the men, who declined to accept any reduction whatever, turned out on strike. A meeting of the Committee of the local branch of the National Iron-workers Association, to which the men belong, was held on Saturday night, at the "Curwood" Hotel, when the delegates recently appointed to visit the various districts included in the Association reported very favourably on the strong disposition shown by workmen in other towns to contribute support during the continuation of the dispute. Arrangements were also made for carrying on the strike.

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

"Daughtercultural Show" is the latest name for an evening party.

An Iowa doctor thinks tight lacing is a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

A poor family lately bought five camel's hair shawls at six hundred pounds apiece. They wanted garments that would be warm and comfortable, and did not care for show.

A wasp is no insignificant agent in dispersing a crowd, but a nervous maiden making through a crowd for an omnibus, with a bandbox in one hand and an umbrella in the other, is about as appalling an object as the human mind can conceive, and maintain its balance.

A Bostonian having been smitten with the beauty of a Hoosier girl, called upon her with matrimonial intentions, but he was disenchanted when, upon referring to the sun, which was just then setting, as being several times larger than the earth, she exclaimed—"You can't stuff that are down this chicken!

John Billings has an entirely bald head, and it is related of him that once when he was at the Zoological Gardens in Paris, the day was warm and he lay down upon one of the benches and went to sleep. After awhile he was awakened by a sense of suffocation, and when he opened his eyes he found that something covered his face. He began to struggle to release himself, and the next moment a gigantic ostrich escaped up and began to prance down the path. The ostrich had observed the top of Josh's bald head, and mistaken it for one of its eggs, it had begun to set upon it for the purpose of hatching.

This is the way an editor gets rid of persevering "feminines: We gently, and as it were unconsciously, pushed a paper weight towards the end of the table where she sat. It attracted her attention directly. She looked at it, took it up, looked more earnestly, and then, laying it gently down, she calmly rose, gathered her ample skirts about her, and straightway took her leave, not even saying good-bye. Certainly nothing was farther from our intention than to give offence. We merely wished to attract her attention to the paper weight as a work of art. We regard it as a fine work of art, and value it solely for that reason; but the effect on some visitors is remarkable and inexplicable. It is a small slab of crystal, through which may be seen a sketch representing a skeleton surrounded by this legend:—"This unfortunate editor was talked to death."

EPITOME OF NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A sudden and violent gale passed over the west and north of England on Tuesday morning. A large amount of damage was done at Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Hartlepool, and other places, by the fall of chimneys and the roofs of buildings, and in several cases life was lost. The storm appears generally to have been unattended with rain.

Lord Overstone has sent a donation of £100 to the Council of the Charitable Organization Society.

The Earl of Kimberley has presented the Rev. Wodehouse Currie to the rectory of Hingham, Norfolk. The living is worth about £1,000 per annum.

In the last eleven months the value of gutta percha imported was £387,587, which was an increase on the preceding year.

Marguerite Diblanc, who was convicted of the manslaughter of Madame Riel, in Park-lane, London, has just died in prison.

A new hall, erected at a cost of £25,000, and intended for the performance of high-class musical works was opened on Monday at Sheffield, with some ceremony.

A Reuter's telegram from New York announces the death of Mr. Nelson, member of the Joint Commission for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

A cotton ship from New Orleans has taken fire while unloading at Havre, and a large portion of her cargo was destroyed.

Universal suffrage is being discussed in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on a proposition by Signor Cairoli. The principle has an important condition attached to it however—ability of the elector to read and write.

A petition was presented on Monday in Committee of the French Assembly, signed by 120,000 people, demanding the restoration of Henry V.

The manager of the London and County Bank, Newington Butts, London, acknowledges a contribution of £1,000 to the Orphans' Home, West-square.

Prince Soutzo, who killed M. Ghika in a duel, having returned to Paris, has put himself in communication with the police stating that he is willing to appear at the Court of Assize whenever required.

The managers of the Edinburgh Infirmary have resolved, by a majority of eight to six, to refuse to admit lady medical students at the same time as male students to the operating theatre in the infirmary.

Artisans and labourers continue to arrive at Liverpool from America and Canada at the rate of a thousand a week, and, according to present appearances, the movement will continue until the spring.—*The Standard.*

The South Shields Chamber of Commerce has resolved to convene a special meeting of shipowners and others, to adopt measures for obtaining an improved system of surveying vessels by the Board of Trade surveyors.

A telegraph messenger boy got his despatches mixed the other day, and handed a jockey a telegram which read, "Can you supply our pulpit next Sunday?" And to a well-known clergyman a despatch which read, "The race is postponed till Monday. Can't you come down and spend Sunday."

On Tuesday a case of raw meat, preserved in Buenos Ayres in April last, by a new process, was opened at the warehouse of Messrs. Culverwell, Brooks and Cotton, St. Mary-axe, London. The meat was found to be perfectly fresh. It is stated that it could be sold in England at 6d. a pound, leaving a fair profit.

All the houses in Paris that recent events left in an unfinished state are now completed, the owners having been compelled to do so. The next step is to find tenants. Not a house is being run up anywhere on speculation, as plenty are to be had cheap. Prince Murat's hotel, which cost half-a-million of francs to erect, has been sold for one-half that sum, and with difficulty.

Natal is threatened with a Kaffir war, arising out of the refusal of a chief to register his arms. A party of Carabineers sent out to compel him fell into an ambuscade, and three of them were killed. The chief, Langalibalele, escaped, and it is feared he will make his way to Basutoland, where his presence might be dangerous.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* reports that the arrivals of whaling vessels up to the middle of November, has been very large. About 40 vessels are engaged in the North Pacific, and some 15 or 20 of these will rendezvous at San Francisco. Thirteen vessels had arrived to date, with 9,550 barrels of oil, 100,900lb. bone, and 10,250lb. of ivory. The average take was 800 barrels of oil, 8,000lb. bone and 800lb. ivory.

There appears to be a strong probability that the efforts of the engineers' committee to obtain an advance of wages in certain of the shops will, at least for the present, result in comparative failure. Amongst the reasons assigned for this state of affairs is the want of support given to the movement by the Counil of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society, the only body that has sufficient funds at command to uphold a strike.

A country fellow entered one of the New York banks, and, walking up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am, I want you to take a fair look at me." Without a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer reappeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk, threw down a draft payable *three days after sight*. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times, I want the money for it."

Mrs. Phillips, a widow of independent means, residing at Southport, was the plaintiff at the Liverpool Assizes in an action against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and sought compensation for injuries sustained during a collision on defendants' line near Pendleton on the 17th of December last, when the plaintiff was, with one of her daughters, travelling from Southport to Manchester. Since the accident the plaintiff, who had before enjoyed good health, has been confined to her bed, and incurred upwards of £424 in medical expenses. There was some fear of paralysis. —The Jury found for the plaintiff—Damages £1,600.

A New York paper says that a gentleman of that city recently addressed a letter to "Her Majesty Queen Victoria, London, England," asking for her autograph. He received the following reply:—"Sir Thomas Biddulph begs to return the enclosed photograph to Mr. ——, and to inform him in reply to his circular that the Queen's autograph is never given away.—Buckingham Palace, London, 27th October, 1873"

The *Army and Navy Gazette* states that the Queen has, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, allotted to Lady M'Clure a pension of £100 per annum from the Civil List. The late Vice-Admiral Sir R. M'Clure died intestate, consequently the widow only became entitled to one-third the property which was sworn under £5,000. Lady M'Clure cannot obtain the ordinary widow's pension, owing to the regulations of the service, which prevent her from claiming it.

Mr. Brady, inspector of fisheries, 6, Percy-place, Dublin, says that in reply to his former appeal on behalf of the three widows and eleven orphans of the three poor fishermen drowned off Arran islands while hauling their fishing lines on the 22nd ult, he had received £40. He asks, "What is that among 14 people?" and he makes a further earnest appeal for such a sum of money as will enable the widows to be placed in some position to earn a livelihood for themselves and their orphans until the latter are able to support themselves by their own labour.

According to a Vienna journal German cigars are even worse than the bad ones sold in this country. All sorts of solid substance may be found rolled up in the leaf of the fragrant weed. The writer states that within his own observations the following have been found:—Bristles, hair, wood, bits of linen and of leather, needles, shirt buttons, and teeth. These substances glowing in the smoker's cigar must astonish him. Through the middle of one a goose's feather was drawn from point to end. In another was a cord, and in a third a match.

Sunday (the 14th) having been the twelfth anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, paid the annual visit to the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by Dean Stanley, read the service, and the choirs of the Chapel Royal and of St. George's chanted the hymns. The service concluded with the anthem "Blessed are the dead that died in the Lord."

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the United Kingdom Alliance will have a new kind of Permissive Bill henceforth to quote in their precedents from foreign legislation. Hesse Darmstadt has resolved to set the trade in wine henceforth entirely free. For ten years to come wine merchants and innkeepers are to pay at the rate of two-thirds of the present direct tax levied on their licenses; after which it is intended that this should entirely cease. In all other respects from the 1st of January next the wine trade throughout the Grand Duchy is to be precisely on the same footing as the trade in bread and meat. The present system of police visitation and inspection of wine cellars with a view to inland revenue taxation, and all duties on making, bottling, and exporting, are to be absolutely abolished from the end of the current month."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

In the eleven months ended the 30th ult. the value of cocoa imported was £581,917, and last year £455,054.

The wardrobe of a fashionable New York poodle usually costs over £3.

Foreign bacon is largely consumed. This year the value as declared imported was £5,014,757, and last year was £3,500,276.

The Prince of Wales has most kindly sent twenty pheasants, twenty partridges, and ten hares for the use of the patients of the Westminster Hospital.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope say that Commodore Commerell is steadily improving in health, and is able to take boating exercise in Simon's Bay.

A large golden eagle, measuring eight feet across the span of the wings, has been captured alive in the south of Berwickshire. It was taken in a vermin trap, having been caught by one of the toes.

The consumption of foreign butter increases. In the eleven months ended the 30th ult. the declared value imported was £6,261,582, against £5,610,613 in the preceding year.

Between Saturday night and Sunday morning the jewellery establishment of Mrs. Gilbert, High-street, Belfast, was entered, and watches and jewellery to the value of £2,000 carried off.

Out of a crew of three-and-twenty on board the steamer *Becklow* of Newcastle, which foundered off the small island of Oliveira, near Port Lago, only one man has been saved.

It is currently reported that fourteen young Arabs are about to enter the University of Naples, being sent by the viceroy for the purpose of studying jurisprudence.

Professor Owen has just discovered in the London clay at Sheppey a new fossil bird with teeth somewhat resembling those in the Australian hooded lizard. He concludes it to have been web-footed and a fish-eater. No evidence of true teeth had previously been known in any bird.

An official trade statement received from Philadelphia estimates the production of Bessemer steel in the United States this year at about 140,000 tons. Next year it computed that the productive capacity of the Bessemer works of the United States will be carried to 222,000 tons.

Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., as one of the Lords of the Treasury, is busily employed with others in Dublin upon an inquiry into certain civil establishments. He is acting as president, and is likely to be detained some time over this work.

Dr. Woodford, the new Bishop of Ely, was consecrated on Sunday in Westminster Abbey. The prelates who took part in the ceremony were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Lincoln, Carlisle, Ripon, and Bishop MacDougall.

Sir R. Phillimore, sitting in Chambers in the Court of Admiralty, on Tuesday, ordered the sum of £7,050, which had been realised from the sale of the *Murillo*, to be paid over to the owners of the *Northfleet*, thus terminating the litigation.

At the Liverpool Winter Assizes Thomas Corrigan was found guilty of the murder of his mother in Liverpool on the 1st November, under very atrocious circumstances. He was sentenced to death.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster have subscribed a hundred guineas in aid of the establishment of the National Training School for Cookery.

They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look for the victim, they found a man standing by the cropse trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.

If St. Petersburg is to be more than brilliantly illuminated on the night of the marriage of the Princess Marie and the Duke of Edinburgh, London will endeavour to vie with that city; for, according to accounts, there will be a display extraordinary on that night in London.

Mr. Senior, the rearer of Devons, held his annual sale of fat stock at Broughton-house, Aylesbury, on Thursday, in last week. Fifty Devon oxen were sold. Some of them realized fancy prices. Two animals which had taken prizes at the Birmingham and London shows fetched £71 each; the average was £40 13s. 6d. per head.

The Commission on the project of a submarine tunnel between France and England held a sitting last Saturday. Many delegates, engineers, &c., were present, and the meeting was unanimously of opinion that the establishment of a submarine railway between the two countries should be declared to be a matter of public utility.

"We are requested to state that many of the branches connected with the Amalgamated Engineers' Society in the London district support the wages movement—the men on strike having received from 7s. to 9s. per week, with 1s. a piece for each child. Forty shops also are now paying the minimum of 38s. in consequence of this agitation, which promises to spread widely in the east of the metropolis."—*Daily Telegraph.*

It is announced by the International Exhibition Commissioners that over a hundred stoves have been sent in to compete for the Society of Arts prizes. Special rooms are being built for testing them, and the experiments will very shortly commence.

The *Railway News* says that twelve of the largest claims upon the Government arising out of the purchase of the telegraphs have been submitted to arbitration. The latest parliamentary returns show that the sum paid for taking over the telegraphs was nearly £6,000,000. It is probable that when the whole of the claims are disposed of the cost to the country will not be far short of £10,000,000 or £12,000,000.

In the American Congress the first practical result of the Cuban conflict is a vote of four million dollars towards the expense which has been incurred in the reorganisation of the navy. The vote entailed a general discussion of the policy of the Government with respect to the *Virginius*. It was in the main warmly approved.

On Friday evening a farmer named Cornish, occupying an estate near Crediton, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun under rather peculiar circumstances. Mr. Cornish was in the farm-yard, carrying a loaded and capped fowling piece, and by some mishap the barrel parted from the stock and fell to the ground, instantly exploding, it is supposed, in consequence of the capped nipple coming in contact with a stone. The charge entered the lower part of Mr. Cornish's body, mutilating it severely. Death was instantaneous.

A henpecked Aberdeen gentleman determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

The strike in the lace trade at Nottingham, by which 1,000 men and several thousands of women and children are out of work, has now reached its twentieth week. The funds of the men are exhausted, but the local trades generally have decided to support them until a settlement has been effected.

"There is a proposal to have a superior class carriage on railways to the first, which is not quite first enough for the 'better' class of travellers. If the directors would have padded carriages, similar to the padded rooms in which violent lunatics are kept, so that passengers would not be so likely to be hurt during the now necessary collisions, the innovation would pay well. The chance of escape would be worth a large sum to any traveller."—*Court Journal.*

A novel experiment is now on trial with regard to the artificial preservation of meat in the shape of the importation to this country from Canada of the carcase of an ox preserved entire in ice. The animal was killed two days before the departure of the steamer *Scandinavian*, and was shipped on board that vessel for Liverpool, at which port she has arrived, in excellent condition.

The Duke of Cambridge has approved of a very stringent regulation with a view to prevent any possible surreptitious revival of the purchase system in the army. In any case for the promotion, transfer, or restoration to full pay from half-pay, the officer concerned will have to sign a declaration on his honour as an officer and a gentleman that he will not pay or cause to be paid any money in respect of the promotion, transfer, or restoration, or recognise any such payment on the part of any other person.

The distress of the Chinese with regard to the audience given by the Emperor to the foreign representatives is ludicrously apparent from the accounts which continue to appear concerning the interview. At Kivei-fang foo it was told that the ambassadors were so paralysed at the augustness of His Imperial Majesty that not one of them could speak a word, and that most of them had to be [illegible] out in a fainting condition.

At a meeting of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, held at Leamington on Monday night, Mr. Arch defended himself and his movement from hostile newspaper criticism, and a resolution was passed approving of his conduct and investing him with discretionary powers to undertake whatever would conduce to the interests of the union.

A conference was held in Newcastle last Friday between the representatives of the Durham Miners' Association and the Durham Coalowners' Association. The principal question under discussion was the application for an advance of 20 per cent. upon the wages of all classes of colliery workmen. The views of the workmen were stated by Mr. Crawford, the miners' agent. At the conclusion the owners intimated, without replying to the arguments advanced, that they would take a little time to consider their reply to the application, and that they would give their decision in due course. But it is not at all probable that any concession will be made.

Since the commutation of his sentence Marshal Bazaine has written a letter to Marshal MacMahon, in which he says:—"You have remembered the time when we served our country side by side; but I fear that the kind feeling of your heart has prevailed over reasons of State. I should have died without regret, for the petition addressed to you by my judges for a commutation, avenges my honour." M. Lachaud has sent a letter to M. Thiers, thanking him according, when President of the Republic, the right to Marshal Bazaine to explain his conduct before judges. M. Lachaud, moreover, thanks M. Thiers for firmly believing in the innocence of the Marshal, and says that the future will prove he was not mistaken.

On Sunday last, at High Mass in all the Roman Catholic churches and chapels of the Metropolis the recent Encyclical Letter of His Holiness "upon the present persecution of the Catholic Church" was read, either partly or in *ex enso*, by the order of Archbishop Manning. By desire of Archbishop Manning the "faithful" were at the same time formally warned, in their several congregations, that those who dispute or deny that Definition of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff or impugn the decrees and dogmatical constitutions of the late Vatican Council incur the penalties attaching to the sin of heresy, and are in danger of being excommunicated from the Unity of the Church and from the Fold of Christ.

At the Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. George's, Southwark, on Sunday, Monsignor Capel preached at the High Mass upon the struggle at present going on between the Church and State in Germany and Switzerland, and generally upon the position amidst all these contests of the Roman Catholic Church. The Cathedral was crowded in every part. The right rev. preacher commenced by saying that he was not acting against the spirit of that which was going on in the diocese of Southwark by referring to the great persecution which was going on against the Church of God Almighty. In every pulpit, and in that pulpit, would be read the Encyclical Letter which had been published to the world of their Most Holy Lord Pius the Ninth, in which he, the Chief Pastor of the Church, thought it necessary boldly to assert what the truth was, and to declare what were these principles which were to guide this Church in struggling against the world.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

[Our limited space precludes us from giving more than the following condensed account.]

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST DAY.

Mr. Kenealy resumed his address on Monday morning by referring to the evidence given relative to any *Osprey* being in Melbourne Harbour in July, 1854. A considerable portion of the morning was occupied in a most tedious examination and comparison of the evidence given by the respective witnesses for the defence upon this point. In speaking of Bigg's evidence the learned counsel said that the men he saw on board the ship separate from the crew, and conversing together, could lead to no other inference than that they belonged to the *Bella*, and that they were consulting what steps they should take on their getting on shore at Melbourne. The subscription on shore, also spoken to by the same witness, further strengthened the supposition that it was for the men who were landed from the *Osprey*.

A Juryman: Did Biggs say that he saw the name on the vessel?

Mr. Kenealy: No. He said she was the *Osprey*, and that statement was not challenged by the prosecution. All the witnesses concur in proving that she was three-masted, but in what particular way the masts were furnished with yards and sails the jury, I should think, will not care much about, the main point being whether or not an *Osprey* was in 1854 in Melbourne Bay. He cared not whether she was seen in June, July, or August, 1854. So long as he showed them, as he confidently asserted his witnesses did, that an *Osprey* was there about that time, was all he cared about. Mr. Peter M. Russell, a merchant in New London-street, City, however, was under the impression that she had an *Osprey* figure-head, although the other witnesses described it as a "fiddle" and a "bullet" head. There can be no moral doubt that Mr Russell is practically right in his impression, because he bought the small Scotch *Osprey*, and that impressed the name on his memory. After twenty years it was likely some slight discrepancies would arise in the recollections of the witnesses on such small points. Adverting to the gold fever raging in Melbourne at the time——

A Juryman asked if it had not been proved that ships during that time returned to England.

Mr. Kenealy: Yes. But I care nothing for that. This man had been leading a wild and dissipated life in Rio, and after his sunstroke on board the *Osprey* he had made up his mind to pursue an entirely different and wild sort of life, and therefore I don't lay any stress on the fact, one way or the other, that ships were returning to England from Melbourne.

The Lord Chief Justice: What value do you put upon the existence of the gold fever? You have called witnesses to show that it existed at the time, and that there was great difficulty in getting crews to bring the vessels home. Of what value is the fact except to corroborate the defendant's statement that he could not get a passage home?

Mr. Kenealy: The way I use it is this. If my witnesses are mistaken on that point they might also be mistaken in their recollection of there being an *Osprey* at Melbourne. It only goes to the accuracy of their recollection. The witnesses who were called for the prosecution, and who said there was no gold fever, must be entirely in error. All the evidence combined to show that the vessel spoken of was the *Osprey*, and the ship described by the defendant. Having called your attention to the evidence offered for the defendant as to the *Osprey* and the gold fever in Melbourne, I will next call attention to the evidence that has been given on the part of the prosecution upon the subject of the *Osprey*, and I ask you to contrast one with the other, and unless I deceive myself, the evidence for the prosecution is as weak as it possibly can be as to the non-presence of the *Osprey* in Melbourne Bay. The defendant on his voyage home with Mr. Hodson, mentioned to him the *Osprey*; and although, after the defendant's arrival in this country, he made search for the *Themis* as the ship who rescued him, he had been unfairly and unjustly maligned, because it is quite certain that in 1866, long before he could have had an opportunity of communicating with anyone in England, he distinctly named the *Osprey* as the ship which saved him. It is not fair to the defendant, because he inquired for the *Themis* that he should be put down as a false and wicked man in supposing that the *Themis* rescued him, and not the *Osprey*. There is a real evidence on the part of the defendant, but on the part of the prosecution there has been nothing but purely speculative evidence, and that the weight of the evidence for the defendant as to the *Osprey* is absolutely overwhelming. It is unresisting, and it carries us onward like a mountain torrent, and we are swept away with it. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the evidence for the prosecution is absolutely worthless, whereas the evidence for the defendant is as strong as any that has ever been brought into a court of justice that the *Osprey* was at Melbourne in the middle of 1854. Reference will no doubt be made to the fact that none of the crew of the *Bella* have made application at home, but if they went to the diggings some perhaps perished there, and others made money and formed new associations. That accounts for their conduct, and the objections, the learned counsel said, "crumble away like snow before the sunlight." This delusion about the *Osprey*, as presented by the prosecution, is as great as any other. This leads me to Lule, and I will refer to him now once and for all; and as the man will have to be tried I do not wish to say anything that may prejudice him. If there is anything clear about the matter it is that up to the very last moment the advisers of the defendant had misplaced their faith in him. It may reflect on their judgment that the course of conduct pursued by me and those more immediately connected with the defendant did not give him up until the last moment. I challenged the production of the evidence that was subsequently given. We had that faith in him that we challenged inquiry into his life by my motion for contempt of court against Mr. Pollard. I should not have done it if I had had any suspicion that the man had deceived us. We never suspected that there was anything in that man's former career to lead to such a conclusion as that which occurred the other day. It appears that the prosecution have found all that has been said of Lule to be true; and is it not an astounding thing that a man of that class—who must have known that the eyes of the country were upon him—should have allowed himself to be photographed and exhibited in shop windows? Such conduct disarmed suspicion. He remained in the country and came daily to the court.

Mr. Justice Lush: He showed an amount of audacity almost unparalleled.

A Juryman: He never heard of rebutting evidence.

Mr. Justice Lush: No.

Mr. Kenealy: The most astounding thing is that he should have remained in this country for it. He was on his parole for three weeks, and Mr. Whalley had such confidence in him that he became his bail for £250, and when released he made no attempt to escape as one would have thought a self-conscious guilty man would have done.

The Lord Chief Justice: Mr. Whalley was bail for one night. Mr. Whalley afterwards declined to become bail without a second, and he was told he need be under no apprehension, for unless two were forthcoming Lule would not be let out of custody.

Mr. Kenealy: We thought Lule was reliable, and not a man who had led a life of deceitfulness for years.

A Juryman: Mr. Whalley went to America. Lule was not known there.

Mr. Kenealy complained that Mr. Whalley was not cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins, and it was under the impression that he would be cross-examined so few questions were asked of him in examination-in-chief.

The Lord Chief Justice: I suppose he was not cross-examined because you did not examine him on the point.

Mr. Justice Lush: If he had discovered anything in America to verify or confirm the statements of Lule you could have elicited such evidence, but you asked no such question, to my great surprise.

The Lord Chief Justice: I never was more surprised in my life when Mr. Whalley got into the witness-box and was allowed to go out again without being asked anything upon the subject. The inference I drew was that he had found nothing in America to confirm Lule's evidence.

Mr. Kenealy said he had elicited the fact that Mr. Whalley had made a report upon his return, and he thought the other side would have asked him about it.

A Juror: You ought to have asked him. It was for you to show by whom Lule had been "coached." It is clear he must have been "coached" by some one.

Mr. Kenealy: I wish I could discover by whom.

The Foreman: Was no suspicion raised in your mind when Lule said that the defendant recognised him?

Mr. Kenealy: It was not in answer to any question of mine. I don't like to say any more about it.

A Juryman: The least said about it the better.

Mr. Kenealy: You cannot suppose that Mr. Whalley was a party to any conspiracy to produce false evidence. He went on to say that he had to the last cherished the belief that the evidence against Lule was owing to a mistake in identity, as he wore such a long beard, though the evidence was that he was only out of gaol at the end of March. His evidence, he said, had done vital injury to the defendant's cause. He had doubtless produced an impression that he was bribed and drilled by some persons in the interest of the defence; but, being in a destitute and abandoned condition, he might have thought that if he could frame a probable and plausible story, he would be welcome to the defence; and he could easily by the reports of the trials, have acquired enough information to deceive them. Thus it was, he suggested, that he had brought into the presence of the defendant such an amount of information as to deceive any one. He was armed at all points and had an answer to every inquiry. Such answers might well have deceived and baffled any one. The persons who then took his evidence were not well acquainted with the case, the defendant having changed his attorney so often. Therefore, his then attorney was very ill-acquainted with the details of the case and very liable to be deceived. It had been suggested, indeed, by the Judges that his client must have known who picked him up. But then if he was delirious during the whole of the passage

The Lord Chief Justice: That is not what he said. That was Lule's account, indeed; and there was no part of it in which I was more struck with its hopeless discrepancy with the account of the defendant. For the defendant did not say that he was not in his perfect senses when he reached Melbourne.

Mr. Kenealy: The evidence does not convey the impression to my mind that he recovered his senses whilst he was on board the *Osprey*.

The Lord Chief Justice: That is my impression. I shall submit it to the jury, and read the evidence fully upon the point.

Mr. Justice Lush: Lule says that the defendant recognised him as soon as he saw him.

Mr. Kenealy: That is what Lule swears.

The Lord Chief Justice: And allowed to swear it without contradiction.

Mr. Kenealy: Is the defendant to be always starting contradicting or corroborating everything that is said

The Lord Chief Justice: No; but Lule's statement was received without any check.

Mr. Kenealy: All I can tell you with reference to Lule's recognition is, that it is his statement. You must apply your own judgment to the whole of the evidence. There is a legal and well-founded principle—"faults in one, faults in all"—and I ask you to apply that to Lule's evidence. The defendant does extraordinary things, and which no man in possession of his senses would ever do. If his own statement be correct, he changed from an officer and a gentleman into a wild man, and the companion and associate of men of the lowest social sphere. If I for one moment believed that the defendant produced Lule knowing him to be the witness of untruth, I would throw up his case, and trample upon him and his case with scorn. I would have done in this case as I did in that of Captain Burke in the Clerkenwell explosion, have cast him on one side and have had nothing to do with him. If I thought I had been made a cat's-paw or a tool of by him, I would throw him up; but I take a charitable view of the case. I have been for a long time considering the sort of mind that exists in the defendant's brain, and certainly I have come to the conclusion that it is anything but clear and unclouded.

The Foreman: Lule says that the defendant recognised him the moment he went into the room.

Mr. Kenealy: I can say no more than that Lule's evidence is not to be believed. The learned counsel next commented on the wild and curious things defendant had done: above all others that he should have written to Mr. Richardson about the Wapping people.

A Juryman: How do you account for Captain Brown stating that in 1853 he saw Lule in Rio as the steward of the *Osprey*, and that he identified him again when he saw him in Mr. Harcourt's office?

Mr. Kenealy: As a case of mistaken identity.

The Lord Chief Justice: But there is no evidence of an *Osprey* at Rio in 1853 with a steward named Jean Lule.

Mr. Kenealy: It is twenty years since he saw Lule, and Lule will say anything.

Mr. Hawkins read Brown's evidence, wherein he stated that Lule was the man he saw on board the *Osprey* in Rio in 1853.

The Lord Chief Justice said there was a point in the case that required clearing up. Lule stated that he was led to believe that the pilot and part of the crew of the *Osprey* were in London, but that he was not permitted to see them. The question was, if the man was buoyed up by that statement to believe that they would be brought forward to corroborate him.

Mr. Kenealy: I don't recollect that part of the evidence, but I will look into it.

A Juryman: This case appears to be as bad as the case of the Fenians (alluding to the case in which Mr. Kenealy had thrown up his brief.)

Mr. Kenealy: If the defendant's case had been a fraud it could not have lasted six weeks. It has now been before the public six years without its collapsing as the incident of Lule has done. The learned counsel scouted the idea that the defendant was Arthur Orton, because instead of forty-eight witnesses coming forward from Wapping to denounce him, the whole of the district would have been in arms against him, and said:—I ask you to treat the defence as you treat the prosecution, and that you will not charge him with a guilty knowledge of the misconduct of Lule any more than you will the prosecution for what Miss Hales has sworn, and I also ask you to believe that the narrative of the *Osprey* is clear and consistent, and not invented for the purpose of this or the other trial. The defendant's statement has been consistent throughout. You may reproach us for our folly in having called Lule, but can any one entertain a reasonable doubt that the defendant was saved by the *Osprey*? Do not take an unfavourable or guilty view of the defendant's conduct in that matter on account of the evidence, considering that he is a man easily deceived, and deceiving himself in a variety of things. This is the first time he has had an opportunity of knowing the case brought against him by his family, and I hope that by your verdict I shall see in a few years this man restored to his ancient name and estates. If the captain of the *Osprey*, for some reason of his own which we cannot thoroughly understand, neglected to report his ship at Melbourne, the defendant ought not to be responsible for it.

The Lord Chief Justice: The defendant stated that he went with the captain to the custom-house when he reported the ship. He gave a circumstantial account of it.

Mr. Kenealy: There is no record of it, or if there is, the prosecution ought to have given some evidence of it.

The Court then again adjourned.

The further hearing of this case was resumed on Tuesday morning. The attendance in the Westminster Hall to witness the Claimant's arrival was very small, and since the committal of Lule for perjury, there has been a sensible diminution in the numbers who congregate in the hall, and in their enthusiasm for the Claimant.

Mr. Kenealy said: The theory of imposture which the prosecution presents before you would require a most extraordinary amount of credence to believe that it ever existed in the human mind. Roger Tichborne is put forward as a young English baronet of remarkable peculiarity, both of body and mind, and the defendant is put forward essentially different in all respects—a man of ignorant mind and low associations. Nothing could be more absurd in fiction, but it does not end there, because the absurdity and the impossibility of the thing is carried further by putting forward Bogle as an accomplice. When the Claimant came to England, fresh from the woods of Australia, he was immediately acknowledged by Lady Tichborne—a lady of fine refinement, of keen discrimination of character, and of great caution. Nothing could shake her faith, or raise a doubt in her mind. His brother officers have recognised him. He is tested in every conceivable way by all classes of society, and no trace of vulgarity is to be seen or discovered in his conduct. He resided for some time in the neighbourhood of Tichborne House, where he was visited by the gentry and others of the neighbourhood who recognised him. Roger was remarkable for the formation of his hips, and the defendant presents the same extraordinary peculiarity of narrowness at the hips; and it is also further remarkable that he has the same colour hair and eyes. Impostors have been able to deceive for some months—perhaps for a year; but there never was an instance of an impostor having been able to continue such for at least six years, after an inquiry had been set on foot. I can imagine a man like Arthur Orton soaring a little higher than his social status, and assuming to be a gentleman, but I cannot imagine his soaring so high, or his having such a daring flight of imagination as to pretend to be able to represent himself to be the heir to one of the oldest families in Europe, requiring the most extraordinary presumption, and a man of the highest talent, successfully to accomplish it even for an hour. Notwithstanding the hundreds of mistakes and blunders that the Claimant has made, and his setting public opinion at utter defiance, he has been recognised by numbers as the real Roger Tichborne. After referring to Perkin Warbeck and other impostors, the learned counsel said: I invite you, after a full consideration of the circumstances of this case, to say that you are irresistibly driven to the conclusion that the defendant is not an impostor. His caution in not accepting the evidence of Puckerston, who represented that he was saved from the *Bella*, showed he was not an imposter, and his remark in his letter to his mother in reference to it that "I have to be very careful because if I have one false witness I am ruined, and my friends will never forgive me," showed his love of truthfulness, and is in accordance with the character for truthfulness that was given by Major Frazer of Roger Tichborne. There is not an instance on record of the defendant having employed a detective. Lord Arundel has walked about Wapping with a detective, but the defendant has not so far degraded himself. All his actions were consistent, and were indications of truth and honesty. Everything that he has done will bear the light of day and strict examination. I also invite your attention to what must carry absolute conviction of identity to every one who had heard this case. The number of facts and things connected with the family history of the Tichbornes spoken to by the defendant could only have been known to the real Roger Tichborne, such as no imposter, no matter what amount of tuition he received, could have retained in his mind. After referring to many minor incidents in the case, the learned counsel directed attention to Roger's name being written in cipher in the Wagga-Wagga pocket-book contending that it was evidence that it was written, not by an imposter but by the real man, who at the time he wrote he wanted to conceal from general observation in the bush that the real man was amongst them; but why Arthur Orton should have written it no one has been able to suggest. I have not been able to discover if Rouse, like Puckerston, was planted upon the defendant, but he has behaved in this case as such a person would have behaved. Rouse has furnished the prosecution with a volume of private letters written to him by the defendant. He knew one of those persons, in whom the defendant at one time reposed the greatest confidence, confiding to him his secrets, and allowing him in his absence to open and peruse his letters. Rouse has gone over to the other side, and if there had been anything black in the defendant's conduct, could they doubt he would have been put into the box to divulge it? His absence is an invincible argument to show that the most trusted friend of the defendant, during the most important period of his life, when he came to England, knows of no misconduct on his part. I was most anxious to see him in the box, but the opportunity was not afforded, and I was unable to show if he left the defendant for good reasons or for the reverse, or from his having been bought over by the other side. I can see no innocent solution of Rouse's conduct, and I have said enough about him to rouse watchfulness and vigilance on your part. I am challenged to tell you why I did not call Mr. Holmes, and I think that his conduct fully justifies my not doing so. Mr. Holmes attended the court daily on a subpœna from the Crown, with all the papers, but he was under no legal or moral obligation to give to the Crown a list of documents and books belonging to the defendant, an act of treachery in doing so which alone prevented my calling him as a witness. Mr. Holmes neglecting to enter the claimant's case for trial in the lifetime of Lady Tichborne is another reason why I had not called him, and there are reasons why I have not called Mr. Leet. But why did not the Crown call him to corroborate Gosford, or to give evidence of misconduct on the part of the defendant whilst he was conducting his case, if any could be given. These are two men which more than any other men in the world could have stated whether the defendant was guilty of a single act as suggestive of fraud—Holmes and Rouse, and yet they had not been called. The only inference you can draw from it is that he has not been guilty of a single act that will not bear revelation in this court in connection with his claim. Such conduct on the part of the defendant would have relieved Mr. Holmes from a breach of professional confidence, and I return Mr. Hawkin's invitation with regard to Mr. Holmes, and I ask him to meet my argument in reference to Rouse and Holmes. I ask you with great deference, and with a powerful conviction on my mind that you will do so, to dismiss from your minds every suspicion and every presumption that any guilty act was ever done by the defendant in connection with Holmes and Rouse that is not supported by proof. The learned counsel protested against letters written by an attorney being put in and used against the defendant, and against the principle that letters written by an attorney could be used against his client. I have also to complain that a gentleman I was anxious to see in the box—Mr. Bowker—on account of the prominent part he has taken in the prosecution, has not been called. I don't mean to say there was any particular guilt in his showing photographs to the witnesses and conversing with them; but I should have thought for his own sake he would have been anxious to get into the witness-box and have refuted the charge that was made against him by the defendant. I should like to have known whether amongst the letters and documents of Sir James Tichborne, carefully treasured by his wife, there were not the journals and memoranda of Roger Tichborne, which was always insinuated, but never proved, came to the defendant's knowledge. I also want to know why Lord Arundel of Wardour confined himself to Wapping—whether it was because the air of the Queen's Bench was too delicate for his constitution; and Father Gonzago, both of whom could have said whether the defendant is Roger Tichborne or not. There is no account given why Joliveult, who was Roger's tutor, and lived in the same house with him in Paris for three years and a half was not called. Why also was not General Brunow called, and Father Humbert who prepared Roger Tichborne for his first communion? My reason for not calling Moore was the ill-feeling that existed between him and Roger, because Moore kept a diary and gave all particulars of Roger's movements, but that was no reason why the prosecution should not have called him, especially if he was prepared to disidentify the defendant as Roger Tichborne. If I had felt the inevitable necessity of doing so, I would have called him. Would he have turned the scale in my favour which my 200 witnesses left trembling in the balance? I think not, and therefore I felt that neither Moore nor Balgent would do it; and if the witnesses I have called do not convince you no other power will do it. I submit that I have proved and established, first, that the defendant is not Orton; and, secondly, that he is Roger Tichborne. There is a peculiarity attending this trial that does not usually attend trials of a criminal nature. It is a general rule of the English law that whilst a civil cause is pending the Crown will not suffer criminal proceedings to be instituted, and I say that the nonsuit in the Common Pleas was not an end of the civil cause, but that practically it is pending, and must eventually be tried. His hands are thereby tied, and he does not fight on equal terms.

The Lord Chief Justice: Then you should have applied for a postponement of the trial until such time as he had re-commenced his suit, and have brought it to trial.

Mr. Kenealy: It did not occur to the mind of the defendant's then legal adviser to do so. A man committed to take his trial by a judge, comes before the court under great disadvantages. The general impression is that an English judge can do no wrong, and when a man is committed by a judge he comes before the court under the extreme possible disadvantage, and I am sorry to say that you must not regard the committal of the defendant by the late Lord Chief Justice Bovill in the important light in which you would have been entitled to regard it if he had not violated that rule of law and practice that I hope will ever prevail in England.

Mr. Justice Lush: You are aware, Mr. Kenealy, that the power is given by a modern Act to Quarter Sessions and County Courts also?

Mr. Kenealy: Yes, it is given, but it is so rarely exercised.

The Lord Chief Justice: I have done it when I had reason to believe that perjury had been committed.

Mr. Kenealy: I don't say he has no right to do so, but it places a defendant in a disadvantage when on trial.

The Foreman: I can't imagine that the jury will in this case be prejudiced by it.

Mr. Kenealy: I always dread a committal by a judge. A committal by the ordinary tribunals has not the power over the mind that a committal by a judge has. The defendant is an exception to ordinary men, and therefore he should not be tried by the ordinary rules of justice. We pardon the eccentricities of men like Lord Byron—we palliate and excuse them, and do not judge them by the same rules we judge other men. If you judge the defendant by ordinary rules you will say he is Orton, but if you judge him apart from them you will say he is Roger Tichborne. It is said this man can't be a gentleman, because he acted as a butcher, but the same must be said of Lord Peterborough, and the Regent Orleans, that they were not gentlemen, because they acted as their own cooks; and Dean Swift, after conversing with the greatest wits of his day, used to repair to a low public-house, have a tankard of ale, smoke a pipe, and converse with the low people who frequented the house. There are also the more modern acts of the Marquis of Waterford, who was brought to his senses after fighting a duel with a cobbler. Counsel read copious extracts in support of his theory with regard to the defendant's state of mind. If he really meant to convey his own deliberate and well-matured thought—if you come to the conclusion that the defendant has said things that no human being can extenuate or palliate—I ask you to consider that the absurdity of his answers are not to be considered in their plain and natural sense.

The Lord Chief Justice: Is your argument that, because a person has manifested some eccentricities, some departure from the ordinary standard of human conduct, that when he comes into a court of justice and makes a statement of facts, he is not to be bound by the ordinary rules applicable to his case.

Mr. Kenealy: I don't go so far as that, but that his mind is so clouded that he is not to be held responsible for the absurdities he has committed.

Mr. Justice Lush: All your arguments are based upon the assumption that the defendant is Roger Tichborne. That is the question we are trying, and of course they go for nothing.

Mr. Kenealy: I can do no other.

Mr. Justice Lush: Your argument is that we are to believe him when he says he is Roger Tichborne, and reject all that goes to the contrary.

Mr. Kenealy then proceeded to argue that Roger's life in Paris, at Stonyhurst, and in the army was such as to give him the desire to shut it out of his mind as he advanced in life, to which would be attributed many of the inconsistencies of his statements, and said it was impossible to fathom the excess to which the mind would go from one point to another. The learned counsel next proceeded to comment on the defendant when he arrived in Australia plunging into a wild and lawless life.

The Lord Chief Justice said the facts did not bear out the assumption, because, from his own statement, he was peacefully occupied for nearly three years and a half as a herdsman.

Mr. Kenealy proceeded, and in reference to the question why, if the defendant was in such poverty in Australia, he did not draw a cheque upon Glyn's, said that it was a question of such absurdity that it answered itself. He could understand his preferring a life of poverty and freedom to the suffering he experienced at home in all the splendour that surrounded him. He would undertake to say that there was more misery expressed in the faces of the rich as they ride in their carriages in Hyde-park than was to be found in the faces of the same number of poor persons walking along the streets in the pursuit of their daily avocations. The learned counsel, in reviewing the reasons which, he argued, had actuated the defendant in not writing home, said that the jury were to assume that he was Roger Tichborne until he was shown not to be Arthur Orton.

The Lord Chief Justice said it was to be modified to this extent—that the jury must assume him to be Roger Tichborne until he was proved not to be so.

Mr. Kenealy said he was ready to accept that view. What the defendant had sworn was to be presumed to be true until the contrary was shown.

The Court then again adjourned.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Kenealy invited the jury to consider whether the prosecution was in all respects praiseworthy, and whether it was not founded upon the principle of "the longest purse wins."

A Juryman: Not the longest speech. (Laughter.)

Mr. Kenealy adverted to the difficulties under which the defendant was placed in defending himself, saying that from day to day he had been dependent upon the bounty of the public, not only for the conduct of his case, but for his very means of subsistence, and had been exposed to the injurious effects of broadside sheets, caricatures, and newspaper comments. Without imputing a charge of perjury or conspiracy to any one connected with the prosecution, there could be no doubt, he said, that a great number of persons were united together with one object in view that was not favourable to the defendant. Next asserting that it had been positively proved that an *Osprey* was at Melbourne in June or July, 1854, and was in some way or other connected with a shipwrecked crew, he complained that the prosecution had not, as they ought to have done, taken every measure to trace out that ship and ascertain whether she had passed over that track which the defendant had described. Having reiterated that he still adhered to the opinion that the late Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was rather hasty at the civil trial in directing the defendant to be prosecuted, he said he thought the judge adopted that course in a way that seemed to be more in the interest of one party than the other, because, at the same time, in fairness he ought to have directed Mrs. Pittendreigh to be prosecuted for the forgeries which were discovered on that occasion.

Mr. Justice Mellor: The Lord Chief Justice had no jurisdiction to direct such a prosecution.

Mr. Kenealy: But what I complain of is that unfortunately, while ordering the prosecution of the defendant, he did not intimate to the Crown that they ought also to institute a prosecution against Mrs. Pittendreigh. He had been taunted with not calling Mr. Baigent, and he asked why the Crown did not call that woman, so that the jury might learn the secret history of these forgeries.

Mr. Justice Mellor: There is no issue in this indictment upon which she could have been called.

Mr Kenealy thought that as the prosecution represented the Sovereign of this mighty empire, the fountain of all justice and truth, they should have been anxious to remove all grounds for imputations upon so serious a matter.

Mr. Justice Mellor: But the Sovereign is bound by rules of law, and cannot act despotically in trials.

Mr. Kenealy: There is no rule of law which would have prevented the prosecution simply putting Mrs Pittendreigh in the box, and leaving her to be cross-examined.

The Lord Chief Justice: What an extraordinary farce that would have been!

Mr. Justice Lush: And a waste of time.

Mr. Justice Mellor: We should not have allowed it to be done if Mr. Hawkins had attempted it.

After some further discussion,

A Juryman said he thought Mr. Kenealy had disposed of the subject long ago.

The Lord Chief Justice added that the learned counsel had certainly harped upon it for a long time.

Mr. Kenealy said he had not referred to it in the sense in which he now spoke.

The Lord Chief Justice: How does it affect the issue?

Mr. Kenealy: In this way, that the fact of the judge not suggesting Mrs. Pittendreigh should be prosecuted weakens the force of his committal of the defendant.

The Lord Chief Justice: The jury have already told you that the committal by the judge has not the slightest effect upon their minds. If the offence alleged against the defendant is proved, it is proved; if it is not, it will not be eked out by the committal by the judge.

The Foreman: It is useless, Mr. Kenealy, for us to express an opinion, because you won't take it.

Mr. Kenealy was sure the jury would not express an opinion upon the case until the proper time arrived. Probably when he first rose to address them they were entirely adverse to the defendant, but he hoped they had brought them to a different opinion by the evidence he had adduced and the comments he had made upon it.

The Foreman said they would never be tired of hearing arguments upon material points. (A laugh.)

Mr. Kenealy then complained that two offers he made to the Crown, which would have tended materially to elucidate the truth, had not been accepted by the Crown—viz. that the size of the defendant's foot should be accurately ascertained, and that he should be examined with regard to the alleged peculiarity of formation, matters of the greatest importance as to his identity. He commented on the repeated insinuation of conspiracy to palm a false man upon the public as Roger Tichborne, which had been made against Lord Rivers, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Whalley, Miss Braine, Father Gay, Mr. Bulpett, Mr. Stubbs, and Mr. Spofforth, and said that there was not a shadow of foundation for it, or for imputing to them anything but what was right and honourable. Equally unjustifiable was the charge that Carter and McCann were suborned witnesses. There was one other point which he was not in a position to answer, unless the jury looked upon the defendant as having really and absolutely forgotten the fact, viz. the visit to Lloyd's. One of the assignments of perjury was based upon his denial of having ever been there; but although Lloyd's was known to all business men, yet it was not likely to be known to an officer of Dragoons who had been out of the country for years, and it was absolutely incredible that he would have denied having been there if he had not quite forgotten the place and visit.

A Juryman: The motive of his visit is very patent.

Mr. Kenealy: No doubt to see whether he could get corroborative evidence as to the *Osprey*, *Bella* or *Kent*.

The Lord Chief Justice: I think the matter was put in this way—that he went to Lloyd's to see if an *Osprey* had gone to Melbourne, and not finding an *Osprey*, except one which would not do, he then adopted the *Themis*, and in order that it should not be known what the result of his search was, he denied having been at Lloyd's.

A Juryman: Yes.

Mr. Kenealy: That is not the way I understand it: but I suppose your lordship's view must be correct. But, then, long before that he had spoken of the *Osprey*, which ought to disarm suspicion. It was a *bona fide* search, and there was no reason for his concealing it. His visit to Liverpool in search of the *Themis* was no indication of guilt, and when he wrote that "beyond all doubt it was the *Themis* that picked us up," it showed that he had been under a delusion in believing that it was the *Osprey*. He did all that an honest man would do to discover the ship that rescued him, and there was nothing wrong or underhanded in what he had said or done in endeavouring to ascertain the ship which saved him. You have to try three substantial issues only, and I intend to take them in the following order—First, is the defendant Orton? secondly, is he Roger Tichborne? and thirdly, did Roger seduce Miss Doughty? I think if I have not already convinced you by my evidence, that the observations I am about to offer as to Arthur Orton will satisfy you there is not a pretension for that assertion. Whoever he is he cannot be Arthur Orton, and that you never can find him to be Arthur Orton I feel convinced will be the result of your verdict. I shall deal as briefly as I can with the evidence that has been called to show he is not Roger Tichborne. I shall contrast it with the evidence I have called to show that he is Tichborne, and I confidently claim your verdict on that issue likewise. And having proved, as I hope I shall, that he is not Arthur Orton, and most conclusively that he is Roger Tichborne, I shall then direct my attention to the third issue. Having established the defendant to be Roger Tichborne, I think I shall be able to give you good and ample grounds for believing that Lady Radcliffe is not a credible witness when she denies her seduction. A number of witnesses have demonstrated the possibility of the seduction having taken place, and, having established in your minds that defendant is Tichborne, I shall ask you to believe that the probabilities and possibilities of his story are true in this respect, or you may be of opinion that the evidence is so conflicting that you can come to no conclusion on the point, and so rescue the character of Lady Radcliffe. I invite you to adopt the latter course. Having referred in no complimentary terms to Arthur Orton's personal appearance, and his mental qualities, the learned counsel said it was a physiological fact that persons who are stout in early youth become thin as years grow on them, and *vice versâ*. What has become of Arthur Orton? Is he alive or is he dead? He led a life likely to bring him to a premature end. It is singular that two of the brothers have disappeared—nothing having been heard of them since they left England probably to join Arthur and adopt his course of life in Australia.

The Lord Chief Justice said that Arthur Orton was last heard of in June, 1853.

Mr. Kenealy: His brother, Charles Orton, has been in court during the whole of this trial. He is one of Mr. Hawkin's party, and although he might have been able to tell them if Arthur was dead or alive, and when the family last heard of the other brothers, yet he was not called. Was he kept back from fear that it might be elicited from him that he had no moral doubt from circumstances that had come to his knowledge that Arthur was dead, or were they afraid of the remarkable physical differences between Charles Orton and the defendant? With the exception of George, who was called gentleman Orton, the whole of the family were described as "bullocky," and although Charles is slightly deformed, he by no means comes up to the description of "bullocky." Why have the sisters been kept out of the box?

The Foreman: Why did you not call them?

Mr. Kenealy: I will tell you by and by.

The Lord Chief Justice: I can understand why Mr. Hawkins did not call them. If he had he would have committed an act of folly, because they have been in your pay, and made affidavits in your favour. How could you expect the prosecution to put them into the box.

Mr. Kenealy: I should not have been surprised if they had.

The Lord Chief Justice: You can say what you like about that. I was surprised at your concluding your Wapping evidence without calling them. I was annoyed at your not doing so.

Mr. Justice Lush: And so was I, especially after one of your witnesses said that one of them very much resembled Arthur.

Mr. Kenealy: Well, gentlemen, if Charles Orton had been called he might have been able to have told you that Arthur Orton was dead.

The Lord Chief Justice: If Mr. Hawkins, knowing that Charles Orton could have given that information, had kept him back in consequence he would have covered himself with eternal disgrace. I don't think Mr. Hawkins capable of doing it.

Mr. Kenealy: I don't make any such charge against Mr. Hawkins, and when I complain of the prosecution I by no means mean it to apply personally to Mr. Hawkins.

The Lord Chief Justice: It is unfortunate that your argument necessarily involves it. The calling a witness or not rests entirely with the counsel who conducts the case.

Mr. Kenealy: It is impossible that counsel can know all the secret history of a case. An intimation might have been given that Charles Orton was a dangerous witness.

The Lord Chief Justice: He would then inquire why.

Mr. Kenealy: I meet the question, why don't I call the sisters, by asking what have we heard of the Orton family to induce me to believe they are eminently respectable witnesses. What possible reliance has the defendant in them, that he is to rest his case as it were upon their testimony? I say he has none, and am I to stake my case upon the chances of what they will say in the witness-box. Can I take no heed of the immense sums that have been paid to witnesses? Can I shut my eyes to the fact that any amount of gold is ready when particular witnesses are required.

The Lord Chief Justice: Such an imputation is utterly unjustifiable. Do you mean to say that the Treasury have paid the witnesses——

Mr. Kenealy: I mean to say with perfect boldness if my case is true that Donna Hiley and Mrs. M'Allister have sworn falsely.

The Lord Chief Justice: Received money to swear falsely.

Mr. Kenealy: For what they have sworn. Your lordships are always putting a wrong construction upon my words.

The Lord Chief Justice: When you say they have sworn falsely and have been paid for doing it, and that any amount of gold would have been forthcoming to obtain the evidence of other witnesses, what does it not mean but a charge of bribery against the public prosecutors?

Mr. Kenealy: I said witnesses of particular importance, and is it not true?

The Lord Chief Justice: No.

Mr. Kenealy: I thought it was, and I think the evidence justifies my coming to that conclusion.

The Lord Chief Justice: Nothing has transpired to prove that the Government were prepared with any amount of gold to pay for the evidence of other witnesses.

Mr. Kenealy: I made no such charge.

The Lord Chief Justice: It is very unfortunate that we are perpetually misunderstanding ourselves.

Mr. Kenealy: There are other persons engaged in the case beside the public prosecutor.

The Lord Chief Justice: Then I will change my phrase, and say you bring accusations for which you are not warranted, or justified, or excused by anything that has transpired in this court.

Mr. Kenealy: If my case is true there must have been false evidence given. If the person I represent is Roger Tichborne and others swear that he is Arthur Orton, I should be the greatest fool alive if I did not believe that the evidence was paid for. By whom I know not, nor is it necessary for me to discover; but there is not a man who thinks the defendant is Roger Tichborne who has come forward for nothing and has sworn that he is Arthur Orton.

The Lord Chief Justice: I never heard a more unjustifiable accusation.

Mr. Kenealy: I am sorry to have to repeat it, but I am proceeding on the assumption that my case is true, and that of the prosecution is not true.

Mr. Justice Lush: After the experience of the last ten days I have listened with astonishment to the charges you have brought against the other side and for which there is no ground.

The Lord Chief Justice: Is it not possible that if the verdict goes against your client that the witnesses for the prosecution may have been mistaken. That is a more charitable construction, and the only one I should have considered could be contended for for one moment.

Mr. Justice Mellor: I never before heard such charges upon such foundation.

Mr. Kenealy: Well I must leave the jury to decide between us. I have a hard task to perform in defending this man. I have something terrific opposed to me. Every day I have had to surmount obstacles that have never before been presented to any counsel. I must rely on your judgment, and I will endeavour to do my duty. Nothing shall impede me; nothing shall frighten me. I am of a race that knows no fear. The learned counsel was proceeding to state that the independence of the bar was being imperilled, when—

The Lord Chief Justice: I desire that you make no more observations of that kind. These are reflections on the court which are wholly unjustifiable and uncalled for. The independence of the bar is not involved. Many interruptions have taken place. No one upholds the independence of the bar more than we do (applause), but there is a very great difference between independence and license.

Mr. Kenealy: I will assert the independence, and not use license. When the independence of the bar ceases the liberties of Old England are gone. The independence of the bar is as important to every one of our rights as is the freedom of the press we hear so much about. How can I tell that money has not been paid to Mrs. Jury and Mrs. Tredgett? In referring to Miss Loader the learned counsel made use of the expression of her being the mistress of Arthur Orton, which called forth a unanimous expression of disapproval from the jury, whereupon Mr. Kenealy said he did not mean it in an immoral sense, and again protested against his expressions being misconstrued. He adds:—Why the defendant gave the sisters money, why he gave his likeness to them, why he went to Wapping, and why he felt an interest in that wretched family of Ortons, Heaven only knows; but I don't, and can't tell you. (Laughter.) That Roger Tichborne and Arthur Orton were in some way connected the evidence indisputably proves. That Arthur Orton knew that Roger Tichborne was coming to England to claim his ancestral estates you cannot doubt, and that he had a pull upon Roger Tichborne from which he could never escape, and was cognisant of vices and crimes which it would be very inconvenient for Roger Tichborne to have mentioned in England. If that be so, I can perfectly well understand Arthur Orton's saying to him, "I shall expect you to provide for my brother and sister"—the hush money for the secrecy—and this would account for the defendant's first going to Wapping on his return to this country. I should like to see a daguerreotype of the renowned Arthur Orton. No doubt there is one, and then we should be able to form a correct opinion of the man. I am entitled, in the absence of one, to say that you may presume there is one, but that it does not agree with the features of Arthur Orton as described by some of the Wapping witnesses. The learned counsel said the appearance and disappearance of Stephens and Jones led to the supposing that they were sent from America to watch the defendant, which would account for his visit to Wapping being so soon known. I have based my remarks upon the supposition that Arthur Orton is dead, but, assuming him to be alive, some mysterious influence might keep him back—some crimes which prevent his trusting himself within the meshes of the law. It may be that he is alive at this moment in the wilds of Australia, concealed under a false name and a disguise. We have no means of tracing out his whereabouts, and therefore we cannot call him. His writing to his sister, and assuming himself to be Stephens, was inconsistent with a fraudulent mind.

The Court then again adjourned.

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

Stretch of Privilege.—Daughter of the house (to a privileged old friend of the family): "Dear Mr. Lupus, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself. I should *so* like to have you waltz this once with me." —Privileged Old Friend: "My dear child, I don't dance; but, if suits you, I wouldn't mind sitting here with my arm round your waist, while the others are making themselves dizzy."—*Punch.*

A Healthy System.—The bodily routine of our daily life is the counterpart of the mental routine. A healthy man wakens in the morning with a flush of spirits and energy; his first meal confirms and reinforces the state. The mental powers and susceptibilities are then at their maximum; as the nutrition is used up in the system, they gradually fade; but may be renewed once and again by refreshment and brief remission of toil. Towards the end of the day lassitude sets in, and fades into the deep unconsciousness of healthy sleep.—*Mind and Body.* *By Professor Bain.*

The Best Substitute for Coal.—Warm weather.—*Punch.*

A Barbarous Murder.—A singular case of a most barbarous murder occurred the other day at the village of Cherrowlie, Talooka Haveillie (says the *Pooner Observer*). A Mahommedan went to the above village from one of the suburban districts of Poona to bring away his wife, who was with her family. Some words, it would appear, ensued between the husband and the brother-in-law, on which the former becoming incensed, drew from his person a garden knife, and slew, outright, his wife. He then inflicted severe injuries on the father (an old man), the sister and the brother of the deceased, more especially on the latter, who is in a most precarious state, his bowels being ripped open. The old man and his surviving daughter are likely to recover. They are all three now in the Civil Hospital. The murderer is in custody, and will shortly be brought to justice.

Fatal Boat Accident.—A fatal boat accident happened on Monday afternoon in Weymouth Bay, by which William George Baggs and Alice Baggs, brother and sister, aged respectively 16 and 20, met with their deaths. It appears that the deceased left a small fishing place called Ringstead to bring lobsters and prawns to Weymouth. They started on their return journey about three o'clock in the afternoon, their boat, about 14ft. or 16ft. long, having a jib and mainsail set. About half a mile from the harbour the boat capsized. Some men on the quay immediately manned a boat and proceeded to render assistance, but to no purpose. The young woman floated on the water, her dress having kept her up, but she was dead. The body of the brother had not been found at five o'clock.

Officers' Grievances. — Lieutenant De Bogeyns (of the Eleventy Half-a-Dozenth N.B. Bouncibles, ordered to the Gold Coast): "Plaguy nuisance, you kmow, major! 'Tisn't the swimmage one minds—enjoy that—it's the beastly climate. And what I do complain of is, that a wich countwy like ours can't ship this *blank* fellow—what's his name, Chickowy—and all his niggers over here in the autumn, and let us polish 'em off quietly on Salisbury Plain in the manœuvres!"—*Punch.*

An American Tragedy.—A shocking tragedy occurred at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, on the 20th ult. It appears that a lawsuit was being heard, in which P. B. Thompson, sen., was the principal on one side and Theo. Davies, sen., on the other, and each principal was attended during the trial by his sons fully armed. At the conclusion of the testimony a son of Thompson and a son of Davies moved towards the door. They were followed by all the others, and in a moment firing commenced. Many shots were fired, and Theodore Davies and his son "Lame" were killed, and Theodore Davies, jun., mortally wounded, and has since died. P. B. Thompson, sen., and his two sons were slightly wounded. Caldwell Davies escaped unhurt.

Scotch Loyalty.—At a meeting of the Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh, held on Monday night, it was resolved on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage to illuminate the Castle Hill and other prominent heights with "padellas," to have bonfires on Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs, and to illuminate the Council Chamber and other public offices. It was agreed to recommend all public bodies to light up their buildings. It was also determined that there should be a banquet for the people in the Corn Exchange, and that another should be arranged for a certain number of the citizens and the Councillors. The expense, it was estimated, would not exceed £500, and this sum was ordered to be spent in the rejoicings.

Disaster at Sea.—The bark *Venus*, Captain O'Brien, from New York for Antwerp, with a general cargo, put into Plymouth Sound on Monday afternoon, to repair damage. About midnight, when E.S.E. of the Lizard station, she was run into by a French or Italian brigantine, believed to be called the *Pauline*. Neither ship observed the other, it being very dark. They struck almost bow to bow, and the *Venus* had her port bulwarks smashed in, anchor stock broken, and head gear displaced. No serious damage was done, and, after remaining some time by each other, they proceeded on their journeys. The damage done to the brigantine is not known. The repairs will not detain the *Venus* in port above a few days.

A Kentucky Duel.—The *Frankfort* (Kentucky) *Yeoman* says:—"On the 12th of November, Montgomery Roach, of Lebanon-ridge, in the north-western part of this county, accidentally shot a dog belonging to his cousin, James Roach. Next day James Roach announced publicly that he intended to kill Montgomery on sight, and of this fact the latter was duly informed and, of course, prepared himself for the encounter. On the 14th the parties met, and had passed each other a short distance, when James turned on Montgomery, at the same time drawing his pistol and proceeding to cock it. Montgomery had in his hands a small shot gun, and, seeing the other's movement, was able to fire first, but without effect, and then started to run, James Roach pursuing and firing at him as he ran, one of the balls passing through the lappel of Montgomery's coat. While still running, Montgomery drew a pistol and, returning the shots, one of the balls struck James Roach near the centre of his breast, and after an hour or two produced death. Both parties fired all the shots they had—about six apiece."

Death of the Big Rhinoceros.—The London Zoological Gardens is in mourning for one of its hugest and oldest inhabitants. The great rhinoceros, which had been from its earliest days a conspicuous object in the elephant house, has at last succumbed to the scythe-bearer—or whoever the rhinoceral typical representative of death may be. For 24 years the creature had lived in comfortable quarters, and withstood the rigours of an English climate; for 24 years it had, day after day, partaken of its plain meals of hay and similar food, and day after day for 24 years it has thrust its snout as far as possible between the massive bars of its den, and opened its capacious jaws to receive the gratuities of its admiring visitors in the shape of buns and biscuits, oranges and apples, and other tit-bits. The rhinoceros is liable to sudden outbursts of violent temper, and the late lamented individual was no exception to this general failing of its race. Several years ago, in a furious attack on the rails of its den, it broke its jaw, and was for some time in rather a dangerous condition. It, however, survived the accident, and has safely passed through the vicissitudes of English weather, and it may be considered that twenty-four years is about the average length of life among the species of pachydermata. The hippopotamus has bred in the gardens, but no success has attended the attempt to breed the rhinoceros in captivity, their violent tempers rendering it dangerous for them to be temporarily housed together.

The Age of Parliament.—The present Parliament was begun at Westminster on the 10th of December, 1868; and, therefore, Tuesday completed its fifth year. Most of the Parliaments of the present reign came to a premature end through accidental circumstances. The Parliament sitting when Her Majesty came to the throne was, of course, dissolved as soon as conveniently might be, for a new general election under the new reign. The Parliament then elected, in 1837, was dissolved in 1841 in consequence of a vote of want of confidence in the Government being carried in the House of Commons. The Parliament elected in 1847 was dissolved in 1852; Lord Derby, on coming into power in that year, stating that he thought the country should have an opportunity of pronouncing judgment on the entire general policy of Lord J. Russell's Government and that the election must decide the great question of our commercial policy. The Parliament then elected in 1852 was dissolved in 1857, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's Ministry being in a minority in the House of Commons in a Division on the war in China. The Parliament elected in 1857 was dissolved in 1859, in consequence of the Derby Ministry being defeated in the House of Commons. The Parliament elected in 1865 was dissolved in 1868, Reform Acts having been passed, and it being judged proper that the reformed constituency should elect a new Parliament. It will be observed that two Parliaments of the present reign are not mentioned in the above enumeration — namely, that elected in 1841 and the Parliament elected in 1859. Those two Parliaments were not brought to a premature end by accident; and each of the two, besides a short autumnal Session at the beginning of their career, sat through six regular Sessions, or one more than the present Parliament has yet seen.

The London School Board.—Eleven persons were summoned at the Southwark police-court on Tuesday by the London School Board for neglecting and refusing to send their children to schools provided for them in the district.—Ellen Cronin, a widow, it was stated, allowed her boy, aged nine, to run about the streets instead of sending him to school. Miss Morris, one of the visitors, said she found the boy smoking a piece of old cigar in the streets, and when she rebuked him for not going to school he took up a quantity of mud and threw it at her. She, however, persisted in getting him to school, and she believed he had since attended regularly. The defendant said she had to go out to work early in the morning, and it was late when she returned home. She wished the boy to attend school. She was fined 1s. and 2s. costs, or three days' imprisonment.—Charles Smith was charged with omitting to send his two daughters, aged ten and eleven, to school. The defendant, a widower, said he was capable of giving instruction to his children. One of them he required at home, and when he returned from his work he taught her to read and write, and the other he sent to school. He thought that he gave them sufficient instruction. The Magistrate told him that it would be impossible for him to give proper instruction when he returned home from his work, giving his children instruction. Besides that, they must undergo some scholastic discipline. He fined him 3s. in each case with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

What Millionaires Smoke. — Golden Returns.—*Punch.*

A Desperate Ruffian. — The Court of Assizes of the Seine-Inférieure has just tried a man named Tocqueville, a shoemaker, thirty years of age, on a charge of robbery, arson, and double murder. The crimes were committed at Doudeville, near Yvetot, and the victims were an aged couple named Birot, who had been the benefactors of the prisoner, adopted him as their son, and had, by will, bequeathed him all their property. On the 15th of May last the accused forced an entrance by the back door of the house, between three and four o'clock in the morning, and having killed the old couple broken open the drawers and cupboards, and carried off all the money and valuables he could find. Then, in order to conceal his crime, he covered the bodies, the bedding, and the furniture with petroleum, and set fire to the premises. The house was entirely consumed, but the neighbours, who had hastened at the first alarm, got out the corpses before they were injured by the flames. The jury found Tocqueville guilty upon all the counts, but admitted extenuating circumstances. The court condemned him to hard labour for life.

Mr. Gladstone on Bishop Butler.—Mr. James Knowles sends to the *Spectator* the following extract from a letter written by the Premier to him:—"10, Downing-street, Whitehall, Nov. 9. . . . I have no formulated opinion for or against Evolution. Bishop Butler taught me, 45 years ago to suspend my judgment on things I knew I did not understand. Even with this aid I may often have been wrong, without him I think I should never have been right. And oh! that this age knew the treasure it possesses in him, and neglects.—Yours sincerely, W. E. Gladstone."

Shocking Double Murder in France.—The Court of Assizes at Tulle, department of the Corrèze, has just tried a man named Taurisson on various charges of robbery, outrage, and murder of two little girls, Marie Sustres, aged nine, and Margaret Conche, aged ten. The evidence produced disclosed some monstrous facts, which caused a profound sensation on the persons present. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Loud applause immediately broke out in the court, and the presiding judge had the greatest difficulty in restoring order. The prisoner, upon hearing his condemnation, broke into a furious rage; he struggled and yelled, and several gendarmes were necessary to overpower him and remove him from the dock. The execution is to take place at Tulle.

A Brave Girl.—An interesting ceremony took place on Monday at Plymouth, when the medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented by the Bishop of Exeter to Miss Reynolds. In August last she saved a young woman from drowning by swimming to her assistance. The presentation was made at a public meeting convened by the Mayor, Mr. Alfred Rooker. The Bishop, in handing the medal to the recipient, said that such nobleness as Miss Reynolds had shown deserved public recognition for the sake, not of the young lady herself, but of others; and those that were present felt that in presenting the medal they were doing honour to themselves rather than to her. The brave deed of a brave girl was but a momentary act, but in that one moment was shown the true character, and such deeds could only be done by those who had true nobility in them.

A Lesson in Alchemy.—A few days since (says an Indian paper) a police naik was murdered by a life convict at Baroda. The murdered man, it would appear, was silly enough to be deluded by the prisoner into the belief that he could instruct him in alchemy, and with a view to receive a lesson had accompanied him to the river side. Arrived here the convict taught him alchemy "with a vengeance," or, at all events, let him into the "great secret," for, seizing his guardian's sword, he shortened him by a head and decamped. He had not been traced when the information reached us.

The Street Traffic in Berlin.—A German traveller, writing of England in 1835, contrasted the deafening noise in London streets with the stillness of the city of Berlin, where the cries of children at play were the most obtrusive sounds which met the ear. All this is now changed; and it will soon be necessary, according to a German paper, to relieve the rapidly increasing traffic in the streets of Berlin by underground railways, for the police are almost unable to cope with the exigencies of the case. It is calculated that in Berlin, a city containing a population of 900,000, there is a daily circulation of no fewer than 19,800 horses employed in the conveyance of goods, and of 1,200 riding-horses, 3,650 droskies, 135 omnibuses, and 360 tramway omnibuses and carriages, which provide means of locomotion to the inhabitants of the capital, and of the 14,000 strangers who daily arrive at and start from seven railway stations in Berlin. Besides these, 1,200 carts and 2,200 trucks drawn by dogs pass through the gates of the city twice a day. The practice, alike condemned by humanity and expediency, of using dogs for purposes of draught will, it is said, speedily fall into disuse under the new police regulations just issued on account of the thronged condition of the thoroughfares in Berlin.

THE MARKETS.

MARK-LANE.—MONDAY.

Quietness has been the characteristic of the grain trade at Mark-lane to-day, business being confined within very moderate limits. The supply of English wheat offering has been small: nevertheless, there has been a want of animation in the demand, and the few sales that have been effected have been concluded at the rates previously current. The supply of foreign wheat has been less extensive. Transactions have been limited, at about late quotations. A moderate supply of barley has been on the stands. Fine malting produce has been steady in value, with a fair inquiry, but all the other descriptions have been dull of sale. Malt has sold on former terms. English oats have not been plentiful, and the supply of foreign has been less extensive. The trade has been quiet, and prices have been without change. Maize has not been purchased to any extent, and prices have ruled unaltered. Beans have been quiet at late rates. For peas the market has been quiet, but firm. In flour business has been restricted at last week's prices.

MARK-LANE.—WEDNESDAY.

Business at Mark-lane to-day has been very moderate. The supply of English wheat has been short, and the few sales concluded have been at the prices of Monday. The show of foreign wheat has been moderate. Transactions have been restricted, but values have been firm. The supply of barley has been moderate. Although quiet, the trade has been firm, on former terms. Malt has sold at late rates. The supply of oats has been short.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—MONDAY.

The great annual market was held to-day, at which there was a good supply of beasts, though less than last year, and the condition of a large portion was hardly satisfactory.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET.—MONDAY

The show of meat here to-day was moderately large. Trade remained very quiet, and prices underwent little or no variation:—Inferior beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.; middling ditto, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; prime large ditto, 4s. 10d. to 5s.; prime small ditto, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.; veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; inferior mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; middling ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; prime ditto, 5s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.; large pork, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; small ditto, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.

SEED.

London, Monday, Dec. 15.—The supply of new English red Cloverseed was moderate; fine qualities were held high, and there was an improved demand for the best samples of American, for which more money was paid. All white descriptions were as dull as foreign, were fully as dear, with little doing. Fine Trefoil was rather dearer, with more inquiry for the limited quantities available. White Mustardseed was purchased in very limited quantities, without any quotable change in price; the brown samples were tolerably firm, without any change in value, the leading makers being fairly stocked for the season. Fine English rapeseed sold in small quantities at full rates. Canaryseed realised as much money, with a steady sale. Spring tares are now being inquired for; several have arrived from France; quality good, prices yet scarcely fixed to quote accurately.

PROVISION.

London, Monday, Dec. 15.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 280 firkins Butter and 4,270 bales Bacon, and from foreign ports 29,508 packages Butter and 688 bales Bacon. There is next to nothing doing in the Irish Butter, foreign sells well, at prices generally about 2s. higher; best Dutch 130s. to 132s. There is little alteration to notice in the Bacon market; the best brands maintain late rates, but others are selling at low prices; the market closed steady.

PRICES.

Butter, per cwt.:	s.	s.	Cheese, per cwt.:	s.	s.
Dorset	146 to	150	Cheshire	64 to	78
Friesland	120	130	Dble. Glouc., new	68	76
Jersey	120	128	Cheddar	74	88
Eng. fresh, per doz.	16	18	American	54	70
Bacon, per cwt.:			Hams: York	90	116
Wiltshire, dried	60	70	Cumberland	100	116
Irish, green, f.o.b.	60	72	Irish	102	108

TALLOW.

London, Monday, Dec. 15. P.Y.C. is steady at 40s. 9d. per cwt. on the spot. Town Tallow is selling at 41s. net cash. Rough fats is worth 2s. per 8lbs.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Town Tallow, per cwt.	43	6	Rough Stuff, per cwt.	15	6
Rough Fat, per 8lbs.	2	0	Graves	19	0
Melted Stuff, per cwt.	30	6	Good Dregs	6	0

Yellow Russian, new .... 49s. 3d. per cwt.
Ditto Ditto old .... 49s. 3d.
Australian Mutton Tallow .... 47s. 3d.
Ditto Beef Ditto .... 45s. 3d.

HAY.

London, Saturday, Dec. 13.—A large supply of hay and straw has been on sale here to-day. Trade has been dull at the following rates:—Prime clover, 90s. to 96s.; inferior, 60s. to 70s. Prime hay, 75s. to 80s.; inferior, 50s. to 70s.; and Straw, 32s. to 40s. per load.

POTATOES.

The trade for potatoes is very dull, at a reduction of about 5s. on English and from 5s. to 10s. per ton on foreign descriptions. The supplies offering are rather large, but sound qualities are by no means plentiful:—Best regents, 115s. to 125s.; secondary and inferior ditto, 85s. to 105s.; rocks, 55s. to 65s.; best flukes, 130s. to 140s.; and other kinds, 90s. to 100s.

FISH.

Pickled herrings, 20s. to 28s.; red ditto, 15s. to 22s.; roused ditto, 12s. to 28s. per barrel; kipper ditto, 2s. 4d. to 4s.; bloaters, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 10d. per box; smoked haddock, 20s. to 30s. per barrel; trawl ditto, 15s. to 22s.; ditto plaice, 12s. to 20s.; ditto whiting, 12s. to 17s. 6d. per basket; soles, 1s. to 1s. 3d. per pair; turbot, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; brill, 1s. 3d. to 3s.; cod, 5s. to 8s.; lobsters, 1s. to 2s. each; native oysters, £10 10s.; common ditto, 15s. to £1 10s. per bushel.

THE ROTHWELL TIMES SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1873.

The Secret Marriage:

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Opposite the theatre the carriage suddenly stopped and a smartly dressed consequential personage appeared, hat in hand, at the door.

"I could not let you pass, madam," he said, with a profound bow, "without taking the liberty of assuring myself that you have suffered from the accident, of which one of my people was the innocent cause. I am grieved indeed that the raising of my flag in this ancient city should have been the cause of an accident to one of its brightest ornaments."

Eustace smiled in spite of himself, at the pomposity of the man's address; and he answered for his mother,—

"We are, I thank you, quite unhurt. It was no fault of your servant's, Mr. a—a"—

"Smith, sir; Cornelius Smith, of the western circuit."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I think the fault was as much mine as any one's; I was speaking earnestly to my mother, and I have my horses were doing what they pleased; I was not attending to them sufficiently when your flag flew up, and I paid the penalty, for they started off before I had time to check them."

"You are very kind, sir," replied the manager. "May I hope that you will honour us with your presence during our stay in Carlsford? I have a very fine company; there's Signor"——

"Say yes," whispered Mrs. Hartley, "and let us get home; we don't want to hear his whole advertisement. I know the man of old; he came once to ask my patronage, and I could not get rid of him."

"We shall be happy to come some night," said Eustace, aloud; "but we are in haste to get home. You can send some tickets for the first race night. Good morning."

Mrs. Hartley followed Dr. Browne's prescription, and retired to her room as soon as she arrived at home. Her son did likewise; but not as his mother had done, to rest; his mind was too busy, and hour after hour saw him pacing up and down his luxurious chamber, with a perplexed face, and an anxious heart.

"Is the end to come already?" he exclaimed, clenching his hand; "is what I have so long striven to avoid, to come upon me now, just as life and hope are newly opening to me? Well, be it so! what must be, must! I would have had peace, but since war is declared, it shall be war! war to the end if she so wills it!"

He joined his mother at a late dinner, which passed over almost in silence; both their minds were occupied,—the lady's with the thoughts of her late escape,—her son's—well, he was thinking of his future, of a future in which his mother's image had no share.

"Open the windows, Eustace," she said, when her son joined her in the pretty room they were in the habit of using when they were alone, "and let in the scent of the flowers; the air is insufferably close to-night."

He rose and did her bidding, throwing open the door-like French windows, and letting in the evening air, laden with the scent of countless blossoms. Mrs. Hartley drew a chair close to the curtains.

"How delicious!" she said; "but I fancy this stillness and weight in the air foretells a storm."

"We shall have it by and by," said her son; "those heavy clouds yonder are rising slowly but surely; that glorious moon won't ride long unchallenged. Ha! I thought not!" he exclaimed, after a pause, as a dark mass drifted suddenly across the sky, obscuring the flood of pale light in a moment, while a low moaning wind swept over the earth, with a melancholy sound. "Close the window, mother; you had better have the windows closed."

"Wait a little," she said, "it doesn't rain yet."

"It will in a moment; there's a flash of lightning!" he exclaimed, rising and laying his hand on the shutters.

"Not the shutters," said his mother, restraining him; "the window, if you will, for the rain is coming now; but I like to watch a thunder-storm, there's something so grand, so awful in its beauty, that——Ah! did you see there! there!" she shrieked, suddenly, as a flash streamed with blinding radiance into the room, and lit up the court outside with a flood of light; "there! by that tree! ha! ha!" and with a hysteric laugh, she sank back in her chair.

"Mother! what is it?" her son exclaimed, in alarm, but the rattling thunder drowned his voice, and she only saw the movement of his lips. "What is it?" he repeated, in the stillness that ensued; "what has alarmed you so?"

"I don't know," she gasped, but there, by the pink hawthorn, when the lightning flashed, I saw"—

"What?"

"A woman"

"A woman, mother! there!"

"Yes, a woman, looking straight this way, with eyes—O Eustace! such wicked, revengeful eyes!"

"My dear mother, your nerves are all unstrung; no one could get in there; you must have imagined it; you are mistaken."

"No," she said, and he felt her trembling all over; "I am not; I saw her as plainly as I see you. There! again! look, Eustace, I was not mistaken!"

Another flood of light swept over the landscape, and by it he saw, not three yards from the window at which they stood, a woman with white face, and glittering eyes, staring, as it seemed to him, right into the room. It was but a moment's glance, yet even while he looked the hands were thrown up, as if in fear or pain, and the form sank down to the earth in a shuddering heap.

"It has vanished!" shrieked Mrs. Hartley. "'Twas nothing human, Eustace!"

"Nay, my dear mother," her son said, soothingly, "do not let your terror get the better of your reason. I saw the woman,—for a woman it undoubtedly was; she fell, I think, to the ground, doubtless overcome by the storm; I will ring for the servants, and have her assisted."

"Do," she said, faintly; "and shut out this dreadful night."

He did so, but his mother noticed that his face was very pale, and his lips firmly set, as if with some inward emotion, and the hand which closed and barred the window shook with the glittering diamond on one of the fingers flashed and sparkled with thousands of radiant gleams; there was a slight tremor, too, in the voice with which he addressed the servant who entered.

"James," he said, "call Harris to stay with my mother, and come with me; there is a woman outside, who, I fear, is overpowered by the sudden tempest; she must be brought in at once, and cared for."

The man left the room hastily, and in a moment the lady's-maid entered, and Eustace followed the servants. They opened a window, and spoke to Mrs. Hartley and her son, and stood in the little garden upon which the windows opened, the rest of the servants crowding after them in a frightened group, conscious that something unusual was going on, though they did not understand what. The rain was still coming down in a dashing torrent, and the darkness could almost be felt, it was so oppressive, and for some anxious moments they could see nothing of what they sought.

At length a flash revealed the object of their search—the slight form of a woman, lying prone upon her face, on the soaked turf. Two of the men lifted her from the earth, and bore her in, in obedience to their master's orders, though they noted that his voice was harsh and husky, and that he never looked towards the senseless form, as it was carried past him. "Do all that is necessary," he said, addressing the housekeeper, who stood in the door-way of her room, her dignity somewhat ruffled at the idea of coming in contact with a pauper, as she imagined the stranger to be. "I hope it is nothing more than a swoon, but I must return to my mother, she is seriously alarmed."

The young girl, for so she seemed, she was so small and slight, was laid on a couch in the housekeeper's room, and all the appliances put in requisition for her recovery that could be thought of at the moment. Her face was very lovely in its pale beauty; the eyes which Mrs. Hartley had fancied so defiant, were closed and still, and the long hair hung in tangled masses from under a somewhat coquettish hat. Her dress was altogether that of a lady, in good taste, but not gay; and the boots and gloves were faultless in their shape and fit.

"Wonder who she is," said Harris, who, released from attendance on her mistress, was assisting, nothing loth, in the efforts to recover the strange guest.

"That's hard to tell," said the housekeeper, rubbing somewhat vehemently at the white forehead; "nobody particular I should think, to be sure, by about gentlemen's grounds at this time of night."

"But she's nicely dressed."

"Ay, so she may be! there's many a one flaunts it in silks and satins now-a-days, that isn't worthy to wipe an honest woman's shoes. I'm thinking she's one of that sort. Rub her hands, she's coming round, I think."

"I can't get these gloves off; they're sodden with the wet."

"Take these scissors, mind you don't hurt her."

The gloves were cut from the little hands, as white and delicate as any high-born dame's. Many a ring glittered upon the fingers, and Harris looked at them admiringly.

"She's not one of that sort," she said; "look here!"

She held up the left hand as she spoke; and there, with a diamond deep for its keeper, shone the link of love to a happy wife, the eternal sign of her bondage to a discontented one—a wedding ring.

"H'm!" said the housekeeper, "*that* don't count for much! I can't think any respectable wife would be out alone such a night as this. That's would be out alone such a night as this. would be out alone such a night as this. That's it; slip her dress down over her feet. There's nothing else very wet."

The soaked dress was taken off, and a dressing-gown of Mrs. Hartley's substituted for it. Something shining fell at Harris's feet as she raised the stranger's head to put it on; she picked it up with a startled exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asked one of servants in surprise.

"Nothing. I've scratched my hand," was the reply; but her face looked strangely agitated for so slight a cause.

"See, she's better now!"

The marble-looking face slowly regained its consciousness, and the eyelids quivered and opened.

"Are you better now?" asked Harris, gently.

"Hester!" she said faintly. "What is it? what has happened?"

She rubbed her forehead dreamily, as if trying to recall what had occurred.

"You fainted, I suppose, out in the garden in the storm," the housekeeper replied, stiffly; though what you were doing there passes my comprehension! "Do you remember how you got in there?"

"Ah! I remember now," she said, speaking with an effort, as if she were either trying to recollect the truth or invent some plausible story; "I came to—to see the house; yes, that was it, and the gate was open. I did not know I was trespassing: I saw them both; the lady and—her son?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper shortly; she had no belief in the girl's story. It seemed to her like invention, the whole of it.

"And your master?"

"And my master," she replied. "Perhaps it was to see him you came here."

"You are mistaken for once," the stranger replied with some bitterness, stung by the manner of her speech more than her words, "generally right, as I have no doubt you are. I did not come here to-night to see Mr. Eustace Hartley, (you see I know his name,) but to judge for myself of the beauty and grandeur of Earlscourt."

There was a strange gleam in her dark eyes as she spoke; and they began to fancy it was some maniac who had so suddenly appeared on their threshold.

"You chose a strange time for your visit."

"Perhaps; but I have only just arrived in Earlsford. My time in the city will be short. I might not have had another opportunity. I thank you for your kindness; I thank your master," with a strange emphasis on the word, "for this hour's shelter of his lordly roof. I am dried and refreshed. I need trouble your hospitality no further."

"You must not go," said Harris, "till I have spoken to my mistress; she would be very angry; besides, it rains still."

"The rain won't hurt me."

"And the road is dark; one of the men will go with you."

"I need no escort. I came alone, and can return in the same way."

"But the dark road is no proper place for a young woman by herself," interposed the housekeeper.

The sound of her voice roused the young girl's ire again.

"Proper place!" she exclaimed, standing erect and turning her flashing eyes on the speaker; "shall I tell you where I should be if I were in my proper place? Standing in a mansion as magnificent as this—its honoured mistress! Did I fill my 'proper place' your betters would be glad to serve me! Your pardon," she said, suddenly; "your words recalled wrongs that would be better forgotten perhaps, if forgetfulness were possible. Once more let me thank you for your kindness and go my way."

"She's mad!" whispered the old woman to Harris, "stark mad. I wish she was gone."

"So do I," was the answer,—"for more reasons than one," she added to herself.

"Keep your own counsel, Martha Harris, and this night's work may be worth something to you yet."

"Will you not tell us your name?" she said, as she assisted to replace the dress of the stranger.

"My name is Stella."

She stopped suddenly, as if at some unpleasant recollection.

"Is that all?" the housekeeper said; "most people have two names at least."

"I am not less favoured than the rest of the world, madam; I have two. My name is Stella Morton. Ha! my locket!" she suddenly exclaimed, putting her hand to her neck. "What——"

"It is here," said Harris, quietly, placing it in her hand.

She replaced it carefully in her bosom, and seized the hand of the lady's-maid. "Did you see?" she asked in a hoarse whisper. "Tell me whether you saw?"

But Harris was very busy about her dress, and apparently did not hear, and, looking up, Stella Morton saw the figure of the house standing in the door-way. "Harris," he said, "my mother wants you. I came to ascertain for myself how this stranger has fared."

"I am quite recovered, I thank you," she replied. "I am very sorry my foolish curiosity respecting Earlscourt should have led me into trespass in the first instance, and into causing so much alarm afterwards."

She looked steadily into his face as she spoke, and his eyes drooped, and his cheeks paled beneath the intensity of her gaze. "You are very welcome," he stammered, "to anything here. Any one would be welcome to a shelter from such a storm as has just passed over us."

"Thank you!" she said, in the fierce, bitter tone that had altered them before. "I am very grateful for the hospitality that would have been extended to any one. The mistress of this splendid home—there is a mistress, I presume—must be very happy?"

"There is a mistress—my mother."

"No wife?" she said, looking at him; "that's strange! A good wife is generally early sought by the master of a domain like this. Pardon me," she said, changing her tone, as she saw the servant's eyes bent upon her curiously; "I am an actress, and we make free-and-easy speeches sometimes."

"Don't you think she's mad, sir?" whispered Harris, in alarm.

Her words had no notice of her words, but replied, gravely looking the young girl full in the face, "A good wife is a blessing. Providence has hitherto denied me one which I am not likely to find." He spoke with a strange energy, and she quailed beneath his look. "Are you quite determined to leave no escort?" he asked, as she prepared to leave.

"There is no need; I prefer going alone; I thank you."

"As you will," he said, carelessly; but as she passed him he whispered a word or two into her ear. She replied by an assenting gesture, and stepped out into the night. He returned to the parlour, and told his mother she was gone.

"I am very glad," she said. "You will think me very selfish, Eustace; but I feel as if her presence here betokened some evil—as if she would work us mischief somehow. Did you hear who she was?"

"Yes; she is one of the actresses come to Earlsford for the races—came here to look at the house—found the garden-gate open—walked in—was caught by the storm,—that's the pith and marrow of the story, mother."

"Well, I hope no more of them will take a fancy to look at our house, I shall go to bed. I am terribly tired; and the fright has quite upset me."

She wished her son good night. Eustace sat and thought for some time—then rung for his valet, told him not to sit up, and then left the house.

NOTICE.

As the publisher frequently hears complaints of some difficulty being experienced in obtaining *The Rothwell Times*, he respectfully intimates that he will be happy to forward a copy every week, to any address, on Friday night, for post delivery on Saturday morning. Terms:—1s. 8d. per 13 weeks. Prepaid.—Post free.

In remembering the large mortality among little children, we insert the beautiful lines below, feeling they will strike a sympathising chord in the heart of many a mother, and trusting they will raise her thoughts to the place where "Baby lives to-day."

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow that is our fate—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day.

Voice, whose prattling infant lore
Was the music of our way,
Now is hush'd for evermore—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine, but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day!

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the golden play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!

Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a happier world than this—
Baby lives to-day!

—(From Poems by the late Wm. Leighton.)

ROTHWELL LOCAL BOARD MEETING.

A special meeting of the Rothwell Local Board of Health, was held on Monday last. Present:—J. Charlesworth, Esq. (Chairman) Messrs. W. Hargreaves, Dickenson, Sanderson, Bumby, Kendrew, and Webster; S. Hargreaves, Clerk.

The conversation was at once resumed on the very important question, of the best way to go about the drainage works, which, must shortly occupy their attention.—We refer our readers to the report of last Monday's meeting, when it was easily seen, that in order to secure distinct tenders for survey and levelling, such as would be of service, when the sewage scheme is undertaken, a very clear and well considered specification of requirements must be made out, so that there should be no misunderstanding hereafter.—This specification was now laid on the table, and after considerable, and at times desultory discussion, it was proposed by Mr. W. Hargreaves, seconded by Mr. Bumby.—that we advertise for tenders, to survey and level so much of the Township of Rothwell, as is marked on the Parish plan, specifications of which may be seen at the Board room.

An amendment, as to the extent of the boundary line to be surveyed,—to include the house of Mr. Brown, Spring-Head, and the Vicarage; was proposed by Mr. Kendrew, seconded by Mr. Sanderson. On the amendment and proposition being put, the votes were equal, and the Chairman gave his casting vote in favor of the original motion. It was agreed that tenders be received at the Board room, not later than the 5th January, 1874, and that the advertisement be inserted in the *Engineer, Yorkshire Post, and Wakefield Express.*

During the meeting, some doubt was expressed as to whether Mr. Calverley, would allow the Board to drain into the beck, which of course would be the easiest plan of getting rid of the sewage, but, as there are no water-closets in the village, it was thought likely that such a scheme could be carried out, without raising any reasonable cause for objection.

Should this plan be prevented, there seems to be two other ways of solving this very complex and difficult question:—that of irrigation, which would entail enormous expense, and that of providing several tanks in some field, into one of which, the drain would empty itself, then close that one up, and fill another, and after a short time, during which, the first tank would have lost the liquid and left only the residuum, use that sediment for tillage.

As this topic is not required to be decided at present, let us hope that some of our larger and more wealthy towns who are now experimenting on various plans, for the disposing of sewage, will have discovered the best way, and that we shall but have to adopt such scheme, when the works have to be carried out.

During the discussion on the extent which should be surveyed; Mr. W. Hargreaves threw out a very feasible plan for the drainage of Spibey Row, and the houses in that part of the Parish, which was to rent or buy some small field, into which the sewage should be carried, and make use of it as tillage. By cutting off these patches of land, and working them separately, they could do without taking it right down the lane into the main drain, and thus save a large amount of money.

Another branch of the conversation, as to the extent of the survey, brought forth the very reasonable assertion of Mr. Hargreaves, —that we could not expect people to pay rates for other peoples' benefit, and that if the Board laid a rate for main sewage on the Township of Rothwell, (which extends a little beyond Mr. Hargreaves' house, and did not drain the *whole* of the said Township including Wood Lane, and the houses on that hill, be presented in the name of those ratepayers among whom his house stands, against paying any main sewer rate.

Eventually the feeling of the Board was to narrow the boundary, as much as was compatible with necessary requirements and true economy; the limits being Oulton Lane, including Chatham House, to the mill on the other side; and across from Mrs. Nickols' house, in Wood Lane, to Prospect House.

Original Poetry.

UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE.

By Mrs. G. M. Tweddell.

Come, Mary, let us sit awhile
Under the hawthorn tree;
'Tis forty years to-day, dear wife,
Since thou wert wed to me.

This thorn was white with blossom then,
Ay, white as it is now;
But many a bitter storm it's stood,
And so have I and thou.

We've had our joys, and sorrows too,
Full many a time I ween;
And intervals of calm repose,
Here often seen between.

What joy our little baby brought
Into our cottage home!
His winning ways so won my heart,
I had no wish to roam.

Our days were happy then, dear wife,
And with what pleasure we
Have often watch'd our darling play,
Beneath this same old tree.

We knew no sorrow till he died,
But, oh! what sorrow then!
All earthly joys were fled from us,
To never come again.

We bore our grief together, wife,
As we had shared our joy:
He made us glad then left us sad,
Our pretty first-born boy.

Nay, do not weep, our babe is blest:
Then, why should we be sad?
The birds are merry overhead,
And we, too, should be glad.

Glad that our love is still as strong
As on our wedding day;
And that we still can wander forth
This pleasant month of May.

When earth is all so beautiful
With flowers and blossoms fair,
And nature's music floats, far and near,
With music, fill the air.

I thank my God for all His gifts,
And pray, when life is o'er;
We both may dwell with Him above,
In joy for evermore.

Stokesley, December 17th, 1873.

SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pike staff—as rough as a bear;
As light as a drum—as free as the air;
As lame as a lord—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as humble as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast:
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as shy as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle;
As scarce as hen's teeth—as common as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

EPITAPH ON DAVID BRITTAIN,

OF ROTHWELL, YORKSHIRE.

Here under the tombstone dear reader you sit on
Rest the remains of poor blind David Brittain,
Who never contrived in the days of his life
To screw up his courage and get him a wife.
Contented he was, still respect to his betters,
Was the regular postman and took out the letters;
A kind-hearted man too, 'twas a pity he died,
For being the bellman round the village he cried,
Another position he held still more higher
He played the church organ while sweet sung the choir,
A man full of wit, always merry and gay,
One day he grew sick and death snatched him away.

C. GIBSON.

PENANCE IN STOKESLEY CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.—from a history displaying much research, we extract as follows:—

"*January 2nd, 1708.—Penance enjoined to be done by James Beadnell, of the Parish of Stokesley, in the Diocese of York, Tailor.*

The said James Beadnell shall be present in the Parish Church of Stokesley aforesaid, upon Sunday being the fifth, twelfth, or nineteenth day of January instant, in the time of divine service, between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon of the same day, in the presence of the whole congregation then assembled, having his hands bare foot, and bare-legged, having a white sheet wrapped about him from the shoulders to the feet, and a white wand in his hand, where immediately after the reading of the Gospel, he shall stand upon some form or seat, before the pulpit or place where the minister readeth prayers, and say after him as follows:—

"Whereas, I, good people, forgetting my duty to Almighty God, have committed the detestable sin of Adultery with Ann Anderews, and thereby have provokedthe heavy wrath of God against me, to the great danger of my own soul, and example of others, I do earnestly repent and am heartily sorry for the same, desiring Almighty God, for the merits of Jesus Christ, to forgive me both this and all other my offences, and also ever hereafter so to assist me with His Holy Spirit, that I never fall into the like offence again; and for that end and purpose, I desire you all here present to pray with me, and pray for me, saying, Our Father, which art in heaven,' and so forth.—

From the "People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinity," by George Markham Tweddell, F.R.H.S., &c., now in course of publication.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

J. VARLEY, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

JEWELLER, &c., ROTHWELL.

All kinds of English and Foreign Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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WEST-RIDING MATCH WORKS,

ROTHWELL, NEAR LEEDS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MATCHES, VESUVIANS, & FLAMING FUSEES, &c.

J. C. DOBSON,

RENT AND DEBT COLLECTOR,

CHURCHFIELD HOUSE,

ROTHWELL.

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—8-23, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58, 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-2, 4-10, 8-35, 10-3.

BEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-18, 3-10, 6-15, 7-05.

CASTLEFORD FOR MET HLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-30, 11-47, 1-46, 5-35, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-50, 11-54, 5-14, 7-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-17, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-5-4, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 45.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate)—7-5, 8-8, 9-49, 10-17, 10-56, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 10-17. Saturdays, 9-9. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-48.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22, 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-38, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-58, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Saturdays, 5-0. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-08, 3-39, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-15, 9-54, 12-14, 4-0, 7-15. Saturdays, 7-15. Sundays, 10-24, 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-24, 7-50.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-3, 2-48, 6-24, 8-8. Saturdays, 5-0. Sundays, 9-20, 1-08, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

T. BARMBY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

No. 162, BRIGGATE, LEEDS,

Supplies the trade with all the WEEKLY and MONTHLY PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, &c.

NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, INKS GUMS, &c., &c.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

SACHETS, &c., &c.

SILK BOOK MARKS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

C. H. BRAITHWAITE PHOTOGRAPHER,

Near TOP OF BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

Photographs Colored or uncolored in various styles, from Carte Size to Life Size, Photographs copied and enlarged or reduced.

CHOICE of 500 OVERCOATS & REEFERS from 7/6, to 27/6, and Winter Clothing in endless variety, suitable for all ages, all climates, and al seasons, at the GUIDING STAR CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.

GEORGE LAWS, PROPRIETOR

A smart young man, the other day,
A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was beat,
He to friend Law's did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.

The Maiden saw but scarcely know,
Her Theme in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's still;
His Suit's did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try Law's Goods for Fit and Price.

STRONG CORD AND MOLE TROUSERS, from 2/6 to 8/6.

STRONG PILOT JACKETS, from 4/6 to 14/6.

BOYS' SUITS, from 5/11 to 15/6; YOUTHS' from 15/- to 25/-; MEN'S from 15/- to 45/-

First-class Material; Trousers, Short Jackets and Vests, from 2/-, and every other description of CLOTHING at Prices unprecedented.

Observe the Address:—

GEORGE LAWS,
40, KIRKGATE, LEEDS.

DYSON'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,

DYSON'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES from £2 10s.

DYSON'S LADIES' SILVER WATCHES from £2 10s.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's GOLD WATCHES from £4. Levers, from £5.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's SILVER LEVER WATCHES, £2 and £2 10s.

DYSON'S WORKMAN'S WATCH, £2 5s., Stout Silver Cases guaranteed.

DYSON'S Gentlemen's Silver Watches, £1 7s. and £1 10s. Every Watch Warranted.

DYSON'S SPLENDID STOCK OF WATCHES.

DYSON'S VALUABLE STOCK OF JEWELLERY.

DYSON'S LARGE STOCK of CLOCKS

DYSON, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

Every Description of English and Foreign Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery Cleaned and Repaired.

An efficient staff of first-class Workmen on the Premises. 26, Briggate (three doors below Boar Lane,) LEEDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE—Half-day Holiday. JOHN DYSON, Watchmaker and Jeweller Closes his Establishment every Wednesday at One o'clock.

WINTER!

1873-4.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WINTER CLOTHING

has been prepared by

J. PARKIN,

Manufacturer of first-class Clothing,

16, BOAR LANE, LEEDS

(Three Minutes' walk from principal Stations.)

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 5s. 6d. FOR LITTLE BOYS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 7s. 6d. FOR LITTLE BOYS.

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 10s. 6d. FOR YOUTHS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 15s. 6d. FOR YOUTHS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 17s. 6d. FOR WORKING MEN.

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 21s. NEWEST MATERIALS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 25s. NEWEST STYLES

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 30s. NEWEST COLORS.

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 35s. NEWEST BEAVERS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 38s. NEWEST WORSTEDS.

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 40s. NEWEST ELYSIANS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 42s. NEWEST MELTONS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 45s. NEWEST MOSCOWS

PARKIN'S Overcoats, 50s. NEWEST CHEVIOTS.

PARKIN'S CLOTHING EMPORIUM

16, BOAR LANE, LEEDS

Miners be wise, and put by for a rainy day!

THE Leeds Permanent Benefit Building Society, offers you every facility for saving and enabling you to obtain your own House, allowing 4½ per cent. on deposits.

A BRANCH is held every other Monday, at the ROTHWELL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.—For other information, apply to JOHN BATTY, Agent.

GEORGE W. NETTLETON,

(Opposite the Black Bull,)

ROTHWELL,

Will have a carefully Selected Stock of GARDEN SEEDS, for 1874.

RUPTURES!!!

THE AMERICAN TRUSS IS SUPERSEDING ALL THE OLD KINDS OF TRUSS NOW IN USE.

The Truss has obtained the approval and recommendation of the leading surgeons, and is adopted by the authorities of hospitals and medical institutions.

The American Truss possesses the following peculiar advantages:—simplicity, lightness of weight. It affords a perfect support, and allows the various motions and positions of the body to take place with ease and precision. It does not cause pain or irritation by unequal pressure, neither has it any metal springs or pads to rust and get out of repair. The Truss can be worn during any exercise or at night, and is equally applicable for adults of both sexes and for children.

The prices are arranged on the lowest possible scale The Truss can be forwarded by post on receipt of the size round the body, and Post Office Order payable at Brighton, to WEST & LONG, Surgical Instrument Makers, 19, Middle-street, Brighton, from whom only the Truss can be obtained.

A Descriptive Pamphlet, 5 stamps.

A Single Truss.....7s. 9s. 12s. } Postage free'
A Double Truss.....12s. 16s. 21s. }

RIDING, HUNTING, AND ELASTIC BELTS. Instruments for the Treatment of Deformities of the Spine, Chest, and Limbs, and every description of appliances for Invalids.

AGENTS—*Leeds*, T. Barmby, 162, Briggate; *Woodlesford*, C. Best, Post Office; *Oulton*, J. Coope, Post Office; *Lofthouse*, J. Hutchinson, newsagent;

Printed and published by ANDREW MARSHALL, residing at the Post Office, at Rothwell, in the West Riding of the County of York.

Saturday, December 20th, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. I, No. 9.—TUESDAY, DEC. 23, 1873. **CHRISTMAS NUMBER.** PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

In consequence of our arrangements for the enlargement not being completed, we are compelled to issue our Christmas Number in the old size. The first number in the New Year will appear enlarged as announced.

IMPORTANT.

On and after Saturday, January 3rd, 1874, "THE ROTHWELL TIMES," and Woodlesford, Oulton, Carlton, and Lofthouse Chronicle, WILL BE ENLARGED to the size of Monday's Mercury.

ADVERTISEMENTS under the following heads 6d. two lines—Situations Vacant or Wanted; Houses, Apartments, &c., To Let, or Wanted; Miscellaneous Wants, &c.

TO LET ON LEASE OR TO BE SOLD, THE OAK COTTAGE AND PREMISES, At Rothwell Haigh, suitable for business. Apply on the Premises.

NO DELAY TO BORROWERS.

MONEY ADVANCED at a few hours' notice, from £20 to £500, to private persons Farmers, Tradesmen, and others, on their Furniture or Stock-in-Trade, without removal or publicity if required, in strict confidence, at a moderate rate of interest.—Apply personally, or by letter, to MORRIS AND CO, (Private Offices), 10, ALBION STREET, (opposite the Mercury Office), Leeds.

CROSBY'S NERVALIS, the certain Cure for Tic. in 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., Bottles.
CROSBY'S COUGH ELIXIR, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d
CROSBY'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, in 1s. Bottles.
CROSBY'S ORANGE-QUININE WINE, 2s.
CROSBY'S ARABIAN OIL & EMBROCATION, For Strains, Bruises, &c. 1s. and 6d.
CROSBY'S SOOTHING POWDERS, for Infants, 7½d. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.
AGENT FOR WOODLESFORD:—MR. COOMBES, Grocer and Patent Medicine Dealer, nr. the Church.
Agent for Carlton, Mr. D. Crossley, grocer & patent Medicine dealer.

A. MARSHALL, PRINTER, *Stationer, Bookbinder,* AND PICTURE FRAMER, ROTHWELL.

CHRISTMAS!

TOYS AND ORNAMENTS! FLAGS!! LANTERNS!!!
ROSES! LILIES!! LEAVES!!!
COLOURED PAPER! GOLD & SILVER PAPER! TISSUE PAPER, IN DELICATE COLOURS.
CARDS! SACHETS! MOTTOES.

INK on draught & in 1d., 3d., 6d., 1s. bottles. Coloured 1d. Inks, Marking Ink, Gums, Inkstands, &c.

ENVELOPES:—Private, Commercial, Fancy, Extra Sizes.

PURSES:—All shapes & makes, very cheap.

Account Books, Shop Books, Memorandum and other Books.

Pens and Holders in great variety, Pencils, Sealing-Wax, Quills, India Rubber, Ink Erasers, Rulers, &c.

Bibles, Church Services, Church and Wes

WM. GOODWILL Respectfully announces his return from London, and has now ready for inspection a large and choice selection of ENGLISH AND FOREIGN TOYS, GAMES, BEZIQUE, PLAYING CARDS, JEWELLERY,
Leather, Cabinet, and Electro-plated Goods, VASES, FLOWER POTS AND TOILET SETTS, LEADING NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON. Oxydized Jewellery, Chatelaines, Belts, Fans, Combs, Head-pins and an entire
NEW STOCK OF CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS, SATCHETS, ETC.
30, Westgate, Wakefield, Dec. 6th, 1873.

MORRIS COHEN, Watch Maker and Jeweller, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds.

FOR Useful and Cheap WATCHES, Go to M. Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate.

SILVER Watches, from 19s., Eighteen Ct. Gold Watches, from £2 2s.

GOOD AND USEFUL CLOCKS, From 6s.

FOR Lucky Guinea Gold Wedding Rings, Go to Morris Cohen's.

FOR Gold and Silver Alberts, & Guards, Go to M. Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds.

BEFORE you buy a Watch or Clock, Look in at Morris Cohen's, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds. Where the largest Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, is kept in Leeds. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery, repaired on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE IS WARRANTED.

NOTE THE ADDRESS, MORRIS COHEN WATCH MAKER, & JEWELLER, 132, Kirkgate, Leeds, five doors from Briggate, on the right-hand-side. Established above 26 years.

AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1868.

GEORGE HEUTHWAITE, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and French Cleaner, 60, Hunslet Road, & 4, Wade Lane, bottom of Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. HUNSLET STEAM DYE WORKS, JACK LANE.
Velvet, Cloth, Silk and Worsted Damask, Union Damask, Moreen, Bed, & window Curtains Cleaned, Dyed, and finished, in a superior manner.
Ostrich and all other kinds of Feathers Cleaned and re-curled; Moire Antique, Brocade, Silks, Dyed and finished in a superior manner, Kid Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black without soiling the inside; Gentlemen's wearing apparel Cleaned and renovated in a superior manner. Crapes Cleaned and Black Dyed for Mourning on the shortest notice.

ESTABLISHED 26 YEARS.

NATHAN BAKE, TEA DEALER, GROCER, & GENERAL PROVISION MERCHANT, 7 & 8, BRIDGE END, LEEDS.

Orders Collected and Goods delivered in LOFTHOUSE, CARLTON, OUZLEWELL GREEN, OULTON, and WOODLESFORD, *Once every fortnight, and articles supplied, the same in price and quality as sold over the Counter for cash.*

T. BARMBY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS AGENT, No. 162, BRIGGATE, LEEDS, Supplies the trade with all the WEEKLY and MONTHLY PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, &c.

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CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

SACHETS, &c., &c.

SILK BOOK MARKS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

CHRISTMAS FASHIONS.

HOLMES AND BATTY, have a large and well-selected STOCK OF GENERAL DRAPERIES, suitable for the present season—including MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, for personal ornament. FANCY BOXES, for presents. In the FURNISHING DEPARTMENT, Mats, Hearth Rugs, Curtains, Tablings, etc. In the OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT, Ties, Mufflers, Hats and Caps, Overcoats, etc.
FANCY BOOTS & SHOES:
N.B.—This Establishment will be kept open until 10 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the 24th inst.
HOLMES and BATTY, DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS, MILLINERS, &c. BEEHIVE BUILDINGS, ROTHWELL.

WHEN YOU GO TO LEEDS, GO TO THE PEOPLE'S TEA MART, GEORGE WALKER, WHOLESALE AND FAMILY TEA DEALER. Tea 2s., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Best 3s. 6d. Coffee 9d., 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 4d.
GROCERIES AND DRIED FRUIT of excellent quality Note the Address:
LUDGATE HILL, & 62, COVERED MARKET, LEEDS. Orders attended to with despatch.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY!!!
DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
FIVE HUNDRED COLLIERS AND THEIR WIVES!
TO GO AND BUY
KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS, FENDERS, FIRE IRON,
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HARDWARE, FROM
SIMEON STEPHENSON, 49, KIRKGATE, WAKEFIELD.

☞ *Note—A SPLENDID SHOW of NEW CUTLERY now in the Window.*

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, AND BOOKBINDING EXECUTED BY ANDREW MARSHLL "TIMES" OFFICE, ROTHWELL.

WILLIAM CLAYTON, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT BLACK BULL INN, ROTHWELL.
A WELL-SELECTED STOCK OF WINES AND SPIRITS always on hand for Strength, Purity, and Price, not excelled by any other House in the Trade.

JAMES STEEL, COACH AND HORSES' INN, ROTHWELL,
Begs to inform the public of Rothwell and neighbourhood, that he has on hand all kinds of SPIRITS OF THE BEST QUALITY, AND AT REASONABLE PRICES.

SPECIALLY GOOD AND CHEAP FOR CHRISTMAS!
PRIME AMERICAN AND CHESHIRE CHEESE!!
VERY CHOICE NEW CURRANTS, RAISINS, AND FIGS!!!
THE Public may always rely upon being supplied with CHOICE TEAS, at moderate prices; PRIME BUTTER, at the lowest possible price; and very FINE BACON, on the most reasonable terms, at
BENJAMIN PEACOCK'S, FAMILY GROCER & TEA DEALER, Opposite the Parish Church, WAKEFIELD.

TO JOINERS FARMERS, &c:
SEANOR AND SONS, TIMBER YARD SAW MILL.
DEALS, BOARDS, BATTENS, SPARS, &c., in Stock, or Sawn to order at a short Notice.
Circular Sawing for Hire, per Hour or Measurement.
WEST-RIDING MATCH WORKS, *Rothwell, near Leeds.*

NICHOLSON AND COMPANY, BOTTOM OF WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.
IRON BEDSTEADS, full size from 16/6.
WRINGING MACHINES, „ 37/-
CHAIR BEDSTEAD & CUSHIONS, Forming either Bed or Chair, as required, complete from - - 21/.

OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS!
THE MARKET HALL CLOTHING ARE NOW SHOWING
A CHOICE SELECTION OF OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN,
OVERCOATS FOR YOUTHS,
OVERCOATS FOR BOYS,
OVERCOATS FOR ARTISANS,
OVERCOATS FOR ALL CLASSES.
THEIR WINTER STOCK is now COMPLETE, and cannot be surpassed in value.
Every Article Warranted Well Made and Durable.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF WOOLLENS, comprising:
CHEVIOTS, NAPS, PILOTS, &c.
BEAVERS OF EVERY SHADE.
Special Bargains in HOSIERY, WOOL SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, &c.
A Choice Selection of RAILWAY AND CARRIAGE RUGS, BELOW ORDINARY PRICES.
CHEAP RUGS FOR INCLEMENT WEATHER, A Great Boon to the Artisan.
HATS & CAPS of every description, SEALSKIN CAPS, At exceedingly low prices.
LEGGINGS, MACKINTOSHES, AND OVERALLS.
FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.
DON'T MISTAKE THE ADDRESS!
MARKET HALL CLOTHING COMPANY
NEW MARKET STREET,
ADJOINING CENTRAL MARKET, & OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE, LEEDS.

LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE.
OVERCOATS IN BEAVERS.
J. & J. SMITH,
OVERCOATS IN WITNEYS.
LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE.
J. & J. SMITH,
OVERCOATS IN PILOTS.
LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE
OVERCOATS IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
J. & J. SMITH,
LEEDS BRIDGE CLOTHING HOUSE

GEORGE SMITH, DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c. (NEAR DR. HEAP'S), MITCHELL'S YARD, ROTHWELL.

WOODHOUSE LANE AUCTION MART LEEDS.
WALKER BOSHELL, AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,
Cash advanced on Goods consigned for Sale or Purchased for immediate Cash.

J. C. DOBSON, RENT AND DEBT COLLECTOR, CHURCHFIELD HOUSE, ROTHWELL.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
J. VARLEY, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, &c., ROTHWELL.
All kinds of English and Foreign Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned and repaired.

ESTABLISHED 1840.
SEANOR AND SONS, WEST-RIDING MATCH WORKS, ROTHWELL, NEAR LEEDS.
MANUFACTURERS OF MATCHES, VESUVIANS, & FLAMING FUSEES, &c.

DYSON'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,
DYSON'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES from £2 10s.
DYSON'S LADIES' SILVER WATCHES from £2 10s.
DYSON'S Gentlemen's GOLD WATCHES from £4. Levers, from £5.
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A visit to his Love would pay;
But as his Summer Suit was bare,
He to friend Law's did repair;
And there he saw his Winter Show
Of Hats and Clothes—at price so low,—
Astonished, he an order gave,
Which made him look both smart and brave.

The Maiden saw but scarcely knew,
Her Thomas in a suit of new—so fine,
Yet fitted with such skill,
That love combined to fancy's will;
His Suit he did not plead in vain,
For Law's suit her heart did gain,
Then to each friend he'd give advice—
Try Law's Goods for Fit and Price.

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PARKIN'S Overcoats, 25s. NEWEST STYLES,
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 30s. NEWEST COLORS.
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 35s. NEWEST BEAVERS,
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 38s. NEWEST WORSTEDS.
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 40s. NEWEST ELYSIANS.
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 42s. NEWEST MELTONS,
PARKIN'S Overcoats, 45s. NEWEST MOSCOWS
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GEORGE EXLEY, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, 48, HUNSLET LANE, (Opposite Theatre Royal), LEEDS.
Dispenser of Cattle Medicines, all patent and proprietary Medicines always in stock.
Wholesale dealer in Paraffin and Benzoline Oil. Oils, Paints, and Colors—Shop-keepers supplied

The Rothwell Times:

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23RD, 1873,

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry, happy, Christmas to all our readers! 'Tis the first salutation our friends have received through their own newspaper, and, as there is a difference in the Christmas well-wishing of a person whom we have never seen, and in the hearty shake of the near friend's hand, so we feel that we, dwelling in the midst of you, known by most of the people, have a right to wish our friends of Rothwell, Woodlesford, Oulton, Carlton, and Lofthouse, more heartily, and with more reciprocative feeling, a very happy Christmas-tide—and we feel sure our readers will join in the hope that "The Rothwell Times" will have the pleasure of shaking hands and enjoying Christmas with them many years. Though sorrow and death have entered so many homes, and left bleeding hearts, yet let this joyful season raise their thoughts and hopes—for 1873 years ago He was born who has opened for their loved ones who die in the Lord, the heaven of eternal bliss and gladness, and those little ones are safely lodged in the realms of the blest, there to rejoice that Christ was born on the earth, and by His life, death, and ascension, enabled them to go straight away, to be with Him.—Let Christmas-tide cause you to think of this fact, that had Christ not been born, your loved ones would have had no heaven to go to when they died.

But let us look, again, and thinking of all the gladness on earth, and of all the hopes of heaven, which have their source in Jesus, the Bethleham Babe, and raising our voices in unison with our hearts, let us sing in hymns of adoration and praise—Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill towards men.

Let our mirth be cheery and thorough. Let our amusements be innocent and pure, and amid all our rejoicing, our roast beef and plum pudding, our flowers and fruits, our mistletoe and holly, our songs and family gatherings, amid it all, let our hearts most gladly rest on the wondrous love of Him, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.

THE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

Oh Christmas dear, you are so near;
I'll off to bed and not be cross,
For on this night, if folks say right,
I'll get a call from Santa Claus.

But will he come into my room,
And fill my stockings full of things?
I'll feign to sleep, and lie and peep,
And see if he has any wings.

'Tis only Pa, or else my Ma,
That does it all in Santa's name;
But if they will just only fill
My stockings up, 'tis all the same.

I tell you all, you need not call
A dozen times to make me hear;
You need but say: "'Tis Christmas-day,"
And I'll be up, my mother dear.

Oh, I can't sleep, my eyes will peep
To see what all is going on:
I wonder, too, what they will do,
When down to-sleep-ing-I-ha-ve-g-o-n-e.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a window like a star? When it is a *skylight*

Why is a book like a tree in summer? It is full of *leaves*.

Why is the first floor like a falsehood? Because it is a *storey*.

Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cattle (eat'll) eat it.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it's *rung* for dinner.

What gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?—A draft.

Why is good advice like a sicle?—Because it goes *against the grain*.

Why is a bad singer like a forger? Because he utters false notes.

Why is a shabby hat like a flower out of season? Because it is *seedy*.

When has the pugilist four hands? When he doubles his fists.

When is a lady's cheek not a cheek? When it is a little pale (pail).

Why is a madman like two men? He is a man besides himself.

What colour are winds and storms? The winds blew (blue), the storms *rose*.

Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits? There are three scruples to a drachm.

Why is the queen's health like an intemperate man? Because it it often *drunk*.

Why are your lips always quarrelling? Because words often pass between them.

Why are lovers' sighs like long stockings? Because they are heigh-ho's (high hose).

Why are bad teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Why is a weather-cock like ambition? Because it is a vain (vane) thing to aspire.

Why should you disbelieve a stuttering man? Because he is always *breaking his word*.

Why is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it is a *fellow feeling* for a *fellow-creature*.

If a tough beef-steak could speak, what English poet would it name? Chaucer (chaw, sir).

Why do young ladies prefer tall to short men? Because they are fond of Hymen (high men).

Why will you never starve in the great Sahara desert? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.

Why is a man with wooden legs like a man who makes an even bargain? Because he has nothing to *boot*.

Why is a dressmaker like one who resides in the suburbs of a city? Because she *lives* on the *skirts* of the town.

Why is an angry man like a clock at fifty-nine minutes past twelve? Because he is just ready to *strike one*.

Why are the two sides of a knife-handle like two belles escorted by one beau? Because they have got a *blade* between them.

Why are thoughtless ladies the very opposite of their mirrors? Because the one *reflects* without speaking, and the other *speak* without reflecting.

Why is a gardener the most independent man in the world? Because he raises his own celery (salary), takes his own thyme (time), and hoes (owes) for none but himself.

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WALTER WOODRUFFE'S FORTUNE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. GEORGE SKELTON,
Author of "How it Came to Pass."

CHAPTER I.
HOW HE WENT TO SEEK IT, AND CAME BACK EMPTY.

The chimes rang out—the beautiful old chimes; soft, sweet, mellow; bright, tender, cheery; the chimes rang out.

They were the chimes of the grey old church of Frogmarsh, built and given when men gave greatly and did their work nobly and completely, to wear and last as long as human work might.

The Frogmarsh people were not very many, and I do not know that they were in any way specially worthy of their sweet old bells; but they loved them, and were proud of them. They had grown up to the sound of them, and felt as if they had a sort of human sympathy with them in their sorrows and their joys. Hardly a man, woman, or child in Frogmarsh but listened to their bells on a certain Christmas Eve, as was their custom; and, as was the custom of the bells, they brought smiles to many lips, and—well, yes, to some eyes, tears.

One old man, Benjamin Woodruffe by name, working watch-maker and jeweller by trade, with a fine hoary head and grave thoughtful face, listened to them long, gazing intently into the fire, by the side of which he sat in a comfortable wooden arm-chair, with a railed back and cushioned seat, half forgetful of the pipe held loosely in his hand ready for filling. As he gazed his eyes grew very sad and longing, and presently he got up and went into his workshop. When he rose you saw that he limped a little, and his figure was slightly deformed. His workshop was a small room opening on the High street, containing some few articles on shelves, and in the window the bench at which he worked, where room was found for a few pots of flowers, and, in sunny weather, for a large, sleepy, grey cat. Just now, the cat was on the hearth in the parlour, where he had been sitting. This parlour opened directly out of the shop, as the kitchen again opened out of the parlour, and the staircase went up from the kitchen. There were no passages.

Benjamin unbolted the outer door and opened it, when a whirl of snow swept in upon him, but he did not immediately close it; he stood upon the step looking earnestly up the street, then down it; then he sighed deeply, and said under his breath, "God help the lad, the second Christmas Eve! But the bells do say it, for sure; I hear it plainer every minute, plainer and plainer. Plainer it couldn't be—there, the lad is coming home, coming home, coming home; the lad is coming, coming home, coming home, the—lad—is—coming—home. It's truth, for sure; I *hope* it's truth. I'll tell Hannah." With one other seeking look into the white dimness of the street, broken only by a stray passenger—they did not do their marketing there at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve—he shut out the whirling snow, shook the flakes off him, and passed through the sitting room into the kitchen, which literally shone with cleanliness. Here he found a thin, sharp-faced woman, to the full as clean as her kitchen, busily at work, with her sleeves tucked up and a large apron on.

"What, going to cook a hot supper, Hannah," he said; "fry and potatoes, and mince pies!—and thou's reached down thy grandmother's old china punch bowl too! Who dost thou think is coming?"

"How should I know who's coming," said Hannah, tartly, but not without a tremble in her voice. "The Lord has sent the meat—he'll know how to send the mouths he means it for."

"Hannah, thou thinks the same as me, the chimes have been saying it to thee as well as me—all the time they've been saying it—'the lad is coming home!' clearer and clearer, stronger and stronger, surer and surer! 'The lad is coming home.' O, Hannah, lass!"

"Chimes indeed! Stuff and nonsense, I say; as if any fool didn't know that they always ring the same. But it's like thee, just, sitting dreaming and dazing till thou loses what poor bits o' wits it pleased the Lord to bestow on thee!"

Snapping and scolding were the invariable refuge for Mrs. Woodruffe's feelings when they became too much for her. At this point her voice, which had trembled more and more, broke down entirely. Sobbing, she sat down on a chair, and put her apron to her eyes.

Her husband understood her, and felt no resentment. "Don't mother," he said, "don't."

"O if the Lord would but send him home," she cried, "I wait for him more than they that watch for the morning; I do, Benjamin, I do."

"Well, Hannah, dost thou know it's borne in upon me that he will come home to-night."

"Is it? Well, there may happen be some meaning i' thy queer feelings—thou'rt queer altogether. The heart had well nigh gone out o' me but," looking with a mixture of pride and affection at the mince-pies, "I'll bake 'em on the strength of it, and lay the cloth and get all things ready, down to the little copper kettle—so get thee back to thy chimes, out o' my road."

Benjamin smiled and went. He smoked his pipe and stroked his cat, and listened to his chimes, which told him still the same story, as plainly as it could possibly be spoken now and so triumphantly!—"the lad is coming home; the lad is coming, coming, coming; the lad is coming home!" while his wife made herself much more busy than she needed to have done, as busy as she by any means could—because they loved the lad.

Two years ago that very Christmas Eve Walter Woodruffe, after a long and hard struggle of many months, had obtained his father's leave to go and seek his fortune. Benjamin Woodruffe was getting into years, his wife was more than middle-aged, and it was like rending their very flesh to let their boy, their one child, go. In vain they entreated him, in vain they pointed out to him how the very uncle by whose wish he had been named Walter as a humble tribute of admiration to the great Sir Walter Raleigh, and who had been led away by the charms of a roving, adventurous life, had not been heard of for years. "Drowned, poor Jacob, drowned I fear me, and would'st thou be drowned too?" said his father, who had an overpowering awe of the great deeps. "Eaten by savages—heathen savages!" cried his mother, with whom cannibalism was the horror of horrors. Whereupon the lad laughed shortly and sneeringly, saying,

"Well, as he had to be eaten, it was not a bad thing he was drowned *first*. It's what I should choose if I had the choice," and he laughed again.

This was on that Christmas Eve two years ago. All the day he had been sullen and resentful, scarcely touching any food, and now in the evening when they should have been making merry he sat silent, doing nothing, his head buried in his hands. He was too good a boy (he was hardly more than a boy, though he thought himself very manly, wise, and strong) to go in open disobedience to the commands of his father; but his whole soul was fired with the wish to roam, the ambition to do and dare, and if last, not least, the eager desire to seek his fortune, a fine large fortune that would be easily and quickly found—all for a reason he had, an entirely personal and private reason, known to no one in the world but himself. He fretted and chafed at his bondage, and could not submit.

He lifted his face to speak the mocking words, and his father looked at him keenly. It was a handsome face, strong, dark, and resolute; but also worn, fretful, and sullen. He was eating his heart out. Benjamin Woodruffe's resolution was taken. He, who rarely acted but by his wife's direction, never against her wishes, stood up firm and held his head high. "My son," he said, "go! go with my blessing." Then Walter rushed to him and clasped his hand. "Father, you mean it really?" The old man bowed his head. "O, father, thank you! And don't be afraid for me; savages can be fought, and ships very seldom go down. If they did I could swim until something picked me up. Never fear, father, I shall get heaps of treasures, and come back to you soon a rich man."

"Aye lad, come back soon—whether thou gets riches and treasures, or whether thou gatherest naught. Come home, Walter, if thou's left with never a shirt to thy back, nor a shoe to thy foot, let not that keep thee—come home soon. Give me thy word that thou wilt?"

Walter laughed a laugh of amused unbelief. "You would let me go again?"

"Aye lad, an' thou would'st."

Then Walter promised to come back soon whether he found his fortune or not. He was quite sure to find it, but, purely as a matter of form, to satisfy his father, he promised.

Mrs. Woodruffe had been passive throughout the scene, partly from sheer amazement, partly awed into silence and submission by the unaccustomed authority and dignity of Benjamin's action and speech. She made up for it very fully afterwards, but to no purpose. Benjamin had given his word and would not depart from it; neither did he wish to do so, though, at thought of his coming loss his spirit fainted within him.

Walter lost no time. On the first day of the new year he set out. Since then once, only once, a letter had come to them from far, strange places, a letter that said much of hopes and little of hardships, yet somehow made it to be felt that hardships there had been; that said nothing whatever of having found a fortune.

All these two years the mother had pined, and fretted, and grown more feverish and more restless in her incessant toiling and labouring—for want of him; all these two years his father had grown more abstracted, and weary, and gently patient—for want of him. Ah Walter, was it worth the while? If young hearts only knew what old hearts feel! But then how would the world wag?

The chimes seemed somehow to be getting a little shaky, not quite so sure of what they had to say. Benjamin Woodruffe felt they did; and no one came. Mrs. Woodruffe, in clean cap and gown, laid the cloth and made all things ready; yet no one came. As she moved restlessly from parlour to kitchen, from kitchen to parlour, fixing, altering, hoping, fearing, the chimes grew sadly indistinct, and Benjamin's hopes sank low. Her incessant movement grew to be too much for his strained nerves; once more he opened the door and looked out, without much hope to see, then went to his wife and said,

"Hannah, thou saidst that the Lord, who had sent the meat, would know how to send the mouths. I'll go and ask Mr. Marsh and Miss Susan."

"They'll think it's taking a liberty—not but what they'd be welcome."

"Nay; they'll think we are lonely; and happen the meat is meant for them, they don't get o'er much nowadays, I fear me."

Not many minutes and Benjamin came back, with a sort of surface brightness on his face, for he brought the desired guests with him. Mr. Marsh, kindly, courteous, somewhat shrinking, showed no signs of thinking himself superior, albeit there was an inevitable consciousness of difference in rank, for Mr. Marsh was a gentleman born, though a poor one, and had earned a fair living as a schoolmaster until very lately, when people had begun to think he was getting old, and his eyesight had somewhat failed him. Miss Susan, a rather small young woman, very neat, with a quiet face and manner, calm grey eyes, and bright brown hair of the glossiest, clearly did not thing herself superior, if any faith is to be placed in looks, words, or ways. She came up to Mrs. Woodruffe looking very sweet and tender, and wishing her a merry Chrismas with such gentleness as not to jar even the weary, waiting mother; who, with a strange sudden impulse, stooped and kissed her. Then they all fell to wishing each other a merry Christmas, and presently sat down to table with much make-believe of extreme mirthfulness and great attempts at jollity. Benjamin Woodruffe bent his head reverently (as his custom was) and began his simple grace before meat, "For what we are going to receive—," when with a sudden sharp cry Mrs. Woodruffe sprang up and rushed to the outer door, leaving the others in breathless expectation. What had she heard? The snow lay thick on the ground, a footfall could hardly sound, and when she reached the door his hand had barely touched the latch; but it was he indeed, the desire of her heart, her boy, her Walter. She laid hold of him and pulled him in, and shut to the door, as if fearing lest he should escape her; then she threw her arms round him, and wept out her joy and her sorrow. Gently he tried to unclasp them. "Mother, why mother, you'll be wet through." Then Benjamin, who had come in and stood trembling, with one hand laid on his son's arm, put in his word, "And your fine new gown clean spoiled." "Not it," retorted Mrs. Woodruffe, raising her head, "as if I should buy rubbish that a drop o' wet would dash!—but O lad, let me look at thee!" So far released, Walter's right hand found his father's, and grasped it tight. Looking at him, Mrs. Woodruffe saw that Walter was indeed very wet, and she feared very shabby, and he had nothing whatever with him, not ever so little a bundle. It gave her just a momentary pang, but even that was checked by a feeling of triumph. "Now lad," she said, in something very like her usual tone, "go right upstairs and wash thee and dry thee, thy things are all laid out ready aired—besides that in thy drawers are shirts and stockings in plenty—and supper's on the table, but we'll keep it back a bit, only don't be long about it—and, here, I'll go and get thee a can of hot water."

In the parlour stood Susan in cloak and hood, and Mr. Marsh, hat and stick in hand. At sight of them a deep red flush rose in Walter's face. "What, Miss Susan!" he cried, then turned to his mother, "O, mother, don't let them go!"

"Go; I should think not, indeed! In their goodness they came to us in sorrow; in their goodness they won't leave us in joy. Miss Susan, give me your cloak."

And Miss Susan found herself uncloaked, unhooded, and re-seated, almost before Walter had got upstairs, whither he fled precipitately, having suddenly become afflicted with a painful consciousness of his present personal appearance. Then Miss Susan must help to put the things to warm, a work which was done with much needless fuss, and joy, and laughter that was near akin to tears; and hardly had they been put to warm when Walter re-appeared, and they must all be brought back, in which operation he must help of course, an assistance by no means tending to hasten matters. Meanwhile Benjamin sat quite still, seeing nothing, by reason of a mist there was before his eyes; and Mr. Marsh sat still also, in sympathy with him, but saw everything and enjoyed it keenly; the fire and the comfort and the joy; it was as a strong cordial to him, so used as he was now to be wanting and dull.

When the first ebullition of joy had subsided, and supper was nearly over (it was not such a great affair after all, Mr. Marsh and Walter being the principal consumers), Walter volunteered a history of himself and his doings. As an account of his adventures would certainly fill a volume, I cannot give it here. Often they kept his hearers breathless—to be sure they were prejudiced hearers—often they gave rise to irrepressible laughter, sometimes the tears *would* start. He had been in Australia, in Canada. He had worked his passage out, and made himself a sailor; he had tended sheep; had camped out in the bush; had hewn down the great trees of the virgin forests; had gallopped over the rolling prairies. But somehow he had not found his fortune, not any of it, not a penny of it. "Father," he said, by way of conclusion, "I gave my word to come back soon, if it was without a shirt to my back or a shoe to my foot. Well, I've done it—almost. I have a shirt, and I have shoes, but not even a change; and I have not a penny belonging me."

"Bless thee, my lad, for keeping thy word," the father's face beamed, "and if thou had found fifty fortunes the sight of thee couldn't be more welcome."

"Aye," replied Walter, "I know. But it comes hard, father. I have worked and tried my very hardest. To be sure there was a rare heap of conceit in me at first, but that soon got knocked out—"

"Not a bit of it, Walter," interrupted his mother, and Susan rather looked as if she agreed with her. "Thou 'd no more conceit than was natural, seeing how much thou knew."

"You think so mother?" and Water smiled lovingly at the thin worn face," well so did I, but you see I soon found out how mistaken I was.—Well, father, I did my best, as I was saying, thinking always of you and mother, and—" here Walter made an abrupt pause, coloured, and resumed "well, of many things. But luck was always against me, dead against me; I never really succeeded in anything, not once. Now, father, you know a deal," a little start of surprise from Mrs. Woodruffe, a look of acquiescence on the faces both of Mr. Marsh and Susan, "both about people and things—I have wondered if you could tell me why?"

"Well, Walter, my lad," and Benjamin's eyes still fixed on his son's face became at the same time

he said, "you have hit it, that is what I have done to the letter."

An answering smile shone on his father's face. "Then mind thou this, my lad," he said, bringing his right hand down on the table emphatically, "them that mean to find a fortune must dig deep, and stick close."

"Dig deep and stick close," repeated Walter seriously, "Aye, father, I'll mind next time, never fear."

"Next time!" cried Mrs. Woodruffe, in dismay, "O Walter, thou'd never leave us again?"

"Not yet, mother—not quite just yet."

But in another week Walter Woodruffe again set out to seek his fortune, with a promise this time to be at home next Christmas Eve, if it were possible to him, whatever should betide. His last words to his father were spoken a little shyly. "Mr. Marsh and Miss Susan were here this time," he said; "wouldn't it be nice to have them again next time, father?"

CHAPTER II.
HOW HE CAME HOME A SECOND TIME AND FOUND IT.

Christmas Eve again. The chimes again. Clearer, sweeter, brighter, for they strike out into a clear keen frost, and Walter is at home! With the very first stroke of the bells, before they had had time to tell any tale to Benjamin, he had arrived, bringing with him a certain Dick Reckless, who had been his friend and partner during the last year; and who, in spite of his shabbiness and unexpectedness, had been warmly welcomed by both Benjamin and Hannah.

At supper the same party as last year, with only the addition of the said Dick Reckless, a man getting into years, very shabby, hopelessly shabby, with a great woollen comforter muffling his neck and chin; but with a strong frame and general expression of power. He had thick, bristly, iron grey hair, which fell over his forehead. Most of his face, too, was covered with hair, so that there was not much to be seen, except two bright, piercing eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodruffe were little changed. This time they had heard often from Walter, and had looked surely for his coming. He had come, and their hearts were joyful; what matter that he was still outwardly in sorry case? For of that there was alas! no doubt. It was but too evident that he had not found his fortune yet.

He looked well enough now, wearing the new clothes his mother had had ready for him, manly, strong and merry; save when, from time to time, his eyes rested on Susan, when his face grew grave and pained, almost stern. He had been hearing about Susan from his father. How that Mr. Marsh had for some time been quite blind, and Susan had been his only support. How she had got a few little children together to teach for pence; how she had sewed and washed and scrubbed, and with all this had tended the old man with unceasing care, had led him out in the sunshine, and fetched the flowers he loved from the fields when he found it too far for him to walk. All this Walter had heard, and as his bodily eyes noted the thin, delicate form and pale pinched face, his mind's eye saw her doing all these things, and a bitter pang dashed the joy of home-coming and meeting. Surely he might have been better employed than on such a wild-goose chase as his had been!

Mr. Marsh was bowed, and bent, and broken. His own affliction he bore with an exquisite patience and meekness; but he knew how it must press on his daughter, no efforts could hide it from him; and this it was which had seemed too hard to him to bear, had broken his spirit, and gone nigh to breaking his heart. He was very pale, and after the first greetings, sat quite silent, unless directly addressed, seeming hardly a partaker of their joy. Rejoicing was a thing grown strange to him.

After supper, once again, Walter was to tell his story.

"You know it nearly all," he said, "all but the last, and that is the worst. The last letter I sent you we were doing first-rate, and I was as pleased and proud as a peacock to think how I should come home this time; but it was not to be. You know how Dick and I met in New York; *you* know it too, perhaps, Miss Susan and Mr. Marsh?"

Miss Susan answered, with a quick, bright smile, "O yes, we know, Mr. Woodruffe always lent us your letters to read." Mr. Marsh inclined his head; he was listening, evidently.

"Then you know, too," resumed Walter, "how we took to the oyster trade, beginning with a small share in a boat, which Dick bought, and made no way at first, but bearing in mind father's words, 'dig deep and stick close,' we did not give it up, but did stick close, and worked might and main; and soon things took a turn and we made money fast, until between us we owned three-fourths of her. Well, one night we had got our oysters stowed, and were bound to go out of Cove with the tide to deliver them according to contract in New York, when we found our man was missing. We had but one, reckoning our two selves as good as four any day." Here there was a little self-approving chuckle from Dick Reckless, and a twinkle of amusement in Benjamin's eyes. "We waited and waited until we came near to losing the tide. 'Go we must,' said Dick, 'we'll do it between us, never fear; and we'll leave the—well, *something* skulk to find us again as best he can.' So we weighed anchor, and set sail."

"Now I'll have a spell," broke in Dick Reckless, with a certain smothered enthusiasm in his voice that sent a thrill through his hearers. "We set sail, as Walter says, and were soon well out of the bay. She was going sweetly, there was just enough breeze to send her along, and the sea was all little shining ripples, while up above a big moon was sailing in a soft blue sky that seemed ever so far off, and little greyish clouds were floating under it. Me and Walter—he was at the helm—was just a-saying to one another how well we should do it, for there would be no weather till we had made port, and that if we had another such trip we should be able to buy her out and out—when, afore we'd time to turn, both of us was seized hold on. I wrenched my right arm loose, and got round to strike, when the big coward that had hold of me fired his pistol and broke it. Two of 'em had got Walter, and fast enough they tied him. It was our blessed scamp of a sailor, his name was Slime, and a right good name it was for him. He had heard us talking and thought we'd got our earnings aboard in money, when it was all in oysters and the boat. So he'd kept back to make us late, that they might steal after us easier at night. He knew we should go somehow; and now they had got us, him and three more. They'd crept up astern, the current almost brought 'em and climbed up easy enough. Gold there was none, so they couldn't have that; then they'd have the boat. They knew they'd got us safe enough, so they talked quite open. They'd got us, and they'd got the boat; but they could no more get her to New York than they could get her to the moon. 'We'll have to give the young 'un a share to take her in,' said Slime; 'as for the old 'un, he must go over; he ain't no airthly use with his arm broke, and down there he won't tell no tales;' and the black villain laughed!" Dick looked round, and a sympathetic shudder thrilled them all, even Walter, who had been there. "Then he comes up to Walter, where he lay on his back—he was captain like—and says, 'Look here,' he says, 'take us in to New York and don't blab, and we'll share with you, or else over you go—we can do it easy, you know, as easy as if you was a sack,' and the wretch grinned in his face. 'How much?' says Walter, quite calm like. 'Well—a tenth.' 'No,' says he, 'I won't—share and share alike!' Then Slime smiled all over his face. 'Done,' he says, and he out with his knife to cut the rope. You see he was kind o' 'stonished at Walter giving in so soon. Then he stops. 'No,' says he, 'we'll have the old 'un overboard first, for fear ver feelings might get the better of ve.' both more dreamy and more intent, like the eyes of one who gazes at something afar. "Well, Walter, my lad; I've been hearkening to thy story with all my mind and all my heart, and I almost think I can. I won't say for sure, because there's One above that orders, and we can't change. But for thee, thyself, what thou hast lacked has been patience. Thou hast been in such a mighty hurry to get hold o' that fortune thou talks of, that thou has never stayed long enough in one spot to give thyself a chance o' finding it. Thou has put in the spade, tossed out a few spadefuls, found naught. 'Naught there,' thou says, flings the spade over thy shoulder, and off with thee, red-hot, to toss up a few more spadefuls in another place."

Walter, who had been listening gravely, broke into a frank, genial laugh. "That's just it, father,"

Walter made a sort o' jump, tied as he was, then lay quite still again, and they took and heaved me over the side. While they was busy with me, a looking and laughing, he rolled right over, and managed to send a spar that was propped up near into the water close to me. It struck close to my head, and very near made an end of me; but he couldn't be particular, you know. Well, I'd squabbled finely while they were trying to chuck me in, and got my arms loose, so I got hold of the spar with my left hand, and held on. They saw me, and how they did laugh! They knew I couldn't hold long! But it gave 'em doubts o' Walter. They untied him, because they couldn't help themselves; but Slime stood by with a pistol at full cock, ready to fire if he offered to move; as he told me after. He stood at the helm, Slime by him with the pistol. He waited two or three minutes to feel his legs and arms all right. Slime's eye turns away, forward he springs, dashes the pistol out of his hand, over the stern into the little boat, out with his knife and cuts the rope, 'most quicker than I can tell it. Didn't they yell and howl, and didn't they shoot! I'd partly drifted in their wake, and that was a music I liked finely, spite of the cold chill of the water and the grinding ache in my arm. The bullets didn't come anigh me, but I could see 'em making the water dance all about Walter; but never a one hit him, neither him nor the boat. He made what head he could against tide and current, and I drifted to him; and wasn't it a blessed feeling to have the boat under one in place of that nasty cold water, and only a bit of stick between you and kingdom come!

The next thing was that the soft lad made me put on his dry clothes, because I couldn't keep myself warm with pulling like him, and he took my wet ones. If I'd had two arms he shouldn't have made me do it, but if I moved so much as a finger, it sent an awful wrench right through the broken arm, that made the sweat stand out on me." As Dick had proceeded with his narrative, his voice had grown gradually stronger and deeper, till it rang out like a trumpet. Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself and stopped abruptly. Then said quietly, "What an unconscionable yarn I've been spinning to be sure—but the thought of that lad that night always stirs my blood. Well, to make a long story short, we just held on a bit till the turn of the tide, and then got in easy. Two days after, the boat was thrown up five miles down the coast, a complete wreck, and not a sign of a soul about her. There was me and Walter—him with nothing, and me with a broken arm. Says he, 'I'm bound to be home for Christmas Eve, you come along with me, Dick.' 'Nice company they'd say you'd brought,' says I, 'no thank you.' 'You'll have a hearty welcome,' he says, 'and you'll come—for I shan't leave you,' and whatever I said more he took no manner o' notice, but just went his own way. He did some carpentering to pay for my arm setting to rights, a man we knew took us to New York—then Walter got 'em to give him my passage instead o' pay—and so, here we are."

"O, the villains, the heathen savages," cried Mrs. Woodruffe, in fierce indignation, then lapsed into tears, "and the ropes must have done you a hurt, tied tight like that. O, Walter, why don't you bide with us? You wouldn't be tied on your back then, and have a pistol close to you, and bullets a dancing round about."

Benjamin had been gazing intently at Dick all the time he was speaking, and now turned his eyes to Walter with the air of one rousing from a dream. "Well, Walter, thank God thou art safe," he said, and this is a better hearing, lad, than if thou had found the biggest fortune that ever was found yet."

"It's only Dick's way of making so much of a thing, father," said Walter, somewhat shamefacedly, "it was nothing really. I couldn't have helped doing it—anybody would have done it. He hasn't told you what he did for me. How——"

"He wanted a companion," interrupted Dick, laughing, "and seeing one to his mind got hold of him."

The sound of Mr. Marsh's voice startled them all. His face was bright and animated, as it had not been seen for long. "It was undoubtedly a brave action," he said, in a voice of decision, "and the change of garments showed a thoughtful and generous mind. Walter, I am proud of you, proud that you have been a pupil of mine."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind—but you are all mistaken, you know. It's a shame of Dick—and what's more, I can't stand it any longer," whereupon Walter jumped up, and was on his way to the workshop, when he passed to hear the answer to a question Dick put. Dick had apparently been using his eyes to some purpose. It was this:—

"And what is your opinion, Miss Susan?"

Miss Susan's face was very bright, and her eyes were shining, but she spoke quite quietly, with a smile. "Of course Walter would act so," she said. "He was just like that when he was quite a little boy."

A light like a sunbeam flashed over Walter's face; all his embarrassment was gone. He went into the workshop, and, opening the shutter, let in a flood of moonlight; then, going to the inner door, said, "Will you come here a minnte, Miss Susan? I want to show you something." Miss Susan went, and when she had entered, he shut the door. Then he told his tale, his tale that had waited long. Of ambition, for her sake; of wandering, for her sake; of toil, and hardship, and fatigue—all, all for her dear sake; and now that he had failed, failed twice, if she could only trust him, would give herself into his keeping, failure would be as nothing; nay, in very truth, he should not have failed, for he should have gained the one only prize he had set before his eyes. "Susan, dear Susan, say I have not failed!"

Susan stood still; a pale pink flush dyed her cheeks, her eyes were on the ground, her hanging hands clasped loosely before her; she did not speak. Is there, in all the world, any music half so sweet as words of love from lips of the beloved? The beloved? Ah, yes! She had not known it but she knew it now, he was indeed beloved; lost in the sweet new bliss she did not think to speak, and Walter feared.

"Susan," he cried, with the fear in his voice, "dear Susan, speak!"

Thus adjured, she raised her eyes, moved one step forward, and held out her hands.

Then Walter was happy, inexpressibly happy, holding, pressed to his heart at last, the girl he had worshipped as a boy and loved as a man.

In a little while he led her back—after all it was very cold out there, when they had time to think of it, and the most fervent love won't keep you warm very long, with the thermometer ever so many degrees below freezing point—he led her to his father, who stood behind Dick's chair, with one hand on his shoulder, under which Dick was trembling. Walter was, however, too full of his own affairs to notice this; he held Susan by the hand, and said, in a voice of great gladness, "See, father, I have found my fortune!"

His father turned to him a strangely agitated face, "Aye, lad, and right glad I am; and thou art right too in what thou says—a better fortune couldn't be than to have dear Miss Susan for a wife. Bless thee, my lad; bless you both;" but he never moved his hand from its resting place, and his eyes went back directly to the head bent down before him. And they both wondered.

Since they had gone out of the parlour Benjamin had given all his attention to Dick, asking him a question now and then, and listening intently to the answers; now and then passing a hand across his brow, as if to clear away a mist or remove a veil. Just before they entered he had walked round and stood behind him, laying a hand on his shoulder. His face now was very white, and the hand upon the shoulder trembled in sympathy with what it rested on. He stooped until his head was on a level with the one he had leaned over, "Jacob," he said, almost in a whisper, "it's thee."

No answer—only the painful involuntary trembling of a strong man.

"Jacob," he said again, beseeching urgently, "say it's thee!"

Then the voice came thick and hoarse, "Aye, it's me—art not ashamed to own me?"

"O Jacob, O my brother, come back as from the dead! The Lord be praised for this; the Lord be praised! Let me look into thy face, Jacob, and hold thy hand, and take thou that big thing off thy neck. O Jacob, the Lord be praised!"

"What, uncle Jacob—you, Dick?" "What, brother Jacob!" "What, Mr. Jacob!" were simultaneous cries.

When Benjamin would let him go, which was by no means immediately, uncle Jacob, in his new character, had to shake hands with every one else:

after which he sat down again, held up his head, and looked at them all searchingly with his quick, keen eyes.

"So you're all glad to see me," he said, "downright glad, and no mistake. And yet you've seen that I haven't a decent suit of clothes to my back, nor a penny—nay, that's a lie, I have a penny, but I haven't a sixpence—in my pocket. It's a sight more than I expected, and a vast sight more than I deserve. You *are* glad to see me?" he repeated, with sudden misgiving, "you won't turn me adrift to-morrow or next week, eh Benjamin?"

"Nay, Jacob," was the grieved answer, "our mother's son shouldn't ask me a question like to that."

"Well, brother, no. But you see," apologetically, "I've been seeing a good deal of human nature these many years—and its a queerish thing by times is that same human nature. You wouldn't—I do believe there isn't a one of you would; so now," and he looked all round again, "I'll tell you another bit of a story—short enough this time, never you fear. I'm not a poor man, I'm rich. When Walter found *me*, he found his fortune; when he saved *me*, he saved his fortune; and when he brought *me* home, he brought home his fortune! When first I set eyes on him I was struck all of a heap, and had like to have burst out crying in the street, like a girl; but thinks I to myself, 'softly, Dick, softly,'—you see I'd got even to call myself Dick, everybody else had done it so long; first they called me Reckless, by reason of my being such a daring sort o' chap, and then they stuck Dick on, I never knew why—well, I said to myself, through having seen so much of human nature, you see—'you keep yourself close and dark, Dick, and see what sort o' stuff he's made of—once he knows you've got five thousand pounds,' uncle Jacob said that very large indeed, 'you'll see no more what's inside of him than a blind man in the dark. All you do 'll be right, likewise all you say; you'll be the very best and dearest o' uncles, and he'll love you—like gold!' Ha, ha, like gold—that's just it."

"Five thousand pounds!" gasped Benjamin. "Five thousand pounds!" echoed one and all, in the biggest of capitals.

"Aye, five thousand pounds," said uncle Jacob, "in consols—safe. The lawyer chap said as long as England was safe it was—and I reckon that'll do for us; and, Walter, my lad, I make you a present of it. Money's no manner o' use to me; I couldn't stop quiet in one place for the life of me. You having it, I shall have a home, and by times I'll come and see you. Give me your hand on it, Walter; you've had to wait, sure enough, but you're in fine luck at last—it isn't every fellow that gets two fortunes; and all in one day, too!—eh, Miss Susan?"

To which Miss Susan had apparently nothing whatever to say. Only her pale cheeks flushed a rosy red, and she looked very, very happy.

Of course Walter strenuously resisted the gift of the fortune he had vainly sought; of course uncle Jacob insisted, and finally prevailed; Walter making a reservation in his own mind always to look upon the farm it was to purchase and stock as his uncle's property.

They made a circle round the fire. Benjamin must have his own arm-chair, because of his need, Mr. Marsh must have the one on the other side the fire to do him honour, brother Jacob must sit next to Benjamin, Susan next her father, Walter must come next to Susan, and his mother next to him. The famous punch bowl stood steaming on the table, and every one had a glass, even Susan, while they talked wonderful talk of the farm to be. Surely out of Paradise was never such a farm! All its grain was golden, and all its fields were green; all its cows were beauties—and all its geese were swans! But the glories of the farm even paled before the wonders that were to be done with the farm-house. Uncle Jacob was to have his place there, of course; Mr. Marsh was to have his place, equally of course; and Mr. and Mrs. Woodruffe were to have theirs, if possible still more of course; and, in time to come, they had, all of them—owing to a singular property belonging to houses of stretching in exact proportion to the capacity of their owners' hearts.

Little by little the joyous talk died out, until they sat, the perfect circle of loving and beloved, in happy, solemn silence. Hark! once again the chimes—listen yet once again to their expiring tones before they cease and Christmas morning dawns. Sweet, musical and slow they steal upon the air, whispering to the waiting earth of love and peace and blessing. The dear old chimes!

THE END.

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THE MODEL'S WIFE,

BY
ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

"Do you have much music here?" I inquired of the maid who came to clear the dinner table on the first evening of my residence at Elmley terrace, South Kensington; for the sound of the piano next door was very audible through the wall which separated the houses.

"Well, Sir, there is a goodish bit," responded the handmaiden. It's Miss Vane, at No. 3, a-playing. You see, Sir, she's by herself a good deal, when her father's painting in his studior—an artiss he is, Sir—and she plays, as you might say, for comp'ny like."

She paused at the door with a large tray, and an evident desire to plunge into a biography of the neighbourhood; but as I showed no desire to test her volubility, reluctantly withdrew.

The musical proclivities of one's next door neighbour are matters of very serious importance. An enthusiastic young performer, richer in perseverance than in execution, slowly and unsurely endeavouring to elucidate the mysteries of "Tinkling Dewdrops" (or some piece with an equally sensible title) by a series of uncertain rushes up and down the keyboard, and scales as chromatic as is compatible with getting the fingers into a knot about every second octave, is almost as unpleasant a neighbour as a tenor who has been smitten with an irresistible desire to fly in the face of nature by attacking notes several tones beyond the compass of his voice. But a musician is quite another thing; and although I had at first been rather doubtful as to the extent to which the piano would assist my work, before I had listened long I learned to rejoice that the partition between the houses was so slight, and regretted the cessation of the music.

I was smoking an after-breakfast pipe at the window next morning, when the door of No. 3 opened and a young lady appeared, whom I at once felt certain must be my *pianiste*. I had been forming satisfactory theories as to her appearance, and felt occasion to congratulate myself on my *prévoyance*. Certainly not of the "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection—no more" order of which Tennyson speaks. Her face was far from being classically correct; but I at once formed an opinion, as she tripped down through the dead leaves which covered the strip of garden in front of the house, that it was the most charming little face I had ever seen.

In what costume girls appear to greatest advantage is a problem which it is impossible to solve, but a snug-looking sealskin jacket, having round the neck a strip of otter to make a nest for a dimpled chin, tightly-fitting pearl-grey gloves, and a dress tucked-up sufficiently to display the neatest little pair of boots in all London, constitute an attire upon which it is difficult to improve. The sun, which had been sullenly lurking behind the clouds hitherto, peeped out to shine good morning just as she appeared, lighting up the auburn tints in her brown hair, and brightening the smile she turned to a ridiculous little dog, like a ball of wool, which followed her into the road insanely barking at the district in general.

That evening the music had an additional attraction. What would I not have given for the privilege of crossing the partition between us! Only four and a half inches; but the slight barrier was made so strong by the laths of etiquette and the plaster of social laws as to be quite impenetrable. Still there was some consolation in seeing her every day, and a certain amount of pleasure in silently wishing her good morning from the recesses of the window curtains; and making friendly advances

to the little dog when I met him—advances which were at first rejected with contumely and scorn, but gradually succeeded before the seductive influence of sweet biscuits.

I had been living at Elmley terrace about a fortnight when, as luck had it, I happened to pass down Cavendish street, and it had occurred to me that I would call on my friend Charlie Hyde, a young artist who lived there. I found him at his easel whistling vigorously—a sign that he was working hard.

"You are behaving like a nest full of blackbirds," I said, pelting him; "so I suppose you are busy."

"We have Ovid's authority for saying that the slave lightens his labour *canendo*, by singing; and I am just touching up this copy before the advent of a person whom I expect every minute," he answered.

"Business? I'll come in again presently," I said.

"No, don't move, it's only a friend—a neighbour of yours, by-the-by. Let's see, don't you live at No. 2?"

"Not Vane?" I inconsequently asked.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I've seen him. He has a daughter," I responded.

"'One fair daughter and no more, the which he loveth passing well,' as Shakespeare says. Yes. He resembles Jephtha in that particular, and an exceedingly charming little girl the daughter is!" Charlie very unnecessarily informed me.

"She looks it. No, I don't think I'll go yet, Charlie. I am beginning to feel your society irresistibly attractive," I said, and had hardly spoken when there was a knock at the door, and he admitted his visitor.

I had not seen Mr. Vane before, and it is the highest praise I can award him to say that he looked worthy to be Nellie's father. He was about fifty years of age, but appeared much younger in spite of his grey hair. A pleasant smile lit up his face when he addressed you, and there was about him that simple, high-bred grace of manner which makes a perfect gentleman.

Charlie introduced me, and we were soon engaged in conversation; I, it is needless to say, making every effort to create a favourable impression in my new friend, for it is a duty to love your neighbour, and I was more than ready to fulfil that duty very thoroughly—especially towards one of mine. To my great satisfaction, when I took up my hat to leave, Mr. Vane rose also, and said to me, "If you are going homewards, Mr. Melville, may I offer you a seat? My brougham is at the door."

Of course I was going in his direction, and gladly accepted his offer, soon finding myself comfortably ensconced in a remarkably comfortable little brougham, which possessed the enormous attraction of having carried Nellie.

We had been discussing the merits of some old engravings at Charlie's chambers, and Mr. Vane continued the subject, in which I displayed the liveliest interest; and we soon reached Elmley terrace. I was wondering whether he would drop me with a pleasant good-day, or whether it would occur to him to ask me to call, when my doubts were most satisfactorily answered.

"I have some Albert Durer engravings which you might like to see if you are fond of such things, Mr. Melville. You have not dined, I presume? If you will come in with me and have some dinner I shall be much pleased to show you my little collection."

He did not suppose how eagerly I had gazed at the wall which separated our rooms, or he would have known with what sincerity I answered that "I should be very happy;" and then I marched through the little garden towards which I had so frequently turned longing eyes, and upstairs to the room so near to, and yet so far from, which I had so often been. Nellie Vane seemed surprised to see a stranger, but greeted me pleasantly; while Bijou, the little dog, like a traitor as he was, utterly ignored the terms of intimacy I flattered myself I had established with him, and bayed furiously at me from a stronghold under the sofa.

A pleasant, well-read companion; an exceedingly pretty girl; a tastefully decorated room; with the minor accessories of a light soup, some cunningly dressed fish, a perfectly cooked cutlet, a plump bird, some delightful still champagne. Given these, what more can mortal man desire? Forgive me for mentioning the more mundane things which close my list of comforts; but the situation was so entirely satisfactory that no item should be omitted which in any degree contributed to the result. And then to ask for the music I liked best when dinner was over, and we ascended to Nellie in the drawing room; and to enjoy her surprise at the intimate acquaintance I showed with her *répertoire*, was delicious. She was lost in wonder as to how I could possibly know that she had this or that song or piece, and above all that in playing a certain sonata of Beethoven's she always skipped three pages in the middle. It seemed, too, to create a feeling of intimacy when at length I eased her mind by telling her where I lived; and when it grew late and I was constrained reluctantly to take my short journey home, it was with a feeling of perfect satisfaction at the result of the day's adventures: especially as Mr. Vane had said some kind things about hoping that I would frequently take advantage of my proximity; and indeed he ought to have made some return for the great struggle I made to be interested in his prints and engravings, while all the time I was longing to be searching with Nellie through a pile of music.

No more hidden watchings at any window to see her go by now, for from exchanging a smiling nod as she passed, a custom had arisen of my going to the gate to interchange greetings, and that was soon extended to accompanying her morning walk. No more hopeless longings now to be on the other side of my wall; indeed, in course of time, we even established a system of moral telegraphy, I knocking at the wall for permission to come round, and she responding with two taps, which gave consent. All this could have but one result, and that result speedily came about. Why it is the amiable habit of people to keep their "engagements"—I use the word in its cant meaning—is a secret, I have never been able to discover. I was very proud of my position, and have no reason for supposing that Nellie was dissatisfied with hers, and we attempted no concealment.

When Christmas week arrived everything was bright, the prospect brightest of all; and consequently, to bear out the aphorism that tells us "nothing happens but the unexpected," our trouble commenced. Some friends were coming to spend the evening at No. 3, and I had gone, in answer to a summons on the wall, to assist in the arrangement of some Christmas decorations. We were just putting up the last sprigs of evergreen when my servant brought me a letter.

"What's the matter?" Nellie asked, seeing, perhaps, that I looked annoyed at reading it.

"It's a horrid nuisance, Nellie, dear, but I must go to town," I answered.

She pouted.

"I must go, dear, though you may guess how unwilling I am. I have to see some one, and it is important that I should do so at once," I explained. "I'll hurry back you may be sure."

"He can wait till to-morrow," Nellie answered, as her father came into the room, and she explained my contemplated desertion in an injured tone.

"It isn't a 'he;' its—an old woman, who says I can render her a great service. It's hard enough to go and leave you, Nellie, just when I wanted to see your friends, too; and you needn't make it worse by being unreasonable," I added, in an undertone.

"Well, if you must, you must, only it's a great bother," she said; and I was soon in a hansom, speeding down to Charlie Hyde's chambers, where I luckily found their occupant.

"Are you going anywhere particular?" I asked.

"No, not very," he replied. "I intended looking in at one or two places. What is it?"

"I wish you'd come with me, down to Drury lane, will you?" I asked.

Charlie whistled. "I say, old fellow, this won't do!" he said.

"What won't do?" I inquired.

"Why, *this* won't. Isn't there a dress rehearsal of the pantomime to-night? It looks like running after the ballet."

"I do want to see one of the girls, and—but I'll explain as we go," I said; and, jumping into the hansom that was waiting, we were soon at the stage door, through which I was able to pass. Along dimly-lighted passages, past a scaly army of dreadful dragons, with unmanageable tails, who were gifted with the power of speech, and used it by conversing chiefly in the *patois* of Whitechapel; through a throng of gauzy fairies, several of whom were not too ethereal to disdain sausage rolls and stout for supper; past a mighty monarch—of some distant land where royalty was very strangely decorated—who took sufficient interest in the affairs of this realm to study the latest edition of an evening paper; and an excited ballet-master whose language and appearance were both hot; and having narrowly escaped falling down a chasm through which scenery was ascending, and just missed being borne down by the hurrying and heavily-laden carpenters who were rushing to and fro, I reached the wings, glaring fiercely with a thousand jets of gas, and soon found the object of my quest—who was, in truth, one of the "fairies."

Behind the scenes during a Christmas-eve rehearsal is not a comfortable place—everyone is busy, and you can't help feeling in the way, so I was very glad when, my conversation being finished, I saw Charlie, of whom I had lost sight.

"Seen papa?" he asked, rejoining me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Vane—I've been talking to him for some time. I think he's gone now, though."

"Are you in earnest, Charlie?" I asked.

"Perfectly. He came in to see Wilmore, the scene painter, who had asked him to call. Some experiment of colour in the transformation scene is to be tried, he told me."

"Did he see me, I wonder?"

"Yes; he was gazing at you while you were talking to Miss De Lacy, or whatever her name is now; and upon my word, it may have been business you were discussing, but you certainly appeared uncommonly earnest about it. You look vexed," Charlie said.

"Yes, I am rather vexed that he should have seen me here, though of course I can explain it all. There is a little gathering up there to-night, and I left, much to Nellie's annoyance, when I heard about this affair."

"Without telling them your destination?"

"Yes; I made some vague speech about assisting an old woman. Will you come up to Vane's with me?" I asked.

Charlie assented, and we made our way to the street. Snow was gently falling and the road rather slippery, but it did not take long to reach Elmley terrace.

"We'll just go in to my place for a moment," I said, and Charlie followed me upstairs. As I turned on the gas I saw that there was a letter on the table. It was from Mr. Vane, and I opened it with a slightly uncomfortable feeling, which increased as I read:—

"Dear Sir,—By a chance I was unavoidably present at your interview with 'the old woman to whom you were going to render a great service.' I trust that you will not permit any engagements you may have made at my house take you from her society.—Yours truly, Reginald Vane."

"Don't bite your lips, old fellow," said Charlie; "put them to the more sensible use of explaining matters next door. I don't blame Vane, though," he added, returning the letter which I had handed him to read. "What could he think? You say that you are going to see an old woman, or something of that sort, and he looks in at Drury lane and finds you behind the scenes earnestly talking to a girl. You must admit that it looks suspicious."

"And you think that he should judge entirely from suspicious appearances, and condemn me without hearing any explanations?" I angrily asked.

"I don't think anything, except that you should go in at once and tell Vane all about it," Charlie answered.

"What, after the insult in his letter? Most certainly not! He doubted my word, and that settles the question."

"And about the girl?" he asked quietly.

"Of course, after what her father has seen fit to write, I can make no advances," I answered.

"Don't be an idiot, Sydney; go in and explain the affair, and in five minutes you'll be waltzing with Nellie. How plain we hear the music!"

"In five minutes I shall be sitting here smoking, and the whole Vane connection will be knocked out of my head as the ashes out of my pipe," I said.

"Then there'll be a good deal more ash than brain. I must go and tell them myself," and he rose from his chair to go.

"Stop!" I called out. "I told you of this in confidence, and you are bound in honour not to speak of it without my permission."

"Do be sensible, Melville," he said, with a gesture of impatience. "I cannot blame Vane, and must confess that if I were in his place—seeing what I saw and knowing no more than he knows—I should act as he has done."

"And I should be rejoiced at breaking a connection with one who had so little trust in honour and honesty."

"And I should be rejoiced at being rid of a person who was utterly unreasonable, and —— however, I'm not going to quarrel with you, and say things that I should regret in the morning," he said.

Every persuasion in his power he used to induce me to take the sensible and proper course; but as I felt that he was perfectly right in every word he uttered, I persisted in my refusal with the steadfastness of a man who knows that he is wrong; and when he had vainly exhausted every argument which friendly kindness and good sense could suggest, left me to my angry meditations.

The sun rose sulkily next morning, and early I took my station at the window. Nellie would pass to Christmas Church. She would look up—the dear familiar look with just a shade of reproach in it, perhaps. I should go down to her, and all would be made right. So I planned; but wrongly. No Nellie appeared, and the piano was silent. A score of times I was on the point of rushing to the house, and saying the few words which would have made our Christmas a merry one; but foolish pride was too strong, and when night closed in on the most wretched day I had ever spent, nothing had been done towards reconciliation; and disappointment increased my stubborn resolutions.

What was to be done? To stay in my rooms was too great pain; and while I was debating on my course of action a letter arrived from a cousin in Suffolk. He was on the point of starting for Italy, to see whether the Italian breezes would not have more mercy on a feeble chest than the bleak Suffolk winds. In an idle moment I had vaguely hinted that I might be induced to accompany him, and this chimed in well with my wishes now; so to his astonishment before a reply could have reached him I was at the Manor House shaking his hand and smiling at the look of astonishment on his face, for he had scarcely expected that I would comply with his wishes. The 29th saw us at Montpellier.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—"Out of sight, out mind." Which is true? The first, as I am sure. The southern breezes did not blow away her image, nor did the varying scenery and excitement of travel erase one whit of her impression from me. Till April we lingered on, and then leaving my cousin at Nice, I returned to town.

I drove first to Charlie's chambers, and luckily found him. There was a genial look in his face as he grasped my hand, and he seemed glad to see his friend; but still there was a little shadow between us, and not *quite* the old openness of heart.

"You'll dine with me, of course, Sydney?" he said presently, looking at his watch.

"Certainly. Are you going out now?" I asked.

He seemed a little embarrassed. "I am not going out," he answered, "but I am expecting—some friends."

I saw from his face who his friends were, and he nodded assent to my inquiring look.

"I should like to see her, Charlie—bless her darling little face!—but she musn't see me. Yes! I admit that I acted worse than foolishly. I knew that I was doing so all the time, but—I did it."

"And you'll tell her so?" he asked.

"No. It has gone too far now, and I can't humiliate myself," I said.

"I am sorry that you consider it a humiliation to act sensibly and uprightly," answered he.

"Pray don't argue, Charlie, I'm utterly miserable and wretched, and knowing that it is all my own fault does not make it any better. I have lost her as I deserve to do, and now——"

I had no time to finish my sentence, for there was a knock at the door at the moment, and I stepped hastily with a quickly beating heart into a back room, through which I proposed to retreat when I had first seen her. My agitation was, however, needless, as I found when Charlie greeted the new comer with:

"Well, Sir Lancelot. How does your worship?"

"Pretty tidy, thank ye, sir," was the somewhat unknightly response.

"And Polly?" asked Charlie.

"Blooming, thank you, sir," Sir Lancelot answered.

To look at, the new comer scarcely justified the notion that he was a true descendant of his great name-sake supposing always that King Arthur's treacherous friend married and "settled down," and did not "die an holy man" in the desert, as ancient chroniclers would have us suppose. He was known away from the studio by the more ordinary name of Jim Steggles; and was, in fact, Charlie's model for a picture from the "Idyls of the King."

"You'll find your gay caparisons in the usual place," my friend said, dismissing the man to a dressing room; who retired to assume his costume.

Charlie looked at me when the door was shut, and I re-entered the room.

"How marvellously circumstances and people spring up and influence our lives," he moralised. "Who would think that that man, with every respect and affection for you and your family, could have interfered with your most private arrangements so unfortunately. I can quite understand that the sight of him is not very pleasant to you—though he knows nothing of what he has done, to this day. I suppose that is why you did not speak to——"

There was no mistake this time in the rap at the door; and as I stepped back into my hiding place, Charlie admitted Nellie and her father. Perhaps it was imagination, but I fancied her dear little face was a trifle thinner than of yore, though I had never seen her look so pretty as when gazing with eager eyes through the chink of the slightly opened door, as I saw her now. The little hand she extended to Charlie, mine once, what would I not have given to feel it again! and yet how *could* I make excuses and amends for my continued foolishness?

"My little girl is complaining of cold, Mr. Hyde, and I have to go on to Burlington House and may be detained, so she will be better by your warm fire than in the carriage. I will take care not to be long, dear. Good morning, Steggles," he said as he was passing out of the room and the model entered.

"Mornin', Sir. Good mornin', Miss," he said in answer to Nellie's acknowledgement. "I hope the garden's all right, Miss. Though I've give up the jobbing trade, I shall always be glad to see after your garden when you want me as before, Miss."

"And so you are married now?" Nellie asked.

"Yes, Miss. Polly and me's took up together at last, and are doin' pretty well in a market garden up Putney way, thank you, Miss."

"I am very glad to hear it, Steggles," little Nellie said; "for when you were at our house last, there was some stupid quarrel between you, you know."

"Well, Miss, since you're kind enough to remember, there was a sort of a unpleasantness like," he said.

"Steggles found a friend to put matters right for him, Miss Vane," Charlie said. "It's quite a little story, taking every part of it into consideration. Tell Miss Vane about it, Steggles."

"Well, Miss, I don't know about there being no story; it was only a kind of tiff like. You see, when I first knew Polly, she was dancing at the theayter—in the ballet which perhaps you have seen, Miss. I didn't like that, no more didn't 'er mother, but they was poor and it became useful. 'Er mother had lived all 'er life servant to a family of gentry in the country, Sir Herbert Rawdon, of Rawdon Grange, and Polly 'ad been about the dairy and that, making herself useful, until she was about seventeen year old, and then 'er mother married again and come to town, but the old man died, and she got to be 'ousekeeper at some chambers in the Adelphi; but there wasn't much to be got out of 'ousekeeping, and so Polly's pound a week made a difference, and grumblingly her mother let 'er keep on at it. Well, I didn't think this sort of thing would do Polly much good—wouldn't fit her to settle down quiet much—and I persuaded 'er to leave it, and we got a sewing machine for her and was doing splendid, when this little unpleasantness arose. We got huffed a bit—perhaps it was my fault, p'raps it was'nt—and I didn't see her for over a week. I was just looking out for an opportunity of comin' round and thinkin' of the way it could be done best, when I got a letter from 'er mother, and when I see the writin' I knew it was something serious; for Polly's mother ain't not what you'd call strong at the writing, and didn't do much of it, in a general way, you know, Miss. Well, she said that Polly 'ad met some of 'er old friends from the ballet, and they 'ad persuaded 'er to get took on at the Lane for the run of the pantomime. I was real hurt at this, becos she knew how strong I was against it all, and I said I wouldn't go to see 'er no more till she left and said she was sorry. Her mother tried to persuade 'er, but cou'dn't. Polly said if she wasn't worth comin' for, she wasn't worth 'avin', and it was my fault that she 'ad taken to it; and I wouldn't go till she had left, so there was an awkward fix. You see, Miss, we all longed for it to come right, just as flowers long for the sunshine; but while they poke up their 'eads through the mould, our 'eads was so loaded with pride and passion, as we could't get 'em up. Just then Polly's mother thought of a way of helpin' us. One day when she was in the street, she saw Sir Herbert's nephew drive by in a cab, and that put it into her 'ead to beg him to go and talk to Polly, and point out to her 'ow wrong she was doing; for they thought all the world of Sir Herbert's family, and it was this very young gentleman who had got her the place as 'ousekeeper, and very kind when they was in distress. She knew 'is influence would be great if he wouldn't mind interestin' himself in poor people's troubles—and he wasn't the sort to refuse; so 'er mother wrote to him about it, and the long and short of it is that Polly sent for me that same night, and we made up the only quarrel we ever 'ad, or ever shall 'ave."

A light had been breaking in on Nellie, and she sat listening eagerly to every word the man spoke.

"Tell Miss Vane the gentleman's name to whom you owe so much," said Charlie.

"Sydney Melville his name is, Miss," the man said.

"Sydney!" Nellie exclaimed, uttering a little cry, and then, turning to Charlie, she said, "You knew this, Mr. Hyde, and yet would not tell me. How cruel—how wicked of you!"

"Miss Vane, don't be angry with me," he answered, while Steggles looked on in astonishment. "I cannot tell you how earnestly I tried to persuade Sydney to tell you or your father, and set things right. He said that he had told me in confidence, and that I was bound in honour not to betray the secret; and I felt that it was so."

"If you only had given me the least hint of it, without quite telling me," cried Nellie. "You might have done that for me."

I don't know how I restrained myself from rushing out of my hiding place.

Charlie did not look at all sorry; indeed, there was a smile on his face as he leaned against the chimney-piece and looked down at Nellie; and the way in which he rubbed his hands had more of hilarity in it than of a desire of stimulating the circulation.

"Sydney said that you judged him hastily, entirely from appearances," he said.

"Papa came home that dreadful night, and told me that Sydney was unworthy, and I am sure I took Sydney's part with all my might; but then he said something about behind the scenes and actresses, and I could not help being very angry—sorry, and willing to be guided by papa. Have you heard anything of—of Sydney?"

Darling little Nellie looked up piteously into Charlie's face; but that hardened villain assumed a serious expression of countenance immediately.

"I have had a communication from him," he answered.

"And is he well? and are you likely—to see him soon?" she asked.

It was all right, I well might guess; but the passing moments were so delicious, I could not hurry on the *dénouement*.

"Yes, he is well; but he seems to imply that there will shortly be a great change in his mode of life," Charlie said.

Her face fell. "Going to be married?" she asked softly.

Charlie bowed his deceitful head, and the poor little girl, catching her breath, whispered:

"To whom?"

"To Nellie Vane!" I cried, springing into the room; for I could bear it no longer, and with a wild little cry of delight she fell into my arms.

"I couldn't think what you was a-noddin' and shakin' your 'ead at me for, Sir, when I see some one in the other room," said Sir Lancelot.

"If you had dared to speak, I would have trussed you like a lark with your own spear!" exclaimed Charlie, with a radiant countenance, discreetly taking not *too* much notice of Nellie and me; while Steggles looked on dazed, dimly beginning to fancy that his wife was, in some mysterious way, which he could not comprehend, mixed up with something or other which he did not in the least understand.

The coming of Mr. Vane recalled us to ourselves. He noted Nellie's flushed cheeks and bright eyes, and then turned his gaze on me, with perhaps more surprise than pleasure.

"I have an explanation to give you, Mr. Vane," I said, "which I should have given you before if I had not——"

"Been a donkey," suggested Charlie; but I took no notice of his impertinence, and told my story to Mr. Vane, and judging from the warmth with which he shook my hand when I had concluded, I have no reason to suppose that the recital of the narrative was unpleasant to him; while Nellie stood by the fire, half laughing, half crying.

On inquiry I found that the rooms I had occupied at No. 2 were not vacant; but it does not much matter, for very soon Nellie and I shall be living even nearer together than when we were at Elmley terrace, where our happiness was so strangely endangered by the Model's Wife.

The End.

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A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

The Christmas of the year 1730 found the land locked in the rigorous grasp of a real old English winter. On Christmas Eve, the snow, which had been but light, began to thicken by reason of the large flakes that fell from the lowering sky, and when day dawned it was already of a depth to make walking no easy matter. It bade fair to be deeper yet, for still the grey clouds let fall their silent tribute to earth's beauty, and still the weather-wise predicted greater cold and prolonged storm.

It was not yet mid-day, when a young woman was making her way slowly and with difficulty, yet with a stout heart and a firm foot, along the narrow road that led from the west towards Stonypen. She seemed too slight and young to be out alone in such a place and at such a time, and the small portion of the face that could be seen under the broad-flapping hood that protected it, was very fair to look upon. Yet she was not quite alone, for, young and girlish as she appeared, she carried in her arms, well wrapt up and shielded from the cold, a baby, a very little child, who slept as peacefully in that warm, supporting cradle as if it had been in a luxurious nursery at home.

The traveller had been walking almost since daybreak, and felt weary enough when at noon she asked for rest and refreshment at a wayside house, the only one she had passed for many miles. The situation was oppressively lonely and desolate, and if the house made any pretensions to an inn, it must have been seldom indeed that its capabilities were tried. It was, therefore, with no little astonishment that the wanderers were received. After repeated knockings, the door was opened by a dazed-looking lad, who at first could present nothing but a gaping mouth and round open eyes in answer to the timid request to be allowed to enter and rest. After some minutes of apparently imbecile wonderment, the boy turned on his heel without a word, but left the door open, and before long his place was taken by the mistress of the house, who, though her surprise at the apparition found vent in cries and ejaculations of astonishment, had sense enough to draw the shivering, footsore girl into the large kitchen, and press upon her with motherly eagerness the warmth of the Christmas fire, and the comfort of the cushioned settle at its side.

"My name is Grace ——," began the visitor, with frank simplicity, as if she thought some explanation was necessary to account for her forlorn appearance; but before the word was fairly out of her mouth, she stopped short, turned rosy red, and leaving the name unfinished, hurried on with some confusion to the rest of the tale.

"I am going to Stonypen, to some friends," she said, "some friends about whom I am very anxious, and I want to get there to-night—is that possible?"

The good woman, who was chafing her cold hands, and bidding her spread out her feet to thaw in the warm blaze, shook her head and looked out of the window at the dark sky.

"Oh, deary, deary," she said, "don't be thinking of going on so far to-day. It's many a mile further into Stonypen town, more than ever these little feet will ever carry thee, and only look at the weather and see the snow falling. There's more of it coming too, I reckon, and the pack road 'll be hard to find for one that is strange to it." And then she looked at the baby whom the mother was suckling and up into the sweet face that bent over it, and shook her wise head again.

Grace smiled as she answered, "But it is only noon now or not much after, and I shall be so refreshed with my rest here, that I am sure I can go on. It is very urgent that I should get there to-night."

"Surely, surely," said the woman, "but young folk always are in such a hurry now-a-days. What can a young body like you have on hand that can't well wait a day or two?"

"But I must go," replied the girl gently, and then sitting by the fire-side and confiding in the motherly kindness of her hostess she told the story of her life and the urgency of her journey. Left an orphan some years since, she told how she had obtained employment, which she was not ashamed to undertake as necessary to maintain herself in independence. Her work lay in a fashionable quarter of London, where her mistress had to please the tastes and satisfy the whims of the gay ladies of the court. Her hearer gathered from the implied rather than expressed hints of the modest narrative that, surrounded by many of the temptations of these loose and frivolous times, and especially of the loose and frivolous atmosphere in which she was compelled to live, she yet was guarded by the shield of her own maiden purity, and remained unscathed, so that, notwithstanding her lonely London life, she was now still as simple-hearted and unsuspecting as any country girl. She told with radiant joy the story of her love and the praises of her lover. Was it chance or fortune merely; was it not rather some higher power, that brought her in contact with one who was as noble-minded as he was generous—as sincere as he was susceptible of love and beauty? If not over rich he was rich to her, he was handsome; and he had escaped the wiles and flatteries of many a powdered and patched fair lady, and had let his whole heart go out towards her—was it not wonderful that he, so good, so clever, should care for her? Yet he did love her very dearly, he loved her faithfully, and so they were married. Very happy were the first weeks of their married life, very happy its whole short course. Yet there was one great cloud overshadowing them which, ignore it as they would and did at first, must shower its torrents on them. They had been married secretly. Her husband, the son and heir of a country squire, had not ventured to tell his father of an attachment he knew would be distasteful to one who had other projects for his son, and had ultimately persuaded the girl, blinded by her love to all difficulties, to marry him on the condition that she should consent to their union being kept secret,—should consent to remain unknown to her husband's friends, until the time which he thought well should come for the disclosure. And she still trusted him. Of course there would be anger and resentment at first, and this she feared more for his sake than for her own, for was it not natural that his friends should look with jealousy upon one so introduced? But this she was willing to undergo for his dear love—and as she told this the countrywoman wondered what persons they could be who should think the sweet, modest girl not good enough to mate with them—only she had got tired of living in doubt. Left alone by an unusually long absence of her husband at his father's, she had come to feel that the best thing for them both was to tell the truth and face the worst. Nothing could sever their love; anything was better than this uncertainty and solitude.

Letters came seldom, and the young mother's heart sank within her; a restless, weary feeling began to grow in the place of the sunshiny lightness of a merry spirit. Not that she ever suffered her baby to see any shadow; for this young thing was never without a smile. [continued below]

"My poor wench," said the good country woman, "pray you be advised. See how the storm is gathering, and how lonely will be the way. Folks' hearts won't be harder because Christmas day is over; it will be Yule-tide still. Wait at any rate till the pack-horses come. My son will be with them, and will be glad to give you a lift for my sake."

"I wish I could," she said, "but indeed I must get on. It is not very far now, and I am quite rested. See, baby is falling asleep again; I can go on now, I will not wait for the daylight to be gone, or for the storm to grow worse—let me go while I can find my way."

The landlady again urged her, but in vain, to rest under the humble roof for one night. Grace only thanked her in her soft voice and smiled her gratitude, but would not be shaken in her resolution to go forward. Well warmed therefore and somewhat rested, she set out again, after many last directions as to the road and warnings to take shelter at the next house she would come upon, some six or eight miles further, should she by that time find herself unable to reach her destination before the early winter night should make travelling more hazardous than it then was.

The kind-hearted woman bade her Godspeed, and turned away from the door with a sigh when she could no longer see the figure of her late guest. She was doubtful whether she ought not to have kept her even by force, and as the afternoon advanced and the snow not only fell more heavily, but began to drift under the influence of the rising wind, she blamed herself more, and was haunted all through the long night with fears for the safety of the young mother and her child.

The object of her care and regrets made good way at first in her onward journey. She had been cheered and comforted by the good woman's kind words and hospitality. The path for some distance lay down hill, and the air being at this time rather clearer, she began to hope that there might be no more snow. If there were not, she had such confidence in her walking powers that she was sanguine of reaching Stonypen in good time.

Thus over the crunching snow she walked steadily, heedfully watching the rough and sometimes ill-defined road, as it led now through a deep valley, with overhanging walls of rock, now wound up with steep ascent to the broad open moor-land.

The hours of the short December day are speeding quickly by; the way seems to her weary feet to become more and more difficult and long, as now a sighing gust of wind flings a cloud-full of snow-flakes in her face, and comes moaning again across the broad expanse with ominous sound.

The road here is difficult to follow; she has not seen that cottage of which her late hostess had told her, and she stops for a minute to look all round at the dreary expanse of whiteness, and to shudder at her utter loneliness. Even as she pauses night is coming down, the dazzling whiteness of the earth grows grey in the distance; the hurrying clouds darken above her; from their unrelenting bosoms fall masses of snow that soon obscure the horizon, and in vain the forlorn wanderer looks round for friendly shelter of any kind. She clutches her babe tightly to her breast, and hurries on with a sudden sickness and despair at her heart, and lifts a speechless prayer, that is yet so earnest in its cry that it must pierce those dark heavens.

And now night has fairly settled down, without a star to illumine it. The wind has grown from the wild treacherous sigh and moan of an hour ago to a wild, shrieking fury, and poor Grace is blinded by the flying snow, and nearly frozen by the bitter cold. Has she lost the road altogether, she wonders in a dim fear, as she presses anxiously forward, for there is no shelter to turn back to. And now she has plunged into a deep drift and sinks for a moment, helplessly on to its soft deceiving pillow. Oh, for some hand stretched out to save her. Oh, for some voice to rouse her and urge her on to safety and peace. Ah, thank Heaven, it is there, the only voice perhaps that could arouse her. Her babe awakes, struggles in his close wrappings, and his plaintive wail breaks with salvation in its sound on the mother's ear.

With a wild cry, she leaps up, drags her half-frozen limbs from the drift and staggers on. And see, what is there before her? Is it fancy, or does a light really gleam through the darkness. Is it the deceptive *ignis fatuus*, or does it shine from the shelter of a protecting roof and give promise of life and warmth and safety?

It was a merry group of brothers and sisters, cousins and friends—such pretty cousins, such handsome friends—who were met together to celebrate this Christmas in the hospitable Manor House of Mosfield.

The once picturesque Manor House may still be seen, but is visited chiefly on the 12th of August, by sportsmen who are too intent on the grouse, or on refreshments after slaughtering them, to take much notice of the remains of decayed comfort and even luxury, or to notice the arms which still adorn the entrance. At other times the wanderers who stray along the rugged road which crosses Mosfield moor, and to their surprise come upon traces of bygone opulence in that unexpected and desolate region, are few and far between. And when they have speculated on the history of that lonely Manor House, and wondered how it found its way there, yet another surprise is in store for them a few paces further on, in the deep wooded gorge, with its dashing stream, contrasting so violently with all that surrounds it.

Here it was that at the time of which we are writing Squire Worrall lived, here it was that on the Christmas Day of which we now speak, there had been the Christmas feast both for small and great. The genuine yule-log had been crackling and sending showers of sparks up the chimney; the comic element among the servants had relieved itself by the delivery of a doggrel rhyme, addressed to the master of the house by the "fool" of the servants' hall; there had been plenty of old English kissing under the misletoe, and now the high-heeled feet of the young ladies and the less-elegantly shod feet of the maids were tripping with their partners over the polished floor, to the sound of two squeaking fiddles and a bass-viol.

It was a pretty scene, and not altogether so difficult to imagine now-a-days, when the fashions of the early Georges seem to be returning, and we see ever-heightening piles of hair on the heads of our belles, and when short dresses, and quilted skirts and red boots are again the mode.

So loud and merry were the laughter, the fiddling, and the talking combined, that the howls of the winter wind and the driving hail were drowned, and so too at first was the knock at the heavy oaken door; for this large room or hall opened directly on to the garden and between that and the moorland there was no division, save a low mound. But some of the servants standing near the door heard at last, not the rapping, but a beseeching cry, a terrified appeal for succour.

The great door swung on its hinges, and those about it shivered as the cold blast rushed in, fluttering gay ribbons and swaying the hanging laurel wreaths. And on her knees on the threshold was poor half-frozen Grace, lifting a white and terrified face to the inmates.

"Take pity on me and on my baby," she implored, and half-a-dozen arms were held out to support her.

For a moment her dazzled eyes could distinguish nothing. Then as they began to discern the figures of the various groups in the room, one joyful cry burst from her lips,

"Harry, Harry," and tottering forward, she fell swooning on the floor.

It was Harry Worrall, the young son of the house, who, after a moment of surprise, sprang from the throng of dancers, and stooping to his knees, lifted the girl's head on his arms. Her long golden hair, unbound by the storm and drenched with wet, fell from his shoulders to the ground, and all the party, who eagerly gathered in a circle round them, exclaimed in admiration of its beauty and the lovely, though marble-white face over which the young man was leaning.

The babe had been caught from her relaxing arms as she fell, and was now waking before the glow of the bright fire, and blinking with great wondering eyes at the brilliant lights.

"Harry," said Squire Worrall, breaking the sudden silence that had fallen on the company. "Harry, what is it! Do you know her?"

Then Harry Worrall, before answering, bowed his head over Grace's cold face and pressed there one long kiss, and after that looking up, with a proud and half-defiant flush on his cheek, he said—

"She is my wife, sir. She has been braver than I, who, for this year and a half, have been a coward, and not dared to tell my secret. See what she has borne to seek me."

The difficulty of Grace's introduction to her husband's friends was solved. When she thought she had lost her way irrecoverably, she was going straight to happiness; when she had nearly succumbed to the perils of her situation Heaven had guided her to the light which shone from the very dwelling which she most desired to reach. Her young husband was Harry Worrall, of Mosfield Manor, and the winter storm had been her best friend in bringing her, spent and exhausted, to his feet, leaving him no choice but to make known the fact of his marriage. He felt strong and brave as he acknowledged his beautiful wife, and her face had given her the first step towards obtaining the good-will of his friends, even before they knew how nearly related to themselves was its owner.

The plain and sober dress, more suited to the position of Grace Lutterworth than Grace Worrall, was less noticed than the delicate fairness of the complexion; the plebeian want of powder in the hair was forgotten in the gleam of its golden threads; and the thick boots were unnoticed, while such a small, white hand drooped helplessly on the floor. Two or three of the more practical among the spectators had at once gathered round her, and were trying to bring back life to the frozen limbs, and colour to the cheeks; but it was that warm kiss of her husband's, so long yearned for, that roused Grace from her faint.

With a quivering sigh, she opened her blue eyes, then meeting his, she closed them again with a smile of ineffable happiness and satisfaction, and nestled nearer to him. Presently the roses flushed back to lip and cheek, and lifting herself to a sitting posture, she slipped her arm round his neck, and whispered a few words in his ear. Then she looked eagerly round for her little boy, and when he was brought to her, and her husband said, "Father, mother, you will forgive me, on this blessed Christmas-tide, for the sake of my sweet wife?" she rose up, and going to the Squire, who stood doubtful and undecided, she held the child up to him.

"You will forgive us both, for the sake of your little grandson, whom I will teach to love you very dearly."

Then, for answer, Anthony Worrall bent over the round face of the babe and kissed it, and, as an additional sign of yielding forgiveness and love, kissed the mother too.

And so was sung the song of "Peace on earth and good-will towards men" at Mosfield Manor on that happy Christmas night.

Christmas Carols.—The custom of singing carols at Christmas, like most seasonable practices, commenced very early, and is said to have been in vogue in the Anglo-Norman times, for in a manuscript of that period in the British Museum is a carol commencing

"Now lordlings listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, sooth our care," &c.

There is a curious old carol, which commences:—

"Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
And he married Mary, Queen of Galilee;
As Joseph was a walking, he heard the angels sing,
'This night shall be born our Heavenly King.
He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.'"

A curious old anonymous carol runs:

"Three kings, this King of kings to see, are come from faree,
To each unknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a starre;
As shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King.
He must be made away—King Herod would him kill;
Oh! woe and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will!"

The Mistletoe and Kissing.—Kissing a fair one under the mistletoe and wishing her a happy new year as you present her with one of the berries for luck, is a Christmas custom of our times; and in some places persons try lots for the bough with the most berries by the crackling of leaves and berries in the fire. But at what period came mistletoe to be recognised as a Christmas evergreen? We have Christmas carols in praise of holly and ivy of even earlier date than the fifteenth century; but allusion to mistletoe can scarcely be found for two centuries later, or before the time of Herrick. "Hone relates a discussion which took place in a Christmas party, as to which might be the great point and crowning glory of Christmas festivity. One said mince-pie; another said beef and plum-pudding; some said the wassail bowl; but a fair maiden blushingly suggested *the mistletoe*. She was right; for according to the received rule of mediæval times, except a maiden was kissed at Christmas *under the mistletoe*, she could not be married during the ensuing year. What is it which constitutes the connection between Christmas mistletoe and Christmas kissing? Setting aside druidical and pagan practices, let us rather inquire what was the part performed by the mistletoe in mediæval times among ourselves. Now, it is certain that the mistletoe, though it formerly had a place amongst the evergreens employed in the Christmas decoration of churches, was subsequently excluded. Why? Mistletoe, says Hone, was put into the church at Teddington; but the clergyman ordered it to be *taken away*. Why? It is also certain that, in the earlier ages of the Church, many festivities not at all tending to edification—the practice of mutual kissing among the rest—had gradually crept in and established themselves. The mistletoe, thus having been originally employed at Christmas with other evergreens for church embellishment, but having been subsequently prohibited in churches and relegated to private dwelling-houses, 'kiss in the ring,' together with every other Christmas 'kissing game,' is now restricted to the social circle, upon the sound and sober principle that there is a place for everything."

On a "Boots" at a Hotel.—He does not shine himself, but he is the cause of brilliancy in others.

Why is an Almanac simply advice thrown away? Because it comes in at one year and goes out at the other.

You don't gather figs from thistles, says the proverb; but any ship-builder knows you get your mast from a pine, not an oak.

Dr. Watts Quoted to a Masculine Female energetic about the Rights of Women.—"How I wonder what you are!"

What is the difference between a dead cat and an imported rabbit?—One is simply an Ostend rabbit, and the other's a rabbit Ostensibly!

SUMMARY
OF
The Secret Marriage:
A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Chapters—I to IX.

The scene of this interesting story is laid in the quaint old cathedral city of Earlsford, among the hills of Wales, and inhabited largely by aristocratic and professional people. Dr. Browne is a little Scotch physician, who has made his own fortune and practice. He once loved a pretty Lilias, and in their days of struggle, often looked forward to the time when he should make her his wife, but ere that time arrived, Lillias Morsgray lay beneath the sod, and old Dr. Browne was still a bachelor, with only Andrew Graime to act as footman and butler.

At the door of Dr. Browne's house might have been seen an elderly lady, Mrs. Deane, and her granddaughter, Nelly. They are poor, but bear about with them that genteel carriage which is ever distinguishable in the really noble.

Ushered into a comfortable room, they have an interview with the Doctor, who, having ascertained Mrs. Deane's suffering, and its cause, gives his advice, and the ladies depart.

A few weeks after this interview, a young gentleman was walking along the road that overlooks the city of Edinburgh; by his side was a fair girl, and loving words were exchanged—words which plighted to each other their troth, as they wended their way up the Castle Hill. The young gentleman, elegant and noble, was a student at the University, was fallen hopelessly in love with Stella Morton, a ballet dancer, who now hurried away to prepare for her appearance in the pantomime that night at the theatre. That night she danced as she had never done before—danced to please him, whom she speedily discovered—him, whose heart fluttered at the thought that next Saturday that beautiful girl would be his wife.

Harry Calcott and Stella Morton were privately married on that Saturday night, none but Charlotte Smith, an aged ballet dancer, witnessing the ceremony, and Stella Calcott played that night, and Harry went and watched her, dreaming of the joy in store for him, having secured a pure and beautiful wife. Their connection had been very slight until one evening, some weeks before the wedding, when out for a stroll, she hastily and unobservedly picked up a letter Harry had dropt, and there read of tenantry and houses, and lands. He was not poor, then, and Harry Calcott was not his real name! Her plans were taken, and we have seen how, by her duplicity, she thoroughly hoodwinked and eventually securedt he too innocent captive. Harry, being called away on business, a month after, returned unexpectedly, and then overheard a character of his spotless wife, and saw her ride away with a most unblushing profligate. Heart-broken and home-stricken, he settled a sum of money on her, and turned for ever from the city.

The next spring, the young heir of Earlsford would come of age, and great rejoicings take place. He was now at Oxford, and his mother, Mrs. Hartley, had made great preparations for the festivities.

On the 25th of May, the festivities began, introductions to the noted and wealthy families of the county took place, with the young heir of Earlscourt—among these were the Malcolms, on whose graceful daughter, Clara, Mrs. Hartley hoped to imprint a mother's kiss some day. Very grand and joyful is the celebration of his majority, not only the grandees, but the farmers and tradesmen, as well as the labourers on the estate, all join in festive mirth and feasting. Our friend, Dr. Browne, and Nelly Deane, are amongst the guests, Nelly being very much admired by everybody, save Miss Clara Malcolm. Mr. Eustace Hartley could not forget her fresh, bright face, for long after the guests had departed. But, alas! in the midst of the rejoicings, word came for Dr. Browne and Nelly Deane, and before they could arrive at Mrs. Deane's dwelling, Nelly was left alone—her grandmother was dead. As soon as the poor girl could compose herself, she sat down and wrote a short note to her only relative, Lord Tenterby, informing him of Mrs. Deane's death, to which a reply was sent, in most pompous terms, that he would attend on the day of the funeral and arrange for her future. An interview took place, at which Dr. Browne, as one of the executors, attended, when Lord Tenterby offered Miss Deane a home at the Castle, as seamstress and lady's maid, without salary. She asked for time to consider her decision, and the supercilious lordling went his way. At this juncture, Dr. Browne made another proposition, that as he was lonely and wealthy, he would be proud to have her to brighten his home and cheer his last days—to marry her. This affectionate proposal was also delayed in deciding. The next morning, when Dr. Browne called, Nelly, feeling that though she esteemed him highly, yet could not render him a wife's love, was prepared with her answer, which was not unexpected by the Doctor. Another proposal, that she should be his adopted daughter, caused the poor girl to weep for joy, and she accordingly went in due time to Dr. Browne's large house, while Mary, the faithful servant of Mrs. Deane, was provided with a house in one of the almshouses. Lord Tenterby was not at all sorry to get rid of his unwelcome burden, and paid many compliments to the good old Doctor, and also to his adopted daughter. Nelly, however, did not stay at home, but, feeling her need of more education, was sent to Mrs. Beresford's school, at Henley, where she had stayed a year. At the beginning of the vacation, Dr. Browne had suitable and beautiful dresses, &c., made for her, and she and Mrs. Beresford became busily engaged in preparations for a proposed visit to Oxford with the Doctor.

Returning to Eustace Hartley. After his majority celebrations, he again returned to Oxford, and pursued his studies with assiduity. The end of June saw him again at Earlscourt. During a drive with his mother, something or other frightened the horses and they were both thrown out, but fortunately, not seriously injured. Dr. Browne who was passing at the moment, took them both to an hotel, and having assured himself and them, that no serious hurt had been sustained, sent for his own carriage to take them home. During the time they were waiting for the conveyance, Dr. Browne read to Eustace a list of amusements which were to take place in Earlsford, among which was a theatre advertisement, announcing other attractions naming Mdlle. Stella Morton, as prima-donna. On hearing this named, the young squire started up, and gazed wildly at the Doctor's face, with staring eyes and pallid cheek. The Doctor and Mrs. Hartley both noticed it, but attributed his sudden ghastliness to the effects of the accident, he assured them he was quite well, and the carriage having arrived, drove off to Earlscourt. On the way thither, they were delayed by the manager of the theatre, Mr. Smith, who apologized for one of his people being the innocent cause of the accident—as they were just raising his flag, which frightened the horses. The mother and son lay down, and in the evening were sitting in the pretty room looking out into the garden. Gradually the sky became overcast, and a sharp shower, with lightning, followed speedily. By a flash of lightning, there was revealed the face of a woman, standing near a tree, her eyes gazing steadily in at the window—another flash and she had fallen, struck by the electric fluid. She was brought into the house and carefully attended and brought round. Eustace Hartley recognises Stella Morton. The housekeeper got out of the woman her name, too, and strange words about the Mistress of Earlscourt passed the actress's lips, a locket fallen from her dress, was picked up by Mrs. Harris; and, after a few other strange words between Eustace Hartley and Stella, (which the domestics could not understand the meaning of) Stella Morton went out, declining any escort. A word was whispered by the young man, pale but composed, to which she nodded assent.

Eustace returned to his mother, telling her the woman had gone. His mother said she was very glad, for she felt her presence betokened some mischief, and, on asking who she was, Eustace told her she was one of the actresses come to Earlswood for the races, came here to look at the house, and was being tired and upset by the fright, she should go to bed. After bidding his mother good night, he rang for his valet, told him not to sit up for him, and then left the house.

The storm had passed off, and the night was starless and still, as the young master of Earlscourt passed through the gate of his spacious park, and peered silently along the dark road which stretched away towards the twinkling lamps in the distance.

"Not here!" he said to himself; "she understood me, I am certain. I said the south lodge."

The figure of her whom he sought rose from a bank by the wayside as he spoke, and the voice of Stella Morton said, "I did understand, and I am here. What do you want with me?"

"Rather, what do you want with me," he said, bitterly, "that you break the promise you so solemnly made me, and come here to disturb the peace of a home that"——

"That should be my own," she struck in fiercely, —"that shall be mine, Eustace Hartley, if you goad me to it."

"It shall never be yours," he said, in a low determined whisper. "Take care, Stella; the first move on your part looses your hold on me; and I will do what I ought to have done in the first month of our accursed union,—seek redress for my wrongs in the divorce court!"

"You value your own credit too highly," she said, with a short, bitter laugh; "I am not afraid of that; you will not let your aristocratic name be made the sport of newspaper hacks and sneering lawyers. I know you, Eustace Harry Calcott Hartley!—who thought, in catching the poor ballet girl, you had gulled an innocent, country lass with your concealed name and your assumed poverty! I know you, perhaps, better than you know yourself: and I know you would buy your wife's silence at any price, rather than confess yourself the dupe you were."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, sadly. "I am a cowardly fool, but 'tis for my mother's sake. I have bought your silence; will buy it, so long as you keep your part of our compact unbroken."

"I have done it," she said, sullenly. "I told your pampered servants the truth when they questioned me. I only came here to see my husband's princely home; I did not intend to tax its hospitality, believe me." She spoke with intense scorn, and her eyes seemed literally to gleam in the darkness. "But since I have tasted of it—since I, the mistress of all there, have crossed my husband's threshold, dying for ought he knew, and been left to the care of servants and the sneers of lacqueys—listen to me—hear me swear,"—she continued, dropping on her knees and lifting her hands,—"As there is a heaven above me, from this hour to to my dying day, I will accept no favour from you. Were I perishing of starvation, not one penny would I receive at my husband's hands to save me from death. From the time of my leaving yonder city, I will be dead to you, till the hour of my revenge comes."

"Stella!"

"Live as you will—do what you please," she went on; "at the moment when you least expect it you shall feel my sting. When your heart is lightest, your cares fewest—when you stand among your fellow men, most respected and honoured, then look for me! Your wife will assert her right to stand beside you."

He began to think, as his housekeeper had done that her brain was turned, so wild and excited did she seem.

"You will think better of this," he replied; "when you are calmer and more reasonable. You have had a serious fright to-night, and it has upset you; I think by to-morrow morning you will feel that it is better for you—for us both," he said sadly, "to try and make the best of what is past. I am willing to make any reasonable terms with you."

"To save your unsullied name," she said, sneeringly. "But I will come to no terms now; this hour I bid you farewell for ever! One consolation I will leave you,—our secret is no longer ours alone!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. One of your pampered servants yonder saw the locket I wear round my neck—your valued portrait, you know; she is a shrewd woman, or I am much mistaken, and was not slow to couple what she saw with my wedding-ring and your pale face."

"Good heavens!"

"It is true. You will have her silence to buy now; so my renunciation of your bounty will be convenient, no doubt. Good night, and pleasant dreams to you!" And before he could answer her she was gone, walking swiftly along the dark road towards the town.

"Shall I follow her?" said Eustace to himself. "No; she will be easily found to-morrow. It's not worth while having another scene with her to-night. I do believe she's mad." And with a mind full of perplexities and misgivings, he returned to the house.

The house was silent, as he had left it, when Eustace returned; he had bolted and barred the window, and threw himself down in an easy-chair to think. It was no pleasant subject for musing, that midnight meeting, with all its train of probable consequences.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "It will never do to let her go off in that frantic humour; there is no knowing what will be the end of it." He buried his head in his hands and thought again.

"I'll end it!" at length he exclaimed aloud. "I'll make a clean breast of it to—no, not to my mother; the knowledge would be the death of her, with all her pride of family and descent. Oh, Stella! Stella! what have you brought upon me; on me, your husband, who would have trusted you to all eternity!"

He started, for it appeared to him that a slight sound came from the outside of the door; a suppressed exclamation it seemed of astonishment or grief. Could it be his mother; his heart beat thick at the bare idea of such a thing; and stepping quickly across the room, he turned the handle. Quick as his movements had been, however, he had been seen by the watcher outside, and when he threw open the door all was dark and still.

"Who is there?" he said, but there was no answer, and he turned back for the lamp, and carrying it into the hall, he looked round for a minute. No one was to be seen, and with so many doors opening into the comparatively small space, it was next to useless to try; while he was in one room anybody could be easier than for his visitor to make good an escape through any of the others. He returned with the lamp, carelessly whistling a merry tune as he did so, and coming softly out again shut the door with an audible clash, and stood close up against it, in total darkness.

"Now to find out whether I was mistaken or not," he said to himself; "if any one was there, they haven't had time to go far."

He wasn't right in his conjecture; in another moment the dining-room door opened cautiously, and a light step sounded in the hall. There was a rustle of dress, too, a silk dress it seemed, though the wearer moved with the utmost caution.

"That's not my mother," was the young man's comment; "who can it be?"

His first impulse was to spring forward, and seize the intruder, but then he thought that that would be very likely to cause a disturbance, which would end in all coming to her knowledge, and he desisted. The steps went forward to the door of communication between the house and the servants' part of the house, and following so far, he stood and listened. Up the back staircase, along a corridor, he distinctly heard them in the stillness, and then all was quiet.

"Pleasant!" he said to himself, as he groped his way back again to the room he had quitted; "there was something in that parting shot of hers after all. I wonder which of the kitchen corps it is who knows so much! I must find out to-morrow, somehow. A silk dress, I'll swear; that would point to either the housekeeper or Harris; I don't fancy any one else wears such a luxury. However, that might have been assumed on purpose to mislead. It wasn't my mother; she'd have been in her dressing-gown if she'd wanted to wander about the house at night that fashion; she wouldn't have taken the trouble to dress herself to do it, I am sure. I'll take another look round, and be sure there's no one there now."

He did so, and on the floor of the hall lay something white, which was not there before. He took it up, and to his unutterable astonishment it was his mother's pocket-handkerchief; the very one (or he was much mistaken) that she had in her hand that evening. He took it back with him and tried to think how much he could have said aloud,—what the listener could possibly have heard.

"I shall find out in the morning," was the conclusion he came to at length. "If it was my mother, she cannot keep it from me; if it was Harris, or any one else, their faces will betray them."

But Mrs. Hartley met her son with her usual loving unembarrassed manner; no trace of either suspicion or knowledge of anything disagreeable was to be seen, and he resolved to put her to the test.

"This is your handkerchief, is it not?" he said, holding it out; "I see, from where I found it, that you know."

"I know that my son keeps terribly late hours," she replied, playfully. "Past two this morning, you naughty boy; no wonder you look so pale."

"Do I look pale? I thought cold water had removed all traces of late hours; but, mother dear, why didn't you come in when you were at the door last night. You gave me quite a start."

Mrs. Hartley looked at her son in undisguised amazement. "When I was at the door?" she repeated; "what door?"

"Your sitting-room door; that was where I was. Were you not there a little after one o'clock?"

"My dear Eustace, am I dreaming or are you? What could have put such a notion into your head, as that I should be prowling about the house at that hour of the night, or rather morning?"

"This handkerchief, mother; I found it in the hall."

"Circumstantial evidence, certainly," she replied, laughing, "but unreliable. A pocket-handkerchief dropped is nothing so very remarkable where I am concerned. It must have lain there some time; and as to your fancy that I was promenading the staircase or the hall at that extremely inconvenient season, allow me to assure you that I was fast asleep. I was far too tired for anything else; and I heard nothing till you passed my door; and I looked at my watch to find it was a quarter past two."

"Then I must have been mistaken," said Eustace, looking curiously at Harris, who entered at the moment. There was nothing to be gathered from her face, however; it was as impenetrable as could possibly be.

"Indeed you must," was Mrs. Hartley's reply; you had read yourself into a nervous fit, and heard the wind,—that was all."

"But the wind cannot speak, mother," he replied, with a keen look at the lady's-maid; "and I am sure I heard a voice."

"I declare you make me quite nervous," said his mother. "Did you hear any one about last night, Harris?"

"Me, ma'am—oh, no! I slept very sound last night, ma'am. I suppose I was tired with the excitement of that—that young person's coming so curiously. I hope you didn't want me for anything ma'am?"

"Too smooth by half," said Eustace to himself. "No, my mother didn't want anything, Harris; but I fancied I heard some one about; I must have been mistaken, you see."

"I suppose you were, sir," replied Harris, demurely, as she left the room. — "What an escape I've had!" she exclaimed, as the door closed after her. "I felt as if I should drop when he said it. How sharp his ears are, to be sure! Well, well, I've got my secret, and I'll keep it. Stella, indeed, and husband! There's a pretty story for his lady mother!" And Mrs. Harris, as she chose to be called, was extremely dignified in her manners and deportment for the remainder of the day, causing the underlings of the establishment to wonder what had happened to her; and kitchen opinion was divided on the subject, as to whether she had had a sudden offer of marriage, or whether her salary was increased for some service she had rendered her mistress.

"I shan't go out to-day," Mrs. Hartley remarked to her son, after breakfast; "I am more shaken than I thought I was; I shall rest."

"And be 'not at home,' I suppose? Well, I think that's a very wise resolution, considering what a time of gaiety is before us."

"Don't you feel any effect from the blow you had?"

"Hardly any—just enough to prevent my forgetting it—that's all. A little stiffness and soreness of my shoulders and wrists. Those brutes nearly dislocated my arms."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hartley, with a gasp, "It won't bear thinking about!"

"Then don't think about it. I am going to ride into Earlsford; what shall I bring or order for you the last new novel, or the very latest extravagance in fancy work?"

"Neither, thank you; I've plenty to do; and I feel very lazy. Are you comming back to dinner?"

"No; I take an early dinner at the Dragon with Eltham, and two or three more. I promised last week."

"You'll not be late?"

"Oh, no; Eltham must be off at eight. I shall turn into the theatre, and see if there's anything fit for you to give your name to. You'll be sure to be asked.

"You will you mean. My sun has set, to make way for yours."

"Ah, well, it's all the same; you'll have to go, and that's the main point. I'll go and see this wonderful dancer."

His mother did not detect the slight tremor of his tone, and with a gay adieu he left her.

Later in the day Harris brought her mistress a circular; it was from the manager of the theatre, stating when he would open, &c., and was, in fact, a repetition of his advertisement. "Stella Morton!" said Mrs. Hartley; "it's an odd-sounding name; I wonder if she's worth seeing!"

"Stella Morton, did you say ma'am?" said Harris, in surprise.

"Yes; some actress, or dancer rather, who is come to the theatre. I shall have to go, I suppose. What's the matter, that you look so?"

"Why, that's the name of the woman that frightened you so last night, ma'am—that came wandering here in all that storm and rain."

"Are you sure?"

"She said so herself, so distinct as could be—Stella Morton."

"It's very odd," said Mrs. Hartley, reflectively; "what could an actress want here?"

Eustace Hartley dined with his friends as he purposed, and after dinner, when the party broke up, he walked to the theatre. It was only a few steps from the hotel; a low insignificant-looking building, with very few pretensions to architecture, and a hastily-applied coat of paint on its battered doors. Two or three defaced stone busts surmounted the corners of the front, and altogether the whole building looked like a decorated warehouse, stuck edgways to the street, and very much ashamed of itself for being there at all. Visitors to Earlsford will not find it there now however; it has long since been swept away to make room for a handsome well-appointed Corn Exchange, which occupies its site. They are by no means a theatre-going population in that venerable city.

This was the opening night, and the worthy manager had secured no patronage for it. In fact he regarded it as little better than a dress rehearsal for the glories of the succeeding week. There were but few people in the close-smelling, ill-lighted little place when the young master of Earlscourt entered it, and he rather congratulated himself on the semi-darkness.

"She may not see me," he thought, "in this dim light."

Some attempts at decoration had been made in the inside of the place, and it had been cleaned; but the clean paper and fresh paint only made the untouched parts more apparent; and Eustace, as he looked round, smiled at the recollection of his boyish days, when this dreary temple of the drama had seemed to him a fairy palace of enchantment and how often he had coaxed his mother to let him go "just this once" when any travelling company thought fit to honour Earlsford with their presence.

The performances were of the usual cast, he saw by the flimsy bill presented to him by the boxkeeper. An old drama, one of the class which abounds in "doubles," and which, therefore, can be played with few hands; the ballet and a farce. The ballet was evidently the manager's mainstay; and really he had made a surprising effort, considering the size of the house and the appliances at command. A very pretty fairy scene was disclosed as the curtain rose, and though the fays of the silver fountain were but few—only eight—they had been well trained, and went through the opening dance with expertness and grace. Then they grouped themselves in all sorts of impossible attitudes, after the manner of stage fairies; there was a moment's pause, and then she appeared, dashing through the silver spray of the fountain and bounding into the centre of the stage. She looked radiantly beautiful and full of grace; her hair hung loose down her back, and a pair of glittering wings at her shoulders trembled and gleamed in the gaslight with every movement. She wore no ornament, save a necklace, which seemed of diamonds, so brightly did the stones in it sparkle; and her numberless skirts, of the purest whiteness, floated round her like a cloud. Just so had she looked when Eustace Hartley first saw her, and his heart gave a great throb as the remembrance of those days came back to him with a terrible keenness. Her beauty was not one whit less dazzling than on the night (how long it seemed ago!) when she had taken him captive to her charms in one single moment.

As she waved her white arms in her fairy dance he could see the ring, the wedding ring, his hands had placed upon her finger; the little talisman that bound her to him till death should part them, and he ground his teeth in very bitterness at the recollection of all that the tie had cost him. Her smiles, that wore such tender meaning for him once, were dead and voiceless now; they were not, nor ever had been, solely for him, though he thought they were and that he had won an innocent and guileless wife. God help him! one to whom his mother could yield her place, and whose beauty and goodness would make Earlscourt a home of unalloyed happiness! The whole of his life since his boyhood passed in bitter review before him as Stella Morton danced, and smiled, and curtseyed with the pretty tremor he remembered so well in return for the rapturous applause with which she was greeted even by that scanty audience. And as yet she had not seen him; at least it seemed so, for while her eyes travelled over every other part of the house, in pantomimic gratitude for her reception they never once sought the corner where he sat, as much in the shadow as he could, unnoticed and alone. The recognition came at last, however; a more boisterous burst of applause than ever came from a group of two or three young men close to where he had placed himself, and the danseuse looked up. Then, for the first time, she saw her husband steadfastly regarding her. The sight was evidently unexpected, for she started, but instantly recovered herself, and threw the most winning smile she could put on, at the party who had applauded her so vehemently: Eustace Hartley's cheek flushed as he looked; that it was done purposely to wound him, he felt sure; and the look of insolent defiance she threw in his direction a moment after, was conclusive proof. Sick at heart, he rose from his seat, and hurried from the theatre before the faries of the crystal fountain had concluded their graceful evolutions, and sauntered leisurely down the moonlit street. By degrees his perturbation subsided a little.

"Why should I fret myself?" he thought; "I cannot mend or obliterate the past. Let her go her way in the world; I will go mine. 'What's done is done;'" and with that exceedingly useful sentence of the guilty wife of the Scotch king, uppermost in his thoughts, he went back to the hotel for his horse.

As he rode past the theatre again on his way home, he saw lounging about the door which led to the stage part of the house, two or three young men, waiting, as he had often waited in the days gone by, for the beauty of the night. Even as he looked, she came, the bright light of the moon shining full upon her beautiful face, as she gave a smiling greeting to one or two, whose acquaintance she had already made. Did she see her husband, the man whose affection for her she had mocked at, whose love she had spurned, whose heart she had well-nigh broken? Perhaps not; she made no sign, and the solitary horseman rode on his way; and Stella Morton sat down to a recherche little supper with one or two of her companions, and ate and drank and smiled, as if there were no such things as hearts or feelings in the world. One of her entertainers, however, remarked, after the girls were gone, that the dancer wasn't such good fun as he anticipated, after all; she seemed to be thinking about something else all the while, and looked frightened, as if she expected to be suddenly spirited away by some unseen enemy.

"She wasn't over lively, certainly," said another; "I wonder who she really is?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I wonder who her husband is? She'd a wedding ring on."

"Had she? I never noticed her left hand."

"I did though; a wedding ring, and a splendid keeper;—must have cost a trifle that—one of those flat gold rings, with diamonds let in. Depend upon it, her husband's a somebody;—these dancers make great matches sometimes."

"He's more likely to be the Signor 'something,' that figures in the bills. Any man that could afford it would keep his wife out of such a life, and"——

"And not allow her to sup out with strangers at such a time of night," said the first speaker; "perhaps she's not married at all!"

"I don't suppose we shall ever find *that* out, and I don't see that it concerns us much; she's gloriously beautiful and we'll drink her health!"

Which they did, with much noisy enthusiasm, more than once; till the landlady of the house came very humbly to desire them to desist, for that her other lodgers found sleep impossible under the circumstances. Meanwhile Stella returned home to her lodgings, and retired to her room. Her landlady came with officious importance to know "If she could help Miss Morton any way?—whether, she was comfortable?—if she would have any supper," &c.; anything, in fact, that would give her an opportunity of staring at her new inmate, whom she regarded somewhat in the same light as she would a wild animal, or any other remarkable rarity. The visits of professionals to Earlsford were few and far between; so the good dame's curiosity may be pardoned. Stella was courteous in her replies;—needed no assistance—would take no supper—was very comfortable, and the lady was fain to let her alone. As she was closing the door, however, she was recalled.

"What time do you rise in the morning, Mrs. Evans?" her lodger inquired.

"About seven, Miss, usually."

"Could you strain a point for once, and get up at six? I want to breakfast at seven to-morrow morning."

"Oh, certainly, Miss," replied the landlady, thinking her new guest required very little sleep, for it was past midnight now; "only you'll have to put up with what I've got in the house; I was meaning to get some hot rolls, and"——

"Oh, anything will do; only let me have it early."

At seven the next morning Mrs. Evans knocked at the door, and was bidden to "come in." Miss Morton was dressed and ready, and her bonnet and the travelling cloak she had arrived in, lay on the bed. "I want you to do me a service," she said; "get some one to take my box to the station for me."

"The station?"

"Yes; I am going away; there is your week's rent. Say nothing about my departure; and this is for yourself; I am not rich just now, or I would have made it much more."

Mrs. Evans looked from the sovereign which lay in her hand, to her lodger's face, and back again, as if trying to solve the mystery, but she could get no more information; and rousing her son, she bade him get up and go with Miss Morton; and in half an hour no trace was left behind of their lodger of only two nights.

(To be continued.)

Weekly in the "Rothwell Times."

Why is the Sun like a good loaf?—Because it's light when it rises.

When are a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire?—Because the sooner its *put out* the better.

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep?—Because for every grain they give a peck.

Scott, in his *Christian Life*, speaking of sinners going to heaven, said, "they should find themselves like pigs in a drawing-room!"

"If you please Mrs. Smith, Mother says will you send her a few tea-leaves?"—"Yes, my dear; but you must let me have them back again, as I always sells them."

EXTRACTS FROM *PUNCH'S* ALMANACK.

NEW EDITION OF WALKER.

The baker rolls. The butcher shambles. The banker balances himself well. The cook has a mincing gait. The livery-stable keeper has a "*musing* gait." The excursionist trips along. The fishmonger flounders on. The poulterer waddles like a duck. The gardener does not allow the grass to grow under his feet. The grocer treads gingerly. The indiarubber manufacturer has an elastic step. The rogue shuffles, and the doctor's pace is killing.

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"Bride-cake or Westminster Abbey!"
"See, my son, how easily the world is humbugged."
"Above all, no veal."
"After me, the income-tax."
"Save me from my duns."
"Rome was not built in twenty-four hours."
"Property has its taxes as well as its rates."

QUEER QUERIES.

Can a bill of exchange drawn payable at sight be legally presented at an Irish blind asylum?

Is it known in good society how many British cattle-owners reside in Cattleownia?

Do men of iron constitution ever get a little rusty in damp weather?

If a mad dog won the Derby, would it be correct to term the feat a "rabid act of horsemanship?"

May young ladies be asked if they can wear a ship, when the sails are "blown to ribbons?"

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE GLEE.

Mynheer van Dunk never used to get drunk;
He drank toast-and-water gaily;
And he quenched his thirst, when it came to the worst,
With sherbet in the summer daily.
Singing, "Sober a Dutchman's draught should be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee."

Water, well mingled with sugar, good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But of spirits or beer he drinks no more
Than mine host supplies
When a cabman cries
For his purl of a Sunday mornin.
For a Dutchman's draught should sober be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

The Cat's Paradise.—Lapland.

When is a lunatic like a pretty flower?—When he is a little dazey.

My Lady's Epigram.—Male is only mule spelt wrongly.

Axiom for the Kitchen.—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

Gardening Amusement for Colwell-Hatchney.—Spinning turnip tops.

An Impossible Request.—To ask any one to "stop a minute."

Proposed Excavation in the City of London.—Dig for the municipal body in Aldermanbury.

There's one tree that ought to be well off for bark—the dog-rose tree.

Champagne to be drunk on a lawn—"Mow-it;" and when you've finished one bottle, call for some *mower.*

Zimmermann disliked being left alone. He was the life and soul of every party he entered, and sang a capital comic song.

Woman's Work in the Church.—Embroidery, bouquets, and Ritualists' stoles, copes, and petticoats.

Advice to Young Housekeepers.—Put your washing out if you do not wish your husband to be put out.

Prison Thought.—"When's a Christian," said a poacher in gaol to himself, "sarved the same as a hare?—When he's jugged like I be."

A Youthful Attachment.—Our greengrocer and head-waiter, who is an old bachelor, confesses that he was once in love—in his salad days.

A Seasonable Quotation.—All the editors of Gray have most unaccountably failed to perceive that in the line where he speaks of "the weights, that play below," the true reading must be "Waits."

Plucky Answer.—Examiner: What was Archimedes' Screw?—Candidate: An unsound, broken-down horse, wanting whip and spur to make him go, that Archimedes was flat enough to buy.

Not in the Dictionaries.—Language is always susceptible of improvement. Thus a coterie of ladies might with perfect propriety be termed a petticoterie.

Black and White.—Much harmless satire has been expended on gentlemen's evening dress, but after all what can be more suitable for a dinner-party than a swallow-tail coat?

Thrown Out.—Master of Hounds (to the doctor, who rides a noted "roarer"): "If you'd move a little further off with that brass band o' yours, Squills, we might hear where the hounds are!"

Wrong Colours.—Black books, black looks, blacklegs, blue devils, blue ruin, red noses, red tape, grey mares, white lies, white feathers, white squalls, greenbacks, greenhorns, and the green-eyed monster.

The Bitter Drop.—One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced man of the world, a profound thinker, and an acute observer with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction, that no man, however rich, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy—whose trousers bag at the knees.

The Coming Race.—While Mesdames Wilkins and Perkins are discussing grave school-board matters and parliamentary business, their respective husbands are engaged on a topic more congenial to their softer natures and weaker intellects. "Isn't she a darling pet, Fred? And just fancy—two front teeth, and only four months last Tuesday week!" "Well, I never! Why, my darling ickle totty hasn't cut a single tooth, and he's six months to-morrow! How do you feed her, Tom?"

The Vegetable World.—There was a great stir in our garden the other day. The potatoes were ready to jump out of their skins. The beet turned red to its very roots. The celery lost their heads, and the cabbages their hearts. The peas split their pods with excitement. The asparagus could with difficulty be kept in its bed. The parsley curled itself up in a corner. The cucumber alone maintained his habitual coolness. The cause of all this commotion was the presence of a noted vegetarian. The potatoes never took their eyes off him.

A Real Hero.—Think for a moment of that man's perils and adventures! The African traveller cannot approach them; the Arctic explorer cannot hope to equal them. He had sat upon thorns, stood on the verge of a precipice, balanced between two stools, been riveted to the spot, gone through fire and water, flung himself into the breach, raised a storm in a teacup, bearded a lion in his den, taken a bull by the horns, gone on wildgoose chases, played with edged-tools, cut off his nose to spite his face, burnt his fingers, stood between two fires, been in hot water, broken the ice, strained every nerve to raise the sinews of war, and left no stone unturned to gain the summit of his ambition. The last time we heard of him, after running the gauntlet and escaping from the horns of a dilemma, he had been on tenter-hooks, and was then preparing to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The Latest Servantgalism.—*Mistress*: Biddy, how is it that you did not answer the bell when I rang? *Maid*: Sure, mem, 'twas because I didn't know what you were ringing for, mem!

Misprinted Moral.—Delight a father by praise of his daughter's beauty; a mother by praise of her son's brains; the reversed practice is fatal if the father is an author, and the mother has been a beauty.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.—A clerk in the Bank of England having notes to a fabulous amount passing daily through his hands, finds that the establishment leaves upon his mind an impression of flimsy-ness.

An You Will!—A man was brought up the other day charged with marrying again while his first wife, Ann, was alive. He pleaded not guilty, declaring that his first wife's existence was not proved, because Ann is an indefinite article.

MIRTH CREATORS.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

A man with one eye laid a wager with another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost, says the first; 'I can see the two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine.'

An old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

When Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the portrait of the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Canning remarked to Peel that Sir Thomas had "caught the very quiver of Croker's lip." "He has, truly," said Peel, "and it is well for him to have missed the venom of its arrows."

An American contemporary, turning his visage to the misty distance of 200 years, describes the following scene:—House of citizen in New York Time—A.D. 2062. A telegraphic message has been sent to a servant, who presents himself at the window in a balloon.—Master: John, go to South America, and tell Mr. Johnston I shall be happy to have him sup with me this evening. Never mind your coat, go right away. In five minutes John returns. John: Mr Johnson, sir, says he will come; he is obliged to go to the North Pole for a moment, and will call here as he comes back. Master: Very well John; now you may wind up the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife that Mr. Johnson will be here presently. After that, John, you may dust out the balloon—I have an appointment in London at ten o'clock. John disappears to execute these orders, while his master steps down to the West Indies to get a fresh orange.

Anecdotes of George III.—George III was an early riser, and when in health and spirits used to take a ramble before breakfast. A bookseller's shop on the right-hand side of Castle Hill, we have been told, was an occasional resort of his Majesty at that hour; when perhaps a boy would be dusting the counter, and the king would sit down and turn over the leaves of a new book. One day he saw lying there a copy of Paine's "Rights of Man," after which, as we have heard on the authority of one who was related to an official in the castle, the royal visits became rarer, if they were not altogether discontinued. Such a mark of displeasure seems not unlikely, considering the old king's deep disgust at infidelity and republicanism. The town gaol then stood in St. Albans-street, and it was a general practice in such places for prisoners to stand at the windows and beg. The old chroniclers tell a story of Stephen Foster, in the sixteenth century, being confined in a debtor's prison on Ludgate Hill, and of a lady asking through the gate what would purchase his liberty. "Twenty pounds," he said. She supplied the money, and became his wife; and he became lord mayor, and received knighthood. Whether anything even half so romantic occurred at Windsor we cannot say, but the story goes that the prisoners made their appearance at the windows as the kind old monarch went by, and would tease him by crying "God save the king, we wish your Majesty would let us out." A dear old friend of ours, a royal tradesman for more than half a century, well knowing George III. and both the sons who succeeded him on the throne, would often amuse us with his anecdotes of Windsor and its loyal inhabitants. He was present in St. George's Chapel when the coffin of Charles I. was opened, under the direction of Sir H. Halford; and he would make his friends stare when, accompanying them through the royal apartments, he paused before Vandyke's famous partrait to remark how strongly the face of the figure on horseback resembled the unfortunate prince *as he last saw him!* By the same friend we were informed what a wonderful memory George III. had for faces and names, a royal gift in which we believe, his descendants share. Once, at a yeomanry review, as troops of farmers were rapidly riding past under the king's inspection, he singled out one of them, and said to an attendant, "I remember buying a horse of that man twenty years ago." Nor was the royal old gentleman wanting in humour. There were messengers about the court called runners, and one of them was anxious to secure his master's good opinion. Amongst that master's virtues was his devout behaviour at divine worship, the habit of attending morning prayers in his private chapel. On one occasion the runner was present, and made a great effort to attract the king's notice by the very loud tone in which he repeated the responses. When the service was over he could not find his hat. The king saw him bustling about, hunting after something, and asked, "What was the matter?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "I have lost my hat." "Lost your hat, lost your hat, have you? you prayed well, but you did not watch, you did not watch."—*Leisure Hour.*

Anecdotes of a Professor.—Another professor of those days (one whom I can well remember myself, but as he has been dead but a few years, he may be nameless) was noted for his miserly habits, though, in reality, he was a rich man—the proprietor of several ancestral estates. He once observed a Highland student—proverbially a poor set—about to pick up a penny in the college quad, but just as he was about to pick it up, the learned professor gave him a push, which sent the poor fellow right over, when Doctor —— coolly pocketed the coin and walked on amid the laughter of a crowd of students, who were watching the scene. He did not always stick at trifles. Going down the crowded street he saw a street boy picking up a shilling. Instantly the professor chucked it out of the lad's hand, and then holding it between his thumb and forefinger, with his gold-headed cane in the other, carefully guarding it, he read out to the whimpering boy a long lecture on honesty being the best policy; how the "coin" was not his; how it might belong to some poor man whose family might be suffering for the want of that coin, and so on, concluding by pocketing the shilling, and charging the finder that "if ever he heard of anybody having lost that shilling, to say that Professor —— had got it. Everybody knows me. It's quite safe. Honesty, my lad, is always the best policy. Remember that, and read your catechism well." On one occasion he was called in to consultation with Professor Gregory about a patient of his who happened to be a student of medicine. The day previously, however, Doctor Gregory had called alone, and on going away was offered the customary guinea. This the truly physician firmly refused; he never took fees from students. The patient replied that Professor —— did. Immediately Gregory's face brightened up. "I will be here to-morrow in consultation with him. Be good enough to offer me a fee before him, sir." To-morrow came, and the student did as he had been requested. "What is that, sir?" the professor answered, looking at the proffered guinea; "A fee, sir! Do you mean to insult me, sir? What do you take us to be—cannibals? Do we live on one another? No, sir. The man who could take a fee from a student of his own profession ought to be kicked—kicked, sir, out of the faculty; good morning," and with that the celebrated physician walked to the door in well-affected displeasure. Next day, to the astonishment of the patient, Professor —— sent a packet with all the fees returned. It is said that he once took a bag of potatoes for a fee, and over them he said to the patient, as he left the house, "The man was a poor man, sir. We must be liberal, sir. Our Master enjoins it on us, and it is recommended in a fine passage in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates. The man had no money, sir; so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule—as a rule—I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, pecunia instead of pecus. Hah! hah!" He is said to have been the hero of the following story. A beggar, seeing him pick up a farthing, begged to get it. "Na, na, puir body," was the firm refusal, "fin' a fardin' for yersel'!" This is not true, however, though the story loses nothing in the exchange of dramatis personae. Its real hero was a certain noble earl.—*All the Year Round.*

Agents—*Leeds*, T. Barmby, 162, Briggate; *Woodlesford*, C. Best, Post Office; *Oulton*, J. Coope, Post Office; *Lofthouse*, J. Hutchinson, newsagent.

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Tuesday, December 23rd, 1873.

The Rothwell Times,

AND WOODLESFORD, OULTON, CARLTON, AND LOFTHOUSE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1, No. 10. SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1873. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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THE ROTHWELL TIMES.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1873.

Our London Correspondent.

[We deem it right to state that we do not at all times identify ourselves with our Correspondent's opinions.]

It would be difficult to describe the many associations which cluster round the single word Christmas—that joyous week which ushers the Old Year out and the New Year in. Then is the season when men have most leisure for enjoyment, for by common consent very little work is done at Christmastide. I must, however, make an exception, and that is upon the railways, where the officials necessarily have an immense amount of additional labour cast upon them through the transit of vast numbers of hampers and baskets containing Christmas presents for friends at a distance. The goods depôt at either of our great railway termini—Euston Square, King's Cross, St. Pancras, or Paddington, is always a scene of bustle and activity—a scene which, however, in the few days preceding the 25th of December, seems to be a concentrated picture of the energy of weeks. The weather then becomes a more than ordinary topic of conversation and solicitude. Sometimes, as in 1860, Christmas-Eve is marked by such a frost of intense severity as to kill even the laurels which are, as a rule, supposed to flourish ever-green in our temperate climate; in other years, the weather is mild and rainy, and not in accordance with the traditions of the time. If the truth must be told, the preference is given to a frosty and bracing atmosphere. "Ring out ye merry bells—welcome bright icicles!" wrote Edward Capern, the poetic postman of Bideford years ago; and there is no question that a hard, grey Christmas morning is a source of considerable enjoyment to great numbers of our countrymen. Forth they sally in their warm wraps in quest of healthful exercise. It may be that skating is in full swing upon the frozen surface of an adjacent pond, and none who have witnessed the spectacle can have any doubt whatever of the unbounded delight of those who take part in this recreation. Or, if no skating is available, a rapid walk on a country road, by quickening the circulation, imparts an agreeable glow to the whole frame, and prepares the pedestrian to do full justice to those good things with which he is well aware his table will be spread on his return.

But the appreciation of Christmas does not wholly consist in the pleasure naturally derived from good living, for like many other earthly objects its joys grow dim—its glories pass away. One of the greatest gratifications surrounding the festive season is in the meeting once more of scattered members of families, and in the re-knitting of ties of old affection which may have become loosened in the constant struggle which is ever going on in life's great battle-field. The grown-up son snatches a day or two from the pursuit of his avocation in London to run down into his native town in the country, and spend a few hours once again under the roof-tree of his parents, and where he passed childhood's happy days. The eldest daughter, too, thanks to the holiday arrangements, is enabled to leave for a short time that extensive millinery establishment in the west-end, where her exemplary conduct has procured her a good position, and she, too, goes home to gladden the hearts of proud and fond parents. "Home!" Why there is a music in the very sound of the word which even in the wildest turmoil of life is grateful to the ear. It recalls long-forgotten memories which, as they pass before the imagination, seem like so many fleeting shadows from a land never to be reached again. Yet those visions of the past are dear to every one of us, even though they are as unsubstantial as dreams, and exist only in the remembrance. No wonder, then, that those who can do so visit their old homes at Christmas-time, and call back the recollections of departed years as they gather round the cheerful hearth and the social board. Then it is that merry games in which all ages join, awaken a hearty pleasure. The Christmas Tree displays its annual glories, diffusing radiance from its hundred lights upon the happy faces around it. It is at Christmas that stern men unbend from business, and those who seldom at any other period of the year pass the time of day, are profuse in distributing the compliments of the season. Then is the time to witness the innocent delight and to listen to the merry laughter of children, as they open the packets which loving parents tell them have been duly left by Father Christmas for good boys and girls. Then in the clear, crisp, wintry air are heard voices of wandering singers—the last remnant of English minstrelsy—appealing to the charity which at such a season rarely fails them. As the sounds echo along the silent streets, and slowly die away in the illimitable folds of the clouds, the singers seem to be reminding their hearers in the simple strains of antique harmony, of the solemn reason for their happiness:—

> "Now rest, you merry gentlefolk,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
> Was born on Christmas Day."

And one remarkable feature about Christmas is its universal observance by all classes of Christian speaking people. In our own land we know that it is celebrated in the Palace of the Sovereign as well as in the humblest cottage, and even in the workhouse itself. While the Royal baron of beef is displayed at Windsor Castle, and the upper classes, for one day in the year, abandon the *a la Russe* style, and dine off the good old English fare, the middle classes place upon their tables the best specimen of poultry, and even the poorest contrive to make a show of something better for Christmas Day. Indeed, there must be enormous numbers in Great Britain to whom the day is the only one of real enjoyment during the whole year. Those who prefer to be independent of charity, but who cannot afford all at once to spare the money necessary to the purchase of provisions of extra quality, have for many weeks been paying in small subscriptions to an adjacent Christmas club. Others are perforce content to enjoy the liberality of the charitable, and thus get on that day their only good dinner in the entire twelve months. To those who are little better than paupers, the season must come like a brief rest of the weary from the toils of time. There is the agricultural labourer, overworked, ill-clad, badly-housed, toiling from day-dawn even until dark for a scanty pittance. There are myriads of hard-working operatives in our towns, crowded in wretched cellars and garrets, with a never-ending battle to fight against increasing prices. Yet once a year, with much pains, and pinching, and forecast, all these people manage to procure a single meal of unaccustomed plenty and savour. In many cases numerous are the devices resorted to by the mothers, in order that the eyes of their children may sparkle with delight at the spectacle of a real Christmas pudding. Yet it is done, and certain it is that the pleasures of the day are an ample compensation for the efforts which have been made to provide them.

One of the most conspicuous of the associations connected with Christmas is the aspect of the streets of London during the few days immediately preceding the celebration of this solemn Christian festival. Leave your house of an evening, and sally forth amid the crowd of toiling folk which hurry to and fro under the shadow of St. Paul's. The night may be a pitchy dark one overhead, but so brilliant is the illumination of the shops, that you thread your way through the thoroughfares in a glare of silvery light. Of the anxiety of the shopkeepers to supply ordinary wants—so palpable and unremitting at other periods of the year—there is now little or no sign. In fact, ordinary requirements are supposed to be for the time in abeyance. Wherever you turn you see tempting displays of Christmas presents of every price and in every variety. The stationers' windows are full of beautifully-illuminated cards, carols, almanacks, and other artistic preparations. The proprietors of establishments for the sale of fancy articles exhibit elaborately-finished workboxes—suitable as gifts to ladies,—splendidly-wrought albums, and many a tastefully-executed specimen of art and *vertu*. But, undoubtedly, the principal centres of attraction are the provision warehouses. I do not speak of the prosaic butcher, who announces in blue and gold placards that he has on sale a portion of the carcass of that incomparable ox, or that faultlessly-bred sheep which gained the prize at the Smithfield Cattle Show. Nor do I speak particularly of the poulterers' stores, although from Leadenhall-market downwards, the number of decapitated turkeys and disembowelled geese and fowls exposed for sale is nothing less than marvellous. But just now the most attractive of the London shops, are those for the sale, of what may be truly be termed the delicacies of the season. Turn where you will you are confronted with requests to try Mr. So-and-So's hamper, containing I scarcely know how many bottles of wine and brandy, and any quantity of preserved and crystallised fruits. Of course the quality and variety of the contents are regulated by the price, and those who can't afford a guinea hamper are earnestly invited to make an investment in one at half the price, or even at five shillings, for the enterprising tradesman endeavours to accommodate all classes and to suit all incomes. But even if you run over the list of articles supplied for five shillings, you find yourself in a state of mental bewilderment how the shopkeeper can possibly do it for the money. Never before in your life did you know how much could be purchased for two half-crowns, and as you examine the catalogue you wonder why such public benefactors come out only at Christmas time? Where are they all the rest of the year? Do they keep company with harlequin and columbine, and clown, pantaloon, and sprites, who, after the disappearance of the Christmas pantomime from the stage, are lost to the view of an admiring public until Christmas comes round again? But no matter. People who are grateful and appreciative, are not always of an inquisitive turn of mind, so the tradesmen who confer such great favours upon every class of the population at this time of the year are largely patronised, without many questions being asked how they manage to exist after making such enormous sacrifices, all for the good of the Queen's loyal subjects. That they give satisfaction to their customers is evident from the immense trade which is done in this branch of business. Thus, on a fine evening, the streets of London are alive with busy life. In many of the narrow thoroughfares, such as Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, such is the pressure of the crowd upon the pavements that it is sometimes difficult to thread your way through the units which make up the multitude. At intervals you pass a railway receiving-house piled to the ceiling with packages—all labelled "perishable"—for country cousins, while ever and anon the familiar vans of the London Parcels' Delivery Company are rattling along the roadway, the active officials pulling up here and there, and losing no time in distributing the hampers and the baskets which every train brings into our railway stations from the provinces.

Such are a few ideas which your London Correspondent has noted down as being appropriate to the festival which Englishmen celebrate so heartily. One of its chief values is the break which it affords in the monotonous round of life. On Christmas Day you can, at all events, forget for a few hours the outside world, and lay aside the cares of business. Each household, indeed, with the shutters closely drawn, and the fire burning brightly, is for the time a happy little world of itself. If it is true that soon it vanisheth away, its short and fleeting character causes it to be enjoyed with all the keener relish. There is another powerful reason why it should be cherished and observed as a most valuable institution, and that is the good fellowship which it cannot fail to engender. Who knows anything of political animosities at Christmas time? Why, Mr. Smith and Mr. Green might have been daggers drawn at the recent municipal or school-board election, but depend upon it that if they meet on the morning of the 25th of December, "A merry Christmas to You!" is sure to be the reciprocal wish. Long may it be so! The habitable globe is a very different place now from what it was when, in the language of Holy Writ, "a decree went up from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." Yet this festival has survived for nearly two thousand years; and even amid all the utilitarianism of the present day, when the history of a man's life is one unbroken record of struggles and contentions, Christmas has as firm a hold upon the feelings of all classes as in those less degenerate days, far back in our national annals, when life's journey was passed free from hurry, bustle, or excitement. The song which once floated over the city of Bethlehem has survived the vicissitudes of peoples; it has not been affected by the fall of empires. Age has brought strength to it; and so far from its showing signs of weakness or decay, let us hope and believe that for centuries to come the bells will merrily ring in Christmas morning, and that every Christian language will preserve in indelible characters the sentiment which for eighteen hundred years has been chanted by millions now sleeping their long Sabbath of repose—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and goodwill towards men!"

A TERRIBLE PRAIRIE FIRE.

The *New York Herald* of Dec. 6, describes a storm which on Nov. 24 and 25 rolled over a part of Kansas, devastating it over many hundred square miles, caused by a severe and long-continued drought. It says:—

To form a general estimate of the loss to the State would be impossible at present, but it will be counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars, if it do not amount into millions. The reports of individual loss would occupy columns of the *Herald*, and be but repetitions of each other. One letter in the *Union*, published at Junction City, specifies damage done to twenty-two farms in one neighbourhood. One house and the barns of four farmers were burned. On eleven farms the fences were consumed, and on four others more detailed reports give a loss of 4,000 rails. Of grain, four farms lost all their wheat, three all their corn; two others report 750 bushels of corn destroyed. Four farmers lost all their straw, and sixteen report 493 tons of hay burned. This may serve as a specimen of the reports with which the country press teems. And, as the correspondent just quoted adds, "The amount of damage done cannot be estimated by the value of the property actually burned. The farmers are left without anything to feed their stock, which they will be forced to sell at a great sacrifice."

Advices from Sioux city, Iowa, contain reports of similar fires in Dakota Territory. At Vermillion only the desperate efforts of the citizens, who turned out *en masse*, and with ploughs and axes broke fire guards, saved the town. The railroad company coupled all its cars, and was prepared to move them at an instant's notice. The fire raged and roared like a wild beast baffled of its prey upon the opposite bank of the river. Several times it succeeded in crossing the stream, but as often the people put it out, and at last the town was freed from danger. The scene in the streets was appalling. Women and children ran about crazy with fear; the air was so oppressed with smoke and fire that breathing was difficult; the sky was scarlet with the mounting flames, and their unearthly roar was as the very signal of doom. The whole country in the vicinity was burned over, and it is feared that many lives have been lost.

A Pastoral Paradox.—When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the Lord Chancellor, to be examined on the application for a statute of lunacy against him, the question was asked him from the woolsack, "How many legs has a sheep!" "Does your Lordship," answered Lord Bradford, "mean a live sheep, or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my Lord," returned Lord Bradford, "there is much difference: a live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two; the two forelegs are shoulders, but there are only two legs of mutton."

Lively Retort.—Mr. Garrow, in examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and uttered words so bad the he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied she "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

A Monomaniac.—It is very well known that, by the laws of England the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord-Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel*."

THE NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.

We (*Galignani*) stated a short time ago that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery that earth, coal, and soda, mixed together, would burn as well and better than any other combustible, and the fact has since been proved beyond a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious:—He had been scraping the floor of his cellar with a shovel in order to bring all the pieces of coal lying about into a heap, which, mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment, he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he endeavoured to discover the cause, and discovered that a good deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments, and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical. The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery caused trials to be made everywhere, and it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth and one of coal-dust, watered with a concentrated solution of soda, will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it, but only one, the *Moniteur*, went so far as to make the experiment at its printing-office. A certain quantity of friable and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the qantum of coal dust prescribed; the two ingredients were well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above mentioned. The fireplace of one of the boilers had previously been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with shovelful of the mixture. The latter, in a few seconds, was transformed into a dry brown crust, which soon after became red-hot, and then burns brightly, but without being very rapidly consumed. The fact of the combustion is, therefore, well ascertained; but before the system can be universally adopted, there are some important points to be considered, such as the calorific power of the mixture compared to that of pure coal, its price, and, above all, a remedy for the great drawback attaching to it—its fouling the firegrate considerably.

A GLOOMY RECORD.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.)

Of the nine Marshals of France who have been condemned to death since Gilles de Laval, Marshal de Retz, was hung at Nantes in 1440, Marshal Bazaine is the only one who has not suffered capital punishment. Louis de Luxembourg, Constable of France, was beheaded upon the Place de Grève in 1475 for conspiracy and rebellion against Charles VII. and Louis XI. Charles de Gontaut, created Duc de Biron by Henri IV., was son of the great soldier whom that Monarch declared to be the "right hand" of his Throne, and ancestor of the Marquis de Gontaut-Biron, now French Ambassador at Berlin. The Duc de Biron, after covering himself with glory at Ivry and Arques, was discontented with the treatment which he received from the King, and though he was made Governor of Burgundy he several times conspired against Henri IV., who pardoned him again and again. His last crime was to propose to Spain and Savoy that France should be dismembered; and, as a reward of his treason, the Duke of Savoy was to bestow upon him the hand of his daughter, and he was to be created the reigning Prince of Burgundy and Périgord. The plot was discovered, and Henri IV., who entertained a deep affection for his old companion-in-arms, was ready to forgive even this act of treachery if the Duc de Biron would have acknowledged his misdeeds. But he would not, and he was beheaded within the walls of the Bastile in 1602. Henri II., Duc de Montmorency, was taken prisoner at the battle of Castelnaudry by the Royal troops, and beheaded in the courtyard of the capitol at Tolouse in 1632, and in the same year Marshal de Marillac, arrested while at the head of his army for plotting against Cardinal Richelieu, was beheaded upon the Place de Grève. Baron de Luckner, who had served under Frederick II. in Prussia entered the French army just before the Revolution, and, rallying to the Republican cause, was created Marshal of France and appointed to the command of the Army of the North. After achieving some insignificant triumphs over the Austrians at Courtrai and Valenciennes, he was suspected of trafficking with the enemy, and, being brought before the revolutionary tribunal in 1794, was condemned to death and guillotined. Philippe de Noailles. Duc de Mouchy, who attempted to defend Louis XVI. from the popular fury, was also a victim of the Revolution, for both he and his wife were sent to the scaffold during the same year; and the list of the French Marshals brought to a violent end terminates with Marshal Ney, who was shot upon the 7th of December, 1815.

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

The publisher of a New York "child's paper" prints, as a compliment, an extract from a letter which says, "Our poor Lucy died in great pain after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

A Missouri orator, hearing the sound of a coming locomotive, exclaimed, "'Tis the sound of the tread of ages—the noise of the footfall of destiny!"

An Illinois editor says:—"Trying to do business without advertising is like winking in the dark; you may know that you are keeping up a powerful winking, but nobody else has any idea of it."

An ambitious young author in New York recently sold five tons of his last work to an "old paper" dealer, at six cents a pound.

A Yankee editor thus describes a team running away with a lumber waggon:—"The infuriated beasts dashed madly on, as though rejoicing in the spirit of destruction, until, coming in contact with the staunch old flag-staff, the waggon was upset, when the sagacious animals quietly waited for affrighted spectators to arrive and reinstate the vehicle on its tires."

A Yankee orator is said to have brought tears to the eyes of his audience by his "touching description of the case of an erring Indiana hen, that had been recently discovered in the back part of a hardware shop, where the misguided fowl had struggled for three weeks vainly trying to hatch out a pair of white porcelain door-knobs, without sympathy or sustenance."

A Pennsylvania poet, who wrote, in some tender lines addressed to his love, "We will hallow her grave with our tears," was surprised at a call from Henrietta's brother next morning, armed with a club, and extended a stirring invitation to him to come down and have his head broken, which he declined. The local paper had made the line read, "We will harrow her grave with our steers."

A man in Indiana put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

A Nashvillian lately conceived the idea that he could fly, and climbed a tree, waved his hands grandly, and struck out. Somehow, the ground sprung up and hit him, and he crawled into the house, convinced that flying was not his forte.

A new York quack, calling himself Reuben Hill, recommends a quack nostrum known as "Dyspeptic Cordial," which, as he says, cured himself of the rheumatism, his wife of the sick headache, his daughter of the fever-and-ague, and his mother of a bad cough, besides mending the cellar-stairs, and putting the baby to sleep!

Somebody says editors are poor, whereupon a Yankee paper says:—"Humbug. Here we are, editor of a country newspaper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a paste pot, a double-barrelled gun, two suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two watches, three day and two night shirts, carpets on the floors, a pretty wife, have ninety cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy, it is a pity."

An American paper, describing a funeral procession, said:—"The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

A witness in a Indiana court being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately; "he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horse-whipped him."

A Yankee reporter is terrifically "graphic" in describing a recent collision of railroad trains in Missouri. Hear him:—"The two engines rushed at each other like malign and enraged monsters, grappled with a tremendous crash, reared from the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell into helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground."

A New York editor says that prejudices against colour are very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

An Arkansas paper says:—"We had two great shocks in Arkadelphia last week, one of which was the empanelling, for the first time, of a negro jury, and the other an earthquake. The earthquake won."

A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, says:—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

The following purports to be a model medical puff:—"Dear Doctor.—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I had been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of your Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw thirteen summersaults without stopping."

A Nevada mother, thankful for the restoration of a daughter from the "agur," publishes the fact, and gives the credit to Jones's Bitters. She says:—"My daughter Sarah Ann, who, if I do say it, is the handsomest girl in the Holt County, has been troubled with chills and fever for going on six months, and the doctors could not do her any good. A bottle of the bitters was not half gone when the chills quit on her."

A California paper says the Japanese will "win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business."

An Iowa paper says that a man in the Hawkeye State, who had a wife who could do at least her share of talking, agreed, a few months ago, to give her three dollars a week to maintain comparative silence, deducting one cent for each superfluous word she uttered. She now owes him nearly enough to pay the national debt.

An Indian came to a Nevada agent to procure some whisky for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattle-snake. At first, the agent did not credit the story, but the earnestness of the Indian and the urgency of the case overcame his scruples. He asked the Indian "how much he wanted?"—"Four quarts," answered the Indian.—"Four quarts!" repeated the agent, with much surprise; "as much as that."—"Yes," replied the Indian, frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe "Four quarts—snake very big."

EXTRAORDINARY BREACH of PROMISE CASE.—£3,000 DAMAGES.

At the Liverpool Assizes a most extraordinary case of breach of promise of marriage has been tried before Mr. Baron Pollock, the damages being laid at £10,000.

The plaintiff, a handsome lady of 22, is the daughter of Mr. Nuttal, a Liverpool merchant and shipowner, who died last January, leaving a widow and five children, two of whom were daughters. In the spring Mrs. Nuttal and her daughters went to stay for some time at Buxton, where they met the defendant, Mr. George Henry Wildes, who was also staying there with some friends. Mr. Wildes, who represented himself as wealthy and of good social position, was introduced to Miss Nuttal, and paid her great attention, finally proposing marriage. He was accepted, though he explained that he had been married before, that he had two children—who resided with his mother in Lowndes-square, London—and that he had procured a divorce from his wife. The proposed marriage was approved of on all sides, and Mrs. Wildes wrote in the most motherly and affectionate terms to the plaintiff. Ultimately the wedding was fixed for the 11th of October, but on the 3rd of that month the defendant wrote to Miss Nuttal that he had had a meeting with his divorced wife, that people had lied to him about her, and that he loved her as much as ever. In fact on the 11th October his re-marriage to his wife was published in the newspapers.

Mr. Pope, Q.C., appeared for the plaintiff, and having stated the above facts, said he did not wish to say a hard word of the defendant, and much might be said for him, while it might even be urged with truth that there was nothing in his re-marriage with his first wife, if he found his love for her still constant, to call for any observation derogatory to his character as a man of honour. Yet the blow to Miss Nuttal was a very sad one. She, at all events, had allowed her young affections to be lavished upon him under the statement that he loved her. The learned counsel then referred to the prospect of social advancement and of settlement which the plaintiff had lost, and for which she sought compensation at the hands of the jury.

The plaintiff, her mother, and her sister were called, and gave evidence to the above effect. Mrs. Nuttal stated that the defendant had told her he had an independent income of £1,400 a year, and that he allowed £300 a year to his divorced wife.

For the defence Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., called Mr. Richard W. Halse, of London, the defending solicitor, who stated that although the plaintiff's total income was £1,650 a year he had to pay £300 a year to his wife, £200 to his children, and other amounts, which reduced his income to only £430 a year.

Mr. Russell then addressed the Court on behalf of the defendant. He had always thought it was most incongruous to talk about bruised feelings and blighted affections and yet in the next breath to talk of money damages as a *solatium* for it all. It was a matter of as much pain to Captain Wildes as it was to Miss Nuttal to come there. Granted that he had made the promise; granted that he had made it rashly, inconsiderately, and imprudently; granted that he had broke the promise, what where the damages he ought to pay? If the jury thought he had broken his promise for a base and sordid reason, even though he might not be able to pay one tithe, still let them mulct him in heavy damages; but if they thought that it was a promise "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," better a thousand times that it had never been made, or that being made it should be broken. No one could say a permanent shadow had been cast upon the young lady's life and happiness; she was young, attractive, fascinating, had all the spirit of health and the appearance of those charms calculated to please the most fastidious, and this was only an episode in her life, an episode of a painful and distressing character, but still only an episode.

The Judge having summed up the Jury retired, and after some deliberation returned a verdict of £3,000 damages.

The following letters were read during the progress of the case:—

"2, Cromwell-place, S. Kensington, 3rd Oct., 1873.

"My Dear Annie,—I fear the contents of this letter will cause you great pain and sorrow, but, nevertheless, I must write it. I was greatly annoyed at hearing from my solicitors that your mother had proposed to delay the wedding because of the settlements, although no alterations had taken place on my side in them. I came up to town to see about this, and fully prepared to return to you and make you a kind and good husband. You may remember asking me if I still loved my wife, as Mrs. Williams told you she thought I did. I said no, I thought not; and told you I loved you with perhaps, not so strong but a quieter love; and this I believed. I have never seen my wife for two years and a half, and thought that all love for her was now gone from me, but it is not so; I have seen her again. She has been living very quietly and properly with her mother and brother for a long time, and people have lied to me and misstated facts. I love her as much as ever, and can only thank God that this meeting did not take place after our wedding instead of before, so as to spare us much future misery. Had I not come to London I could not have seen her, and we should have been married, and I should have met her afterwards; and what would have been the result? Endless misery for you, her, and myself. You will see now that marriage between us is impossible, and that our engagement must end. Poor Annie! how sorry I am for you, but I shall never marry now, unless I take back my wife, and can only pray God to soften the blow for you, and let us feel that it has been sent with a good end in coming upon us now instead of hereafter. I go abroad immediately, and remain, dear Annie, still always your affectionate friend,

"GEO. H. WILDES."

Cae Gwyn, St. Asaph, August 15th, 1873.

My darling George,—I have just sent Roberts to St. Asaph with a telegram, am now about to devote ten minutes solely and entirely to your own big self [I am told, observed Mr. Pope, that he is a fine big handsome fellow, likely to attract the fancy of a girl], for I feel confident you have not been able to make out two words consecutively in that alarming specimen of my penmanship I favoured you with yesterday afternoon. And so you really think that your mother will like me. Do you know Alice? I feel half afraid to see her for fear the original should not impress her so favourably as the photo has done; but you will be with me, will you not? And with you at my side I do not think I shall have very much to fear. By the way, I must not omit to thank you for the eau de cologne. How good you are to me, and I—how am I to repay you for all your kindness? I can only do it in one way, by filling your life with sunshine, and with God's help, and not Alice, I will do all in my power to make you forget the bitter past, or at least look back upon it without pain. I should like photos of the children: if you have any to spare, will you bring them with you to-morrow? We have not seen anything of Mrs. Williams since you left, Cae Gwyn not being sufficiently attractive when ladies are its sole occupants. Mamma sends her kindest regards to Captain Jones, to which kindest regards tell him I add my spinster's mite, and with dearest love to yourself. believe, always your own,

ANNIE NUTTALL.

26th September.

Dearest Annie,—Your loving letter is irresistible, and I sincerely hope nothing will prevent my coming to your marriage on the 11th of next month. Indeed, dear Annie, from my own observation I feel convinced you will make dear George a loving wife, and make up to him by a future domestic happy life for his past life of failure and disappointment. I already love you for your winning manner towards myself, and feel that I shall have an affectionate daughter, hereafter, and sincerely trust no cloud will ever come between us. I am, as you know devotedly attached to George, and his happiness is mine. I shall look forward to our meeting with much pleasure; and now, dear, please tell me if you will like a travelling bag or a despatch box best, or if you have them already.—With love, believe me, yours affectionately,

AGNES WILDES.

My dear Mrs. Nuttall,—I was sorry that my brief visit prevented more than a few words between you and me about this important business. I gathered, however, from your remarks that you, equally with myself, deprecate the hasty marriage arrangements proposed by George and Annie; indeed, I, for one, cannot see how they are to be carried out, unless, as you said, they are "to come together without a definite understanding of their means, and that we can help them afterwards." I think a marriage under such circumstances would be unwise. I understand from you that Annie will not have anything at all to add to George's now limited income. His habits, in my mind, are too settled for him to live in a prudent way; but he thinks differently, and justly says it concerns himself and Annie most; and we all agree to leave this question to the lawyers. For myself, I have however, in order to prevent all misunderstanding, to say that, on his first marriage, I settled on my son as much as I could spare, and that goes to his two children. I have since done what I could for him; and, if he marries, it must be without any expectation of help from me. This I have thought it my duty to say to you. I hope, if they do marry on such small means, they will not be less happy; and I am sure your dear loving child is calculated to make the happiness of any home. Please give her my love, and, with kind regards to yourself and Miss Nuttall, I am sincerely yours,

AGNES WILDES.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARDUM!

An American paper gives the following romance of Dollardum. It is entitled "How Rich Men began Life. Marshall O. Roberts is the possessor of 4,000,000 of 5,000,000 dollars, and yet until he was twenty-five he did not have 100 dollars he could call his own. George Law, at forty-five, was a common day labourer on the docks, and at present counts his fortune at something like 10,000,000 dollars. Alexander T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction, and opened his way to success in a little dingy shop on Broadway, the site of the wholesale establishment. Daniel Drew in early life was a cattle-driver at the munificent rate of 75 cents a day, and he has driven himself into an estate valued at from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 dollars. Robert L. and Alexander Stewart, the noted sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy which their widowed mother made at a cent a stick, and to-day they are probably worth from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 dollars. Horace B. Claflin, the eminent dry-goods merchant, worth, it is estimated, from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 dollars, commenced the world with nothing but energy, determination, and hope, and see how he has invested them. Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old pirogue, running between Staten Island and New York, and carrying garden-stuff to market. With 2,000 or 3,000 dollars raised from that source, he entered upon steadily increasing enterprises until he accumulated 50,000,000 dollars.

An old maid and reformed rake in the presence of each other, and the agent of a Paris matrimonial bureau. "What fortune has monsieur?" "What debts has mademoiselle?"

A WILL CASE.

At the Liverpool assizes, the cause of "Poole and others v. Hughes" has been tried.

Mr. Samuel was the counsel for the plaintiffs; and Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Dr. Commins were for the defendant.

It was an issue sent down by the Judge of the Probate Court to be tried here to determine the validity of a will. The testator was a man named Hughes, a butcher in Liverpool, who died on Wednesday, the 9th of April. His will was propounded by the plaintiffs, the testator's mother, sister, and daughter, in whose favour it was made, and was disputed by his wife, to whom nothing was left. The wife had, however, separated from her husband several years ago, and since that time the testator had lived with the plaintiffs. The case for the latter was that the testator seriously injured himself on Saturday, the 5th of April, in moving a heavy side of meat, and afterwards suffered great pain, and was very ill. On Tuesday night, the 8th, he sent for an accountant named Farley, with whom he had been acquainted many years, and ordered him to make his will. He gave rational instruction to Farley to draw the will, dividing his property between the three plaintiffs, and duly executed it then. Farley, however, said he would write out a fair copy of it and a counterpart and return with them the next day, and did so, when the testator ordered an alteration in the will in respect to the sum to be left to his sister, and then re-executed the will. He died the same evening of the result of the injury to the side received on the Saturday, and it was entirely denied that he was suffering in any way from the effects of drink.

The case for the defendant was that the testator had been a confirmed drunkard for years, his wife having separated from him on account of his drunkenness, and died from an attack of *delirium tremens* under which he was labouring at the time he executed his will. The evidence produced on the two sides was entirely contradictory and irreconcilable, but in the end the jury believed that for the plaintiffs, and found for the validity of the will.

GIVING THEM PLENTY OF IT!

A good story is told of M. Gabriel Delessert, the Prefect of Police in 1840. He was much annoyed by the disturbances occasioned by the vociferous demands for the "Marseillaise" to be sung or played at all times, in all places. The theatres were especially the scenes of such disorders, and the intervals between the acts were periods of no little embarrassment to the commissaries of police charged to maintain order; for it was sufficient for one noisy demagogue to call for the air of Rouget de l'Isle for all the audience to take up the cry. One morning the officer of police on duty at the Gaieté received from the Prefect the following note:—"In future allow the 'Marseillaise' to be played, even if only demanded by a child; and let it be continued until the whole house is satisfied." The instructions were carried out to the letter. In the evening the *Sonneur de Saint Paul* was to be played, and as soon as the overture commenced an ignoble voice from the gallery called for the "Marseillaise." The musicians obeyed, and the celebrated national hymn was given, and was followed by frenzied applause. Without waiting a moment the band executed it a second time, and it was again received with shouts of satisfaction; then a third time, but the applause was only meagre; it was given a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth time. At last the indignation of the public who had paid to see the play, and who only submitted from cowardice to the tyranny of the mob, knew no bounds, and cries of "Down with the 'Marseillaise'!" were heard on all sides. The tiresome music was at once stopped, and the whole audience applauded, including the occupants of the galleries who had come to see the *Sonneur de Saint Paul*, and who had begun to fear that the evening would be passed in a national concert.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

Messrs. Charles Whitehead, John Algernon Clarke, William Carruthers, and H. M. Jenkins, the judges appointed by the Royal Agricultural Society to examine the essays competing for the £100 prize offered by Lord Cathcart for the best essay on "The Potato Disease and its Prevention," presented their report at the last meeting of the Society's Council. Among 94 essays, not one has been found worthy of an award; in fact, had anybody really succeeded in combating the disease, he would probably have done better with his discovery than by describing the *modus operandi* for £100. The causes most frequently set forth in the manuscripts were degeneration of the tuber, fungus on the tuber, superabundant moisture and wet weather, *Peronospera infestans* attacking the leaves and stems of the plant, electrical action, and unhealthy condition of the plant, induced by the use of certain manures. The principal remedies recommended were the cultivation of new varieties, use of disease-proof sorts, employment of lightning-conductors, application of lime as a manure, avoidance of specified manures, steeping or kiln-drying the tuber before planting, dressing the haulm with sulphur, chlorine, &c., cutting off the tops on the first appearance of disease, growing the potatoes in small clumps or hillocks, bending down the haulm so as not to drip over the roots, and tying up the haulm to stakes, or cultivating sorts having erect stalks. Evidence in some essays contradicted in nearly all cases alleged results stated in others. The judges have recommended the society to grant a handsome sum of money for the purpose of inducing some competent mycologist to undertake an investigation of the life-history of the potato fungus (*Peronospera infestans*) in the interval between the injury to the potato plant and the reappearance of the fungus in the following year. Also that valuable prizes should be offered for the best disease-proof early and late potatoes, the awards to be made after testing the competing sorts and their produce during three seasons.

THE POPE AND YOUNG HOPEFUL!

A certain member of the body of the Guardi Nobile, who from his infancy has always been near the Pope's person, and has always been a very great favourite with him, enjoying, perhaps, more of real intimacy with the Holy Father than any other person, took his wife and their young son, just beginning to talk, to see the Pope. The child had often from time to time been taken before, and he and the Pope are very great friends. The first thing the young gentleman, now getting a bouncing boy, did, as the circle gathered around the Pontiff in the Vatican garden, was, in his hurry to prostrate himself at the Holy Father's feet, to bolt between the legs of those assembled with such impetuosity as to overthrow an old bishop, and almost upset the Pope himself. The Pope told him he was a naughty boy, but laughed so heartily the while, that his scolding did not much impress the youngster, whose next exploit was to tell Monsignor de Merode, who was present, that he really did squint too much for anything; and to another right reverend, who laughed at this sally, "As for you, your nose is a great deal too big, as you know I always tell you so." The Pope enjoyed the fun, and laughed most heartily; till presently taking the young rebel up in his arms he carried him into his room, and then going to a cabinet took from it and gave him a very handsomly-mounted rosary and cross. Presently the child became tired, and with a child's sincerity, said aloud, "Now I want to go home." "Then, I suppose," said the Pope, "that I must declare your audience to be terminated." Now, the carrying of such a boy from the garden into the palace, by an old gentleman in his eighty-fourth year, certainly does not look like "general weakness."

Messrs. Longman has just published a revised and authorized edition of Mr. Disraeli's celebrated speeches delivered on the occasion of his visit to Glasgow.

Judge Peckham, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, was among those who lost their lives when the *Ville du Havre* went down. His brother, Mr. G. W. Peckham, of Milwaukee, hearing suddenly of this calamity, became temporarily insane, and was found drowned in the Milwaukee river.

A judgment delivered by Sir Barnes Peacock before the Judicial Committee in the Privy Council terminates a twelve years litigation. An Indian husband was sued by his wife for dower valued at £40,000. He alleged payment, but the High Court of Bengal pronounced him liable, and he appealed to the Privy Council, which sustains the judgment. The wife died during the progress of the suit.

Dr. Ridwood, the public analyst for the parish of Clerkenwell, has reported to the vestry that since his appointment last March he has analyzed over one hundred specimens of food, and the conclusion at which he has arrived is that, though a good deal of adulteration is practised, yet in no instance has it appeared that anything of a poisonous or noxious nature was added to the food.

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

Out in Montana when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new *rôle*."

A huge cheese was shipped from New York to London the other day. It was made in Oneida county, and weighed 2,200lb.; 21,000lb. of milk were used in making it, and the cheese was 2ft. high when first cured, but it shrank 2in. during the process, and when shipped measured 24in. high and 54in. in diameter.

The late Queen Dowager of Prussia has left the works of art accumulated by King Frederick William IV., her consort, which constitute a valuable and highly interesting collection, to her brother-in-law, the present Emperor. They would otherwise probably have been lost to Berlin and removed to Bavaria.

Mrs. Webb, of Melbourne, has published a pamphlet, entitled the *Woman's Advocate*, in which she recommends that a bill should be introduced into Parliament for establishing a widow's fund, contributed to by every husband, that no widow may be left destitute. Also a maiden's fund, to which all bachelors must contribute, that no maidens be left destitute after forty.

ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT.

(From *Punch's Almanack* for 1874.)

Zimmermann disliked being left alone. He was the life and soul of every party he entered, and sang a capital comic song.

Coppernicus's favourite dish for supper was toasted cheese. He invariably wore a sunflower in his button hole.

Burke composed *The Sublime and Beautiful* partly in the Jamaica coffee-house, and partly when he was lodging over a hair-dresser's in Wigmore-street. The pen with which he wrote the last sentence was long preserved by the hair-dresser's descendants, but, after the fall of the wig, and before the rise of the chignon, they became embarrassed in their circumstances, and parted with their heirloom to the agent of an American Museum.

Frederick the Great played the flute very nicely, and had an agreeable tenor voice.

Beethoven composed his celebrated Metaphysical Symphony in a flowered dressing-gown and embroidered smoking-cap, with a bouquet of fresh Dahlias on the harpsichord, a hedgehog in a basket by the fire, and a man servant in livery in the antechamber.

Gibbon was remarkably superstitious, and always carried a charm about with him in his hat-box. What its nature was it would be useless to conjecture, as he threw it into the Tiber on the eve of his second marriage.

The finest collection of Autographs ever formed was that belonging to Dr. South. At his sale it was bought by Lord North, and, subsequently, it came into the possession of Benjamin West. It is now the property of a well known collector in the east of England. Amongst the most precious rarities are a holograph letter from Mrs. Grundy—she usually employed an amanuensis—all about her neighbours' affairs; the signature of Mr. John (familiarly known as "Jack") Robinson, appended to an order for a gallon of palm oil; a cast in plaster of Friday's mark on the sand; the MS. of Mrs. Glasse's celebrated receipt—"First catch your hare," and a letter written by William Pitt, when a boy at school, to his father (the Great Earl of Chatham), begging that he would send him a plum-cake and some sausage-rolls.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's favourite ear-trumpet has not been heard of for many years; but, not long ago, a packet of snuff was found in a cupboard in what used to be his painting-room, in the house he occupied in Red Lion-square, then the most fashionable quarter of Town. Unfortunately, the Royal Academy let the opportunity slip of acquiring the snuff, which got dispersed, and is now irrecoverably lost.

It is always interesting to trace a familiar phrase to its source. Thus in Sir Thomas Brown's studious habits we clearly see the origin of a "brown study."

Miscellaneous Intelligence,

HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL.

The Education of Factory Children.—Mr. Baker, the inspector of factories, in his late report, complains that children are kept from school. He states "that many parents still seem to care as little for the education of their children as ever, if they can only obtain for them full employment, which they can readily do almost everywhere, so great is the demand for full-time hands; and it is often next to impossible to obtain a repetition of evidence given by children in the first instance to a prosecutor, if it seems at all likely to reduce their wages from full time to those of half time." Mr. Baker further reports that trade has been good, and the temptation to overwork and slur over the education clauses of the 7th Vict., c. 15, hitherto so useful, had been proportionate.

Statistics of Pauperism.—The official return of pauperism in England and Wales (*minus* the usual 3·3 per cent. for lunatic paupers in asylums and vagrants, not included in these returns), shows that at Michaelmas, 1873, the number of persons in receipt of relief from the rates was 755,664, being less than at the corresponding period of 1872 by 5·7 per cent., and of 1871 by 15·3 per cent. The most striking improvement is shown in the northern division, comprising the four most northerly counties of England, raising a fourth of our coal supply; here the decrease of paupers is 11·3 per cent. compared with the same period in 1872, and with about 1½ million people this division shows only 37,222 paupers. Three other divisions of England—the north-western, the north-midland, and Yorkshire—include the chief manufacturing districts; and these divisions show a decrease of paupers amounting to 6·3 per cent. as compared with 1872, and 16·6 per cent. as compared with 1871. The metropolis shows a decrease of 3 per cent. as compared with 1872, and 16·7 per cent. as compared with 1871. The decrease in the other divisions, as compared with 1872, ranges from 7.3 per cent. in the Welsh to 3·6 per cent. in the south-eastern division.

Hard and Fast Lines!—*The Times* has published the following letter:—

As president of the North-West London Shoe Black Society, I received, a short time ago, a letter from the School Board authorities, stating they were informed we had several boys under 13 years of age for whom a proper amount of education was not provided, and calling my attention to the Act under which such employment was illegal. As it was quite impossible for the society to provide the required amount of teaching, I immediately directed the master to dismiss all boys under 13. The poor parents, mostly widows, depending almost entirely on their boys' earnings 9s. or 10s. per week—were terribly distressed, and these boys are now idling about the streets, and the School Board takes no notice of their condition. It is difficult to understand why the School Board should compel us to dismiss the lads, unless they were prepared to provide the necessary education, as with us they had a night school, one class at which is now broken up.—Yours truly, George Hanbury, 21, Portman-square, London.

Mormon Prospects.—Senator Frelinghuysen's Bill to regulate affairs in Utah promises to effect a radical change in Mormonism for the future. The *Tribune* gives a summary of the Bill:—"A direct attack upon polygamy is made in a section which sets forth that in all prosecutions for bigamy, polygamy, or adultery, proof of cohabitation by the accused with more than one man or woman as husband or wife shall be sufficient, and that the wives of polygamous Mormons may be discharged from such relations by divorce the same as though the men had been guilty of adultery, the women retaining by decree of the Court control of their minor children, and a just share of their husband's property. Section 15 of the Bill forbids any alien, while living in bigamy or polygamy, from hereafter being naturalised. All cases decided by inferior Courts of the Territory are to be appealable to the District Court. In conclusion, the Bill proposes to repeal a great number of Territorial Acts, and its whole tenour is to place the Mormons entirely in the power of the United States' officials."

Accidents by Machinery.—A terrible list is that comprised in the returns of deaths and injuries in factories for the half-year ended April 30 last (remarks the *Lancet*). The tale of slaughter and maiming reads like a record of the results of a fierce and sanguinary struggle on the battle-field, and is a grim satire on the proverbially gentle arts of peace. Within the period mentioned 162 persons were killed in factories, 491 were so much injured as to necessitate the amputation of a limb or part of a limb, 390 received fractures of one sort or another, 257 were wounded more or less seriously in the head or face, and there were 2,340 instances of injury of a less grave nature, such as lacerations, contusions, &c.—in all 3,640 casualties in places of industry in six months! With regard to the causes of this sad catalogue of disasters we have one remark to make. While admitting the probability of the great bulk of them being due to carelessness on the part of the victims themselves, we must confess to a fear, justified by some amount of personal knowledge, that for this very carelessness, with its lamentable consequences, employers are in many instances chiefly responsible, in that they place the working of rapidly-moving and dangerous machinery in the hands of persons incompetent by reason of youth or inexperience, from whom the exhibition of much caution is not to be expected. Evidently there is need for the exercise of more conscientiousness in the process of manufacture of other articles besides those of food and drink.

The Property of the Late Emperor Napoleon.—The Paris Correspondent of *The Times* writes:—The real facts relating to the Chinese museum at Fontainbleau are these:—It has been admitted that the museum belonged absolutely to the Civil List, in the same manner as the linen, wine, and plate which were sold for the benefit of the Imperial Civil List. In accordance, therefore, with a conditional agreement entered into between MM. Desseilliguy and Rouher, the State has purchased the museum at the price of £120,000 sterling; but the contract, in order to be valid, must be submitted to the Budget Committee, and must be approved by the Assembly. It is therefore merely a question of a simple bargain, dependent upon the Assembly for ratification or rejection.

A Valuable Horse!—Mark Twain once bought a horse by auction. "In the afternoon," he says, "I brought the creature into the Plaza, and certain citizens held him by the head, and others by the tail, while I mounted him. As soon as they let go, he placed all his feet in a bunch together, lowered his back, and then suddenly arched it upward, and shot me straight in the air, a matter of three or four feet! I came as straight down again, lit in the saddle, went instantly up again, came down almost on the high pommel, shot up again, and came down on the horse's neck—all in the space of three or four seconds. Then he rose, and stood almost straight up on his hind feet; and I, clasping his lean neck desperately, slid back into the saddle and held on. He came down, and immediately hoisted his heels into the air, delivering a vicious kick at the sky, and stood on his fore feet; and then down he came once more, and began the original exercise of shooting me straight up again. The third time I went up, I heard a stranger say, 'Oh, don't he buck, though!' While I was up, somebody struck the horse a sound thwack with a leather strap, and when I arrived again 'the horse' was not there."

THE BLIND BRIDE,

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."—LORD BACON.

IN the goodold days of a century back, when "George the Third was king," it was, nevertheless, true that British planters grew rich upon slave-grown produce; and the staunch West Indian trading ships earned freights on sugar and coffee without the consciences of the owners being the least affected by the wretched condition of the "niggers" on the other side of the water. At that time Bristol occupied the position of queen of the ports on our western coast, and although "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" still remains as a proverb, the fact has passed away half a century ago. Liverpool and Glasgow have quite eclipsed the old-fashioned port on the Avon, and we look back upon its "reign" with almost as great a sense of its unreality as that with which we read the *Arabian Nights* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Protection* had not even a name at that time, in the sense in which it is now apprehended; men, however, grew rich or remained poor very much upon the same principles as obtain now-a-days.

So much for scene and date. Now let us introduce Mr. Walters, merchant and ship-owner of Bristol, a man of easy manners, good knowledge of the world, and comfortable circumstances. In his younger days he had been *apprenticed to the sea* (as it is called), and had risen from the lowest rank on board to be master of the ship: having been dragged in at the hawsepipes, he was politely invited out at the stern windows. This implied considerable industry, perseverance, and business ability, which had not forsaken him when he adopted the habits of a counting-house. His wife died when comparatively young, leaving him, however, two children; the elder, a daughter—Alice; the younger, a son—Charles. The latter, both from a natural predisposition and from his father's wish, was sent to sea at as early an age as possible, and had inherited, so it appeared, only a portion of his father's qualities. Charles was a good-hearted lad, and dutiful; but the silver spoon in his mouth when he was born deprived him of that necessity for energy which commonly accompanies success.

Alice Walters was accounted a belle in the society in which the family moved; and her good looks owed much to the character and position of her father in gaining the admiration and courtesy of many worthy Bristol citizens. She was rather more than ordinarily good-looking would imply, and had an intellectual activity which gave vivacity to her eye, and interest to her words. It would be scarcely necessary to add that there were rivals for her love, her person, and her presumed dowry. Mr. Walters was well advised in the world's ways, and found his daughter attentive to his counsel, and a very good manager of his house and belongings.

One of Mr. Walter's vessels, trading to the West Indies, was under command of Captain Cockrane, a man of good business ability; and from his quick passages, and careful subordination on board his vessel gave proof of able seamanship, and a capacity to command men. He had come from the northern counties—the Eastern coast ports—and had rapidly gained the confidence of his owner—in fact, he might be said to be commodore of Mr. Walter's fleet of West Indiamen. It was not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that Cockrane often accompanied Mr. Walters to his home, nor that, seeing Alice, he enjoyed her society, and suffered from a sort of softness of heart towards her. To presume to an offer of marriage he felt would lead to his being snubbed, so he took up his position of an admirer without hope of reciprocity, in a philosophical spirit, like a shrewd, and perhaps wise, man of the world—he would not put himself in an undignified position, and so kept his feelings to himself.

There was another rival, who was more in the same social circle with Miss Walters—the son of a Bristol merchant of good connection, high commercial standing, and respected character. "Young Westgarth," as he was generally called, to distinguish him from his father, seemed to have a fair prospect of winning the daughter of the old ship-owner. She was a little distant to him, but this was translated as such coyness generally is; and the gossips of the place displayed their wonderful foresight by ominous winks and frowns, and undertone broken sentences. Mr. Walters was a silent, but not inattentive witness of all this billing and cooing; he was following the training he had received as a ship-master—not to talk about it for an hour before, but to keep a good look out, and promptly order shortening sail, or putting the ship about, *when* he found it needful.

At a small town town in South Wales, called at that time of day Pont-y-Cwm—whatever it may now be named—there was a very first-rate grammar school, and the post of head-master or principal was held by the Rev. Mr. Evans, a man of an age rather on the juvenile side of middle life, and of a temperament, quiet, learned, and not very stirring. His occupation was not very conducive to cheerfulness, for teaching school boys all day long must be uncommonly provoking; and as he spent his leisure hours principally in his study, many of his neigbours were induced to think him, if erudite, at the same time gloomy and eccentric. He was undoubtedly a good scholar and an able teacher, as was proved by the style of boys he turned out of his school—he was a just citizen, and an honourable debtor, and he was a clergyman; but men said they thought he was a little *too* close—nobody could understand him. Mr. Evans was the standing enigma to all the inhabitants of Pont-y-Cwm. His father was a clergyman in another part of Wales, and had rather alienated himself from his son, on account of his having become a schoolmaster instead of a preacher; and the son in his turn felt sore that the reasons which he had alleged for his conduct were not deemed of sufficient importance to obtain a hearing from his irate parent. In the younger and more cheerful part of his life, Mr. Evans had frequently spent a day or two at Mr. Walters' house, in Bristol, on such occasions as when he might be returning from his father's Welsh parish to the University. Of course, he had been intimate with Alice, then quite a child, and with Charles, who was still younger, and through the gloom of some fifteen years the bright picture of those happy days would loom out, and give him a relish to visit again the old friends of his college days.

An acquaintanceship may, through various circumstances die out by absence of companionship, but a once true friend will never be forgotten from one end of a life-time to the other. It has been written, "The youth of friendship is better than its old age." When, however, the schoolmaster had determined to visit Bristol, and came up by coach, he was right hospitably received. The chill of a secluded life seemed to thaw upon him in the genial atmosphere which surrounded him in his vacation, and he began, as men generally do when the shell of their every-day habit is broken—he began to think that perhaps some of his "life thoughts" were not the concentrated wisdom of Solomon, and that perhaps his manners and ways of life were not the most happy that could be found, and that perhaps he could take another view of the valley of life, he might find other joys than those of a student.

"What curious manners our guest, Mr. Evans, has," said Alice to her father, as they were one evening sitting alone; "he seems to go mooning about among the shrubberies, until he forgets all about what is going on around him. He is so quiet and reserved too—not at all like what I recollect him to have been when he used to come and see us formerly."

"He does, my girl, exhibit a strange absence of mind," replied Mr. Walters; "but you must remember that his habits and surroundings as a solitary schoolmaster, have a tendency to turn him into a fossil in mind, body, and feelings. You did not as a child notice his thoughtfulness in former days, which has now developed into almost a gloom, and certainly does give him a most eccentric aspect; I cannot say that his training at Pont-y-Cwm has improved him."

"He said," continued the daughter, "that he should like to go down to the docks and see Captain Cockrane's ship, but although I volunteered to be his companion, he will be sure to be lost among the busy doings among the ships at the docks, or meet with some accident among the bales and packages knocking about."

"You need not be quite so nervous about his safety, Alice. I suppose Captain Cockrane knows you are coming, and it would be a pity to disappoint him of the visit."

Affairs seemed to be tending to a climax in Mr. Walters' mind; he was in daily expectation that "young Westgarth" would be asking for his daughter's hand, and, without knowing why, he was only half inclined to grant the request. Cockrane was more a man to his mind for a son-in-law, only he was so backward and modest; he felt himself quite in the shade beside one whom he considered would be thought so much more eligible a match. Over this difficulty the worthy old ship-owner had smoked many a cigar, and yet could not make up his mind. Uncertainty of purpose was not one of his failings, in fact, he always deemed it despicable not to be able to arrive at a decision, and yet he was in the old difficulty between the "two stools." "I don't like men who are too demonstrative," he would mutter to himself, "and yet I know nothing against the young fellow."

The outcome of the proposed visit to the docks, with especial view to see Captain Cockrane's ship, was that next day Mr. Walters, his daughter, Mr. Evans, and two other friends were seen walking over the plank to the vessel which lay moored just off the wharf in the docks by the side of the river Avon. It was about noon, but the captain had not been down to the ship, an unwonted absence in his case; all were disappointed that he was not there; but Mr. Walters did the duties of the sailor in pointing out all objects of interest, and explaining the technicalities; and they found a negro sailor on board who knew all the ins and outs of the cabin and caboose. This blackie was a functionary of great importance, being the cook, and, while in harbour, the steward of the *Mistress of the Seas*; he was credibly reported to be able to make excellent soup "out of nothing," and to serve up dinner out of a minimum of ingredients. He set some dainties on the cabin table, but told them, with a grin, that the "cap'n" had the key of the wine locker, and so he could only serve them to coffee; it was, however, a fragrant cup, the berries just roasted in the galley half an hour before.

One of the officers came on board in the midst of this sort of pic-nic, and informed them that Captain Cockrane and two of the apprentices had sailed down the river in the "gig" on the previous day, and had promised to return in time to receive the company, but that he (the officer) supposed he had been detained, for it was blowing half a gale out to the estuary. This "gig" was the captain's particular boat, and he had good skill in sailing her, an accomplishment not very common among "big ship sailors;" the boat was rigged as a fore and aft schooner, and was a little beauty. Captain Cockrane had set out to cross the estuary of the Severn to visit some friends, taking two of the ship's apprentices with him, and had proposed to himself to start from the other side at early dawn.

Mr. Walters expressed that he was not at all surprised at Cockrane's non-appearance, knowing the difficulty, not to say danger, of attempting to cross over the channel in an open boat in boisterous weather—they all presumed that he was kept from the homeward passage by stress of weather. Now-a-days a telegram would have been expected announcing the difficulty, but in the eighteenth century news travelled slowly, and people were not restless and impatient because they did not know what was taking place all over the world, but waited, knowing that time would explain many enigmas. The party on the *Mistress of the Seas* laughed over the idea of Cockrane finding himself caught in a trap of his own making.

As hours passed on and the gale did not abate, the affairs of the missing captain and his companions assumed a serious complexion in the minds of their friends at Bristol. The whole adventure was adjudged as rash, and the sea-faring community, who, of course, soon knew all about it, began to shake their heads, and express hope for the best. It was at length deemed right by Mr. Walters to send a lugger across to the little seaport, really to ascertain whether the three were safe, and if so to bring them back. If not, to assure those interested in the safety of the adventurers, that search ought to be made. So the lugger was made ready and manned, the black cook of the *Mistress of the Seas* being one of her crew. He said "Cap'n Cockrane good sailor-man," and his confidence in the success of the expedition gave heart to all concerned in it. All was in favour of good news, except the presentiments which accompany suspense.

Shortly after the departure of the searching party a ship came into port, having beaten up the Bristol Channel spite of the weather, and bringing with her a boat which she had picked up, found derelict and bottom up, having the name "*Mistress of the Seas*, of Bristol," painted on the stern. The news of this salvage was immediately communicated to the owner—Mr. Walters. Very little hope now remained, and his friends began to appreciate how much they had lost in Captain Cockrane; his good qualities were looked upon as they had never been before; and all lamented his death in real earnest.

The relatives of the two youths—the apprentices, were at first angry, almost enraged at the Captain for taking them on such a bold trip—for so every one now deemed it; they afterwards depressed into grief, and made certain that all the party had been drowned. Mr. Walters and others assured the sorrowers that the party might have escaped with their lives, although the boat was lost, and promised to use his interest and energy in any plan which might appear feasible for their recovery. Truth to say, however, his own hopelessness of success sadly disarmed energetic action—where there is no prospect of success it does not take much to annihilate a weak courage.

In the meantime the lugger had reached the opposite coast, but found no trace of the lost men—they had not landed—the gig had not been seen—things looked very gloomy. The black cook, however, who was much attached to Captain Cockrane, having affection for his master to prompt him, and a cheerful and sanguine disposition to boot, soon persuaded the crew of the lugger to continue the search. As they of course knew nothing about the picking up of the boat, and as the weather was now more moderate, it was determined to make a diligent search, and not to return to Bristol with half a story. Seeking for a lost man has always a charm about it, beyond the ordinary stimulants to perseverance which accompany a search for any treasure, the feeling of having a good cause and one approved by all who look on, gives heart and courage; and the feeling of humanity—of sympathy for one suffering, renders all sorts of little details and minutiæ (which would be otherwise deemed trivial), of importance.

They—the party in the lugger—continued the search all down the South Welsh coast for about two days; calling in at the likely little coves and harbours, and making enquiries of all the fishermen. No one had seen the wanderers, and the universal answer and advice from all hands, was that they supposed they must have been capsized in the gale, and that the best thing the lugger could do was to return to Bristol. You see, said the amphibious population, these ship-sailors are no use in a small boat, and would be safe to come to grief in a squall of wind. The contrary opinion set forth as of Cockrane was pooh-poohed—he might know well enough how to sail the *Mistress of the Seas* on the Atlantic, but an open boat on the Bristol Channel was quite another matter.

So, disheartened, and worn out with constant watchfulness and enquiry, the party in the lugger returned. The black cook who had been the mainspring in all the undertaking, went, as deputy for the whole crew, to tell Mr. Walters that further search seemed hopeless. When this information was coupled with the finding of the boat, all was given up at once. It was five days since the accident must have taken place, and all that remained now to be done was to conjecture the manner of death, and the nature of the accident to the three lost men.

Envy is very subtile, and although it would be unfair to attribute to Westgarth any joy at the accident which had removed his rival (for as such he was half-disposed to regard him), yet he imagined matters looked more prosperous for his own suit towards Alice. He would not admit, to himself even, that he was pleased, for he was not of the basest kind of metal, yet his metal had much of the dross of self-seeking in it. He felt he was an inferior man to Cockrane, and yet would not admit it.

Mr. Evans, whilst sitting conversing with Mr. Walters, in the evening of the day the lugger returned, sprung up as if some new idea had taken possession of him, and asked to see a chart of the coast. "No search has been made," said he, "on the south side of the channel; there are some little rocky islets off the Devonshire shore which are shut off from human intercourse, but might still have intercepted a boat drifting to the southward and westward. Is the chance worth the trial?"

"I must be a fool," said Mr. Walters; "considering the number of times I have passed up on shipboard, I ought to have remembered this. You are right, my good friend, and any chance is good enough to make an attempt upon. To-night shall not pass over without action being taken. I'll have the same party sent out after the tide turns. The negro cook shall accompany them. If that blackie had known more of geography, he would not have let his ready wit slip so foolishly as I have allowed mine to do. This sad event has quite stunned my brains. I will go at once and put matters in motion."

So Alice and Mr. Evans were left alone to talk over the chances of success and con over the chart. The more they considered the matter, the more likely appeared the conjecture. Mr. Evans, though not at all a self-conceited man, did congratulate himself upon so valuable a supposition; and forgetting his usual taciturnity, quite overflowed with expressions of hope, and the promptings of a passionate impatience of the result.

To be brief, the captain and the two apprentices were found by the men on the lugger. They had been, as had been imagined, on one of the little islets, and had been unable to make themselves seen by any vessel passing; and owing to the roughness of the weather had not attempted to swim on shore. Like many sailors, they were poor swimmers, all three of them, and were not at all fond of drowning. For five days they had remained pent up this way, with no prospect but death, from want of food—without shelter and, worst of all, without water, except the little they could collect from the falling rain.

Captain Cockrane and the two youths, when they landed at Bristol, were taken up at once to Mr. Walters' house, who was pleased to offer an asylum to what looked more like three corpses than three men. Five days and nights of such exposure had almost quenched the spark of life; but they all ultimately recovered, although one of the lads had a severe fever, from which he escaped barely with his life. The accident occurred in this way—the boat was capsized in a sudden squall, and the three were cast out into the water, they hung on by the overturned boat, and drifted with her down to the islets upon which they were found. The boat had drifted out further to sea, with the current or tide, and that was how the inward bound vessel had come across it in beating up the estuary.

As may readily be imagined, Mr. Evans was universally congratulated upon his happy thought; his friendship, too, with Mr. Walters had matured into strength during his stay in Bristol, and the circumstances of recovery from death of the lost captain had tended much to cement the friendship of all three. The reflex action, which the actual expression in deed of kindly feelings towards another, had been at work in Mr. Walter's case, and he felt all the more strongly attached to those whom he had benefited. The good that was in all these friends showed itself when their common distress urged their mutual sympathy.

The schoolmaster's vacation, however, was drawing to a close; and it was now about time that the *Mistress of the Seas* again should go to sea—so the friends must part, and leave Alice Walters and her father to their quiet town life, while they went to stern duties, and old cares.

Before leaving Bristol, however, the three adventurers in the little schooner gig were quite lionised. Every one had now an invitation to give them, not from any peculiarly friendly sentiment, but from the strange fascination which surrounds all who have been saved from the jaws of death. Several good citizens, friends of Mr. Walters, presented the master of the *Mistress of the Seas* with a new, most elaborate, and deftly constructed boat, to take the place of his lost gig. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, and as strong as it could be made, and a handy sea boat.

Upon the return of Mr. Evans to Pont-y-Cwm all things appeared as when he had left them; the school reassembled, duties recommenced, and as he was not a man who associated very freely with those in the same little town, he was quite unaware of the storm which was about to break over his head. He was a man of thoughtfulness, and on many points was far in advance of his age; in fact, while at Bristol, his abhorrence of slavery had brought him into contact with no very kindly feelings with some retired West India planters, who upheld the practice and theories of slavery. They, good souls, saw the good side of the system, and being men of humanity, their slaves never suffered from oppression, and habit had seared in them any sense of injustice implied in such bondage. Mr. Evans' political views, though not strongly expressed, were quite opposed to those current in his own class of society. Shallow-minded men were apt to consider him a mischievous dreamer, and it appeared now that the inhabitants of Pont-y-Cwm had worked themselves up into a state of indignation against him, which culminated in a determination to get rid of him out of the town.

Never was a more unreasonable or unrighteous piece of oppression perpetrated; but the result of this bigotry was, that after a short time, Mr. Evans found he must resign his post as schoolmaster there, and find a livelihood, and a duty, elsewhere.

Now that the ground was clear of all opposition—for Cockrane had gone to the West Indies in his ship—Westgarth was constant in his attention to Alice Walters, and although they were not formally affianced, no one supposed but that it would ultimately be "a match." However, the young gentleman was reckoning without his host, and had not observation enough to discover that mere politeness and amiability on the part of Alice could not fairly be translated into affection. He had no doubt of winning his cause when he thought it time to put it forth; and albeit, as Mr. Walters had mused to himself, "he knew nothing against the young fellow."

So matters quietly passed until the return of the *Mistress of the Seas* from her voyage; she had made good passages, and good freights; had suffered no misadventure, and Captain Cockrane was again a guest at Mr. Walters'.

A day was appointed for a lunch on board the ship, and this time, half in sorrow, half in joke, Cockrane promised to be there to receive his company this time, and expressed his regret that Mr. Evans could not be one of the party. But since his leaving Pont-y-Cwm, no one knew what had become of the schoolmaster. His father, who had been so estranged from him in former days, knew nothing of him, and now that he was lost began to exhibit more latent affection than he would have been credited with before the mystery came to his ears.

But to return to the pleasure party on the ship. Alice was tripping across the deck to look over the bulwarks at the grand boat which had been presented to Cockrane, when she caught her foot on something on the deck, and fell with her brow right across the rail of the bulwarks. It was too sudden for her hands to save her head, and she was raised up quite senseless from the deck. She was bleeding from the eyes, and did not recover from the stun until medical help was brought. According to the custom of the times she was bled, and borne home, leaving many a sorry heart among her friends. She never saw daylight afterwards! The blow had blinded her for life!

How small a circumstance may change the tenor of half a dozen lives. Although no very long sickness ensued, and the doctors determined that the worst of the accident was now past, the blindness was a terrible affliction for Alice, and perhaps equally painful for her father. Westgarth looked upon his prospects rather gloomily, and was so disappointed of his hopes, that he determined in his own mind not to marry a blind wife. He might be right in his determination—let lookers-on judge for themselves—but he was not quite satisfied with himself; and yet he did not love the girl deeply enough to take her as she was.

Westgarth was not satisfied with himself at his own thoughts; it stung him too when he thought how often Alice's harp had accompanied his own voice to words which he now gave the lie to, and which he had no idea were so hollow when he uttered them—such sentiments as Tom Moore has since expressed in his times:—

> "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
> Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
> Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
> Like fairy gifts fading away;
> Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
> Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
> And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
> Would entwine itself verdantly still."

He could not bear to remain in Bristol any longer, and so made up his mind to take a voyage to Peru, by a vessel which was soon to leave London for that part. In a few days after his determination he was speeding down Channel, with a sore heart, and a sorry conceit of himself and his conduct.

As fortune would have it, the *Mistress of the Seas*, Captain Cockrane in command, was destined also for a trading voyage to the West Coast of South America, with probability of touching the Peruvian shore. So again father and daughter were left alone, to wonder were Mr. Evans could be, and wish the travellers good speed.

"What can have become of Mr. Evans," said Alice Walters to her father. "You told me—it must be six weeks ago—that he had left his school at Pont-y-cwm, and I really thought that when he had this enforced leisure he would come and see us."

"I would have invited him, although perhaps he ought not to need any such formality, but he wrote me on the eve of departure, so I knew not where to address him. I am so sorry that he will not accept the ordinary duties of a clergyman, for then something might be done for him; but he will not, for some reason occult to me, and will not accept any occupation except that of a tutor or schoolmaster. I sincerely wish, Alice, that I was able to be of some assistance to him."

During the interval of time between his leaving Pont-y-cwm and his making himself known to his friends in Bristol, Evans was wandering over the country, not knowing what he should do. He was also so overcome by the treatment that he had received from his fellow-townsmen, that it required some time to quiet his indignation; he was far from being of cynical disposition, and so felt the injustice which they inflicted upon him more than a man of more callous feelings would have done. He had, indeed, travelled up to Bristol, with the intention of visiting his true and staunch friend, Mr. Walters, but shrunk back, from a feeling which he could not explain, even to himself, and had travelled on again into Devonshire. He remained in the country for some time, living at small inns in the lesser towns and villages, and hoped to mature some plan of action before his badly-filled purse should be quite empty. It often happens that superior men, when thrown upon their own resources under such circumstances as this, are more inapt in forming a new plan of life, than those who have not half the mental calibre, nor half the acquirements, nor half the power of work. He had gradually passed down to the south coast of Cornwall, and was lodging at a small inn, not far from the coast, just about the date that Mr. Walters and his daughter were consulting together as to what could possibly have become of him.

As Evans was walking one day along that "iron-bound coast" of Cornwall, sometimes upon the rocks at the level of the sea, sometimes high up upon the cliffs, which afforded a magnificent view of headland beyond headland jutting their dark, hard, cold spurs into the sea—as he was walking, he became aware of a party of men landing casks out of a boat. This was in an out-of-the-way place, where a comparatively smooth coastline encircled a little bay—not much more than a cove—and where the rocks rose almost perpendicularly a few yards from the high water level. They were landing brandy—in fact, they were in the act of smuggling. Custom so far spoils the fine edge of feeling, that smuggling, being so common in those days, was hardly looked upon as wrong; although known to be illegal, it was far from disreputable, and almost all who lived within a few miles of the sea were participators in the breach of the law, either in "running in" brandy themselves, or in buying that for their use which they knew had not paid duty. Mr. Evans, truth to tell, was not shocked, for he had heard much about it; nor was he much afraid of receiving harm at the hands of those whom he found there illegally engaged.

To be brief, however, the smugglers, always apprehensive of danger, and so quick of ear and eye, found he was near; and, not liking his appearance, and fancying he looked like one who might inform against them, they made him their prisoner, spite of his protestations.

Poor Evans was led up by the cliffs, and the whole party soon passed into a large cave in the rocks; it had but a small entrance, however, and this was shut off by means of a large piece of stone which served as a door. This door revolved upon a rude sort of pivot at the foot of it, and was so nicely balanced that it would open from without to the pressure of the hand, although of many tons weight. From within, no human power, except perhaps by aid of mechanics, could possibly move it. The door was opened from without as they passed in, and when they again left the place, Evans was ordered to remain, on pain of death if he made any resistance. He was thus alone, a prisoner without hope of escape, in total darkness; but they had left him food. From the words which had passed among the smugglers, although spoken in the original old Cornish language to hide their remarks from the stranger, Mr. Evans concluded that they meant him no personal harm, and would release him when their projects were more complete, and surprise was less dangerous. This he understood from the likeness of the Armorican with the Welsh, he being acquainted with the latter speech.

The smuggling party visited him after he had spent a couple of days and nights in his subterranean prison, and gave him fresh water and provisions, and again left him to ponder over his destiny. His meditations were not very pleasant, and having no light to make search with, he was fain to use his best patience and not lose the place where his provisions were bestowed for fear of not being able to find them again. The damp of the place, the constrained inaction, and the mental suspense all contributed to make him seriously unwell; but before he had given up all for lost, their return after a successful "run" afforded him company for some few hours which he would gladly have been without. A large torch was lighted, and all the men, after partaking of a hearty meal, set themselves deliberately down with a quarter-cask of spirits in their midst, with the intention of having a carouse. They fell off to sleep one by one under the intoxicating effects of the liquor, and all remained silent for several hours. Mr. Evans felt a stupor come over himself, and he had serious fears of his mind failing him—for at intervals he would start in great terror at apparitions which appeared to him, the result of his disordered brain; he knew well that anxiety and exposure were calculated to bring about such a result, but he nerved himself as best he could, hoping for delivery at length. His sincere trust in an over-ruling Providence was severely tested.

Upon the return of consciousness, the smugglers, in no very good humour, hurriedly gathered together some food, and hastened Mr. Evans down to the beach, and took him with them on board a large undecked boat, and set sail just as the sun of the eighth day from his captivity was showing its upper arm over the clear horizon.

In spite of the danger, which might be imminent, poor Evans could not help sleeping, under the effects of the fresh air, upon a system borne down with such miserable treatment as he had sustained.

The result of the voyage was that they landed him, in a few hours, on an out-of-the-way headland of rock, and waving a farewell, they left him unhurt.

After seeking about for some time, he came upon a cottage, and the man who resided there, not knowing what to do with him, guided him to a large farm-house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. The occupier of the place was at first very suspicious; and Evans, without reporting his late misadventure with the smugglers, from an undefined fear of some evil consequences, told him he was a clergyman in great difficulties, and asked for food and guidance. The smugglers had stolen all his money, and taken his watch. The gentleman tested the truth of his story as best he could by asking him to read and translate a portion of the Greek Testament, which he took down from his library shelves, and finding his representation so far true, would not hurt the stranger's feelings by too close a questioning, and giving him a night's shelter, two good meals, and a guinea piece, wished him farewell and good speed. Without entering into all his mishaps and privations, it is sufficient to say that he arrived on foot, after several days of weary travelling, at Bristol. The sense of Mr. Walters' real friendship for him overcame his feeling of indignity involved in such circumstances; and he was received, need it be said, with every welcome and hospitality by his old friends. His good constitution enabled him to pass over the late circumstances, so trying to his health, without any serious illness, and in a few weeks he was, so to speak, on his legs again; and wondering what was to be his next move in life. His old liking for Alice Walters had ripened into an affection during the months which had elapsed since he was at Bristol, when Captain Cockrane put to sea in such a strange wise; but Mr. Evans was man enough to know that he must keep such feelings to himself, and not let his tongue betray, what in his helpless condition would be considered an unmanly weakness.

The *Mistress of the Seas* meantime had been speeding her way round the Horn, and Captain Cockrane, in the enjoyment of good success, with a good ship, and much praise on all hands, including his owner, Mr. Walters, was disposed to think himself rather too good a man for a blind wife; absence from her whom he had at one time so much admired, rather increased than diminished this coldness. And by the time he had completed his passage out to Peru, he wondered how he could have been so stern in blaming Westgarth for what he had done. "Circumstances alter cases," he thought, and circumstances had certainly altered him.

While Westgarth and Cockrane were out in Lima, a political revolution broke out, and the former was unfortunately taken as a spy. His ignorance of Spanish was deemed a feint in order to escape, and he was consigned to prison, and very nearly starved to death. This solitary confinement gave him time for reflection, and he made up his mind, that, if ever he was released he would return home to England, and marry Alice Walters, if she would have him. The alternative contained in this last clause had never occurred to him before, for he was confident of the success of his suit, and it was for purely selfish reasons that he had left Bristol.

In times of trouble a man may sometimes find him a friend whom he had until then considered almost an enemy, and co-patriots will hang together and combine under a common danger, who held aloof or quarrelled before the distress came. So it was with Westgarth and Cockrane; as soon as the latter heard of his acquaintance's mishap, he used all means in his power to bring about his release. Having a moderate knowledge of Spanish, a pretty usual acquirement among seafaring men two or three generations back, he used it to what purpose he could; he did not succeed in obtaining liberty for Westgarth, but only in some alleviation of the rigour of his imprisonment. The *Mistress of the Seas*, Captain Cockrane in command, had to sail from Callao Bay, leaving his fellow-citizen of Bristol in a Peruvian prison, with little hope of escape, unless some new revolution should put a different phase upon the relationships of political parties. It was not a very rare thing for men to find themselves as unaccountably and suddenly turned loose, as they were unexpectedly imprisoned in that changeful country.

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To pass over a period of some seven years, and the ups and downs of life have still been waiting upon the subjects of this story. They are all at Bristol. Mr. Walters, as may be well imagined, has more grey hairs on his head than when he last appeared. He had retired from business, and lived alone. His daughter Alice had become the blind wife of Mr. Evans, who had a large school in Bristol. Being a man of undoubted learning, and good skill as a teacher, he had done due credit to the efforts which Mr. Walters had energetically used on his behalf, after his recovery from the privations of his sojourn in Cornwall. Westgarth was engaged in his father's business, for he had escaped — a happy moment for him — when a riot had released him, with all the other prisoners, from his foreign captivity. He was approaching the condition generally known as a confirmed bachelor, and had gained much respect since his protracted trials had ended in his return home, from the useful and benevolent efforts he had made in improving the condition of the lower classes in the old seaport, and especially the sailors. If a sadder man, he was certainly a wiser one for his trials and privations abroad. Cockrane had taken Mr. Walters' business, which was a flourishing concern. He had married a lady of Bristol, and seemed on the high road to fame and fortune. Unhappily, the sad effects of too much prosperity had too surely showed themselves in him; and Mr. Walters had considered it right to remove his own name from the title of the firm, on account of some questionable transactions. This had led to a deep and bitter quarrel, which had ended in a separation between them as wide as their former friendship had been intimate.

It was a source of comfort to the old merchant as he advanced in years to see his grandchildren increasing in numbers and in stature, until he passed away, leaving the town of Bristol to follow a set of customs and habits better suited to the nineteenth century than to the age of our great-grandfathers.

As he advanced in life Mr. Evans saw many of his ideas, which had formerly been scouted as the offspring of a diseased imagination, take firm hold of the popular mind; nor was he least pleased to find among these, the abhorrence of slavery which he so long before had vigorously expressed.

THE SANTIAGO EXECUTIONS.

The *New York Times* publishes a statement obtained from Mr. F. Coffin, second mate of the bark *Morning Star*, who describes himself as an eye-witness of all the recent proceedings at Santiago. He says that among the first to be landed were General Ryan, Bernabe Varena, Pedro Cespedes, and General Jesus del Sol. These four were placed apart as being the leaders of the expedition. About five o'clock on Monday morning the fated four were marched to the "slaughter-house," which is about ten minutes walk from the prison. "Ryan showed," said the mate, "more grit and courage than one would have thought possible. A person would imagine he was going to his wedding instead of to his death." The others, too, acted like brave men, especially Cespedes, the youngest of the three, whose courage never for an instant quailed. On the way to the execution ground General Ryan spoke two or three times to the Spanish officer who walked beside him, protesting that his execution was without justification, as he had not had a fair trial, or any trial at all, in fact. A Catholic clergyman offered his ministrations to Ryan, but he refused to speak to him, and moved away. On arriving at the slaughter-house, Mr. Coffin states that the Spanish officers directed the condemned men to kneel down with their faces to the wall. Ryan and Cespedes protested against this as an indignity, and asked to be allowed to kneel with their faces turned towards their executioners. Finally, however, they submitted and assumed the required position. Then there was a pause for an instant, followed by a flash and a report, and the four were all dead within the space of four minutes. The reports circulated that a Spanish officer thrust his sword through Ryan's heart, and that the heads were chopped off the four murdered men and carried in triumph through the streets, Mr. Coffin pronounces as altogether untrue. The moment life was extinct the four bodies were placed in a cart and taken to the cemetery, where they were thrown into a rude hole hastily dug, and some shovelfuls of clay thrown over the remains.

Of the massacre of Captain Fry and the crew of the *Virginius*, Mr. Coffin gives the following graphic description:—"The execution was held in the afternoon. The trial had been held on board the *Tornado*, and on the morning of the execution the entire party was taken on shore and marched to the prison. I talked with Captain Fry on the way from the gaol to the slaughter house. The first question I asked him was where was the *Virginius* when she was captured. He said that she was just 18 miles south-south-east from Fort Morant, on the coast of Jamaica. 'When I saw that we were certain to be captured,' said the captain I sent for Varona and asked him what he proposed to do, to fight or surrender, adding, it's all one to me. He replied that he thought it best to surrender. There was a slow match to the magazine, but he had got the men into their present position, and thought he ought to give them a chance for their lives. Accordingly they had surrendered.'" "At the place of execution," continued Mr. Coffin, "one of my mates, Charles Bell, the steward of our vessel, gave poor Fry a glass of water. The Spaniards treated the captain well, and never pinioned him from first to last. He, and indeed all the others, bore up bravely, and never flinched for an instant. When the crew had knelt down, the captain walked along the line and bade good-by to all the men in turn, white and black, for there were several negroes in the crew. As the men knelt they were distant from the wall that surrounds the execution ground about three feet, while about three paces behind them, with levelled muskets, stood the detachment of Marines detailed to execute the sentence. Just before the fatal volley was fired, Captain Fry took off his hat. He seemed as if he was saying a prayer. Of the whole 37, Captain Fry was the only person who fell at the first fire. His body was riddled with bullets and he died almost instantly. All the others were but slightly wounded. The scene that followed was the most frightful I ever witnessed, and I have been on many a battle-field. After the first volley I jumped upon the wall, and from there could see everything that happened. The poor creatures who were wounded lay upon the ground rolling about frantically in their own blood, and uttering shrieks of pain and agony and loud appeals for mercy. Their appeals for mercy fell upon men deaf to compassion. The murderers rushed upon them like demons, and thrusting their muskets into the mouths and ears of the unfortunate wretches, absolutely blew their heads off. Some of the poor creatures frantically endeavoured to burst their bonds and seize the muskets, but, of course, could not succeed. I shall never forget the awful groans and shrieks that resounded from the place of slaughter. Fully ten minutes, that looked as if it might have been an hour, elapsed from the time the first volley was discharged until the last of the unfortunate men was dead. I heard men say who were on ships in the harbour that after the first volley was fired the reports of the guns subsequently discharged continued to sound like the cracking of fireworks on the 4th of July. It is a positive fact that, with the exception of Captain Fry, the head was blown off every man of the 36. The marines seemed to exult in their work of blood. After all the party were dead, as in the case of Ryan and his companions, the bodies were thrown into a cart and carried off to the cemetery. As many as a dozen bodies were thrown into the same hole."

EXTRACTS FROM "PUNCH'S ALMANACK" for 1874.

TO POACH EGGS.—Put on a suit of black, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of spectacles; sling a wallet at your back, take a walking-cane in your hand, go into the woods, botanise, put into your wallet all the plants you pick, and all the pheasants' and partridges' eggs you find in your way put into your pockets.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—Some girls like silk dresses, others prefer jewellery. That sensible little creature Minnie Wissitt, who is marrying on four hundred and fifty, told Uncle Andrew that a few tons of Silkstones would be the most acceptable thing he could give her.

PLUCKY ANSWER.—*Examiner* — What was Archimede's Screw? *Candidate*—An unsound, broken-down horse, wanting whip and spur to make him go, that Archimedes was flat enough to buy.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

> As the days are gettting in,
> There are people who grow thin;
> Whilst the days are getting out,
> Other people then grow stout.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.—Those born on the first three days of February, as well as on all other days in any month of the year, will be liable to colds, if they sit a long time in draughts of air or in damp clothes. Let them shun dealings with patent-medicine vendors, mesmerists, mediums, fortune-tellers, astrologers, and old humbugs.

PRISON THOUGHT.—"When's a Christian," said a Poacher in gaol to himself, "sarved the same as a hare?—When he's jugged, like I be.

SENTIMENT FOR WINTER.—The Old Woman about this time may be expected to Pick her Goose; may the fall of snow be unaccompanied by a rise in coal.

GUIDANCE IN GALLANTRY.—Never attend any lady, to whom you think of making yourself agreeable, to any play, opera, or other performance, that you want to hear. You cannot attend to both it and her. The same remark applies to your plate before you on the dinner-table and the attraction at your side. Moreover whenever you take the object of your attraction anywhere in the hope of seeing or listening to anything with enjoyment enchanced by her society, be always prepared for the probability of her being taken with an interesting indisposition.

THE BITTER DROP.—One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced man of the world, a profound thinker, and an acute observer with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction, that no man, however rich, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy—whose trousers bag at the knees.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.—A gentleman of the long robe was so proud of it that, having been, just after he had been called to the bar, invited to a picnic, he went there in his wig and gown. But why not? The ladies present wore not only their gowns but also their chignons.

THE GOLDEN HAIR REVIVER.—It is a well-known fact that sudden grief will have the effect of whitening the hair. There was once a poor author whose hair anxiety had turned prematurely grey. Now for a fact not generally known. News came that an Aunt, whom he had never seen, had died and left him a fortune. His hair immediately turned brown again. N.B. The Plain Truth.

A SEASONABLE QUOTATION.—All the editors of Gray have most unaccountably failed to perceive that in the line where he speaks of "the weights that play below," the true reading must be "Waits."

ADVICE TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—Put your washing out, if you do not wish your husband to be put out.

A REAL HERO.—Think for a moment of that man's perils and adventures! The African traveller cannot approach them; the Arctic Explorer cannot hope to equal them. He had sat upon thorns, stood on the verge of a precipice, fallen between two stools, been riveted to the spot, gone through fire and water, flung himself into the breach, raised a storm in a teacup, bearded a lion in his den, taken a bull by the horns, gone on wildgoose chases, played with edged-tools, cut off his nose to spite his face, burnt his fingers, stood between two fires, paved the way, broken the ice, strained every nerve to raise the sinews of war, and left no stone unturned to gain the summit of his ambition. The last time we heard of him, after running the gauntlet and escaping from the horns of a dilemma, he had been on tenter-hooks, and was then preparing to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.

AMUSING ANECDOTES.

ODD REASON.—A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the regard we have for each other."

GRAVE JOKES.—A story is told of a doctor who was somewhat of a wag. He met one day in the street a sexton with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough. "Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold; how long have you had that?" "Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor with a show of indignation; "what is your charge for interments?" "Ten shillings," was the reply. "Well," continued he, "just come into my surgery, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you calling round, and so anxious about my health." The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning round to the doctor, he replied, "Ah, doctor; I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practise." Since the above conversation, neither party has ventured to joke at the expense of the other.

A CONVENIENT MEMORY.—A Yankee in England was boasting of the victories of the Americans over the English, and reeled off a long list of them with great animation. "But," said an Englishman, "there was a battle on Long Island in which, if I mistake not, we beat you rather badly." "Wa'al," said the Yankee, "so you did. I forgot all about that. I shouldn't have thought of it if you hadn't spoken of it. But then, you see, at that battle the Americans, somehow, *didn't seem to take any interest in the fight!*"

TOO HASTY!—Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to a friend. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the arbitrator proceeded to give judgment in the following manner:—"As for you, sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah," said the other exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, sir," said the arbitrator; "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this—*that as for you, you cannot sing at all.*"

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES!—The late King of Prussia once sent to an aide-de-camp, Colonel Malachowski, who was brave, but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel. "I read it with such interest, that I await the second volume with impatience." The King smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved on it—"This work is complete in two volumes."

A FORGETFUL MAN.—Mr. Spriggins is a little forgetful sometimes. He counted his children the other night, but could only make up fourteen. "How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census?" "So there were," answered the wife; "but little Sammy was drowned since then." "Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."

A HERRING BED.—"Some seed was given to me the other day," said a gentleman to his friend, "and as I know you take an interest in such things, you can have it if you like; it is herring seed, and I am told that with proper care it will grow if placed in the garden." "Thank you," said the latter, "I'll try it," pocketing a part of the hard roe of a herring. About a month after, he invited his generous friend to dinner; and as he came early, he asked him into the garden, having previously placed some fresh herrings in the ground, with their heads just appearing above it. "By the bye," said he, "you remember the seeds you gave me? Well, they are coming up beautifully; just look here." "Dear me," said the donor of the seeds, "that is most extraordinary, upon my word! When it was given to me, I thought it a trick."

ONE OF SYDNEY SMITH'S!—Cornelius O'Dowd says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself, by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size, and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

A FOOL'S REQUEST.—A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after."—"I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," said the buffoon.

THE WAY HE WAS MISSED.—When James Beresford, author of *The Miseries of Human Life*, was at the Charterhouse School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school was so quiet without him that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

THE ALTERED POSITION OF MATTERS.—Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jemmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jemmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back."

A WITTY JESTER.—Archbishop Laud was a man of very short stature. Charles the First and the Archbishop had one day sat down to dinner, when it was agreed that Archie, the king's jester, should say the grace for them, which he did in this fashion:—"Great praise be given to God, but *little Laud* to the devil!" For this sally the Bishop was foolish enough to insist on Archie's dismissal.

"THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED."—The *Vermont Record* tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was a passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train ran into a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*), with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! Why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured." "La, me!" said the old lady, "I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

A COOL ANSWER.—When Surtees, the historian of Durham, was at college, he was once waiting on a don on business, and feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?"—"Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply—"any one as *cool* as I am."

TAKING IT COOLLY!—An old sea-captain, who was in the habit of spending his time while in port among a set of hard-drinking fellows, returned to his hotel one evening in a partially intoxicated condition. In going up to his room he walked out of one of the windows and landed upon the pavement. Fortunately he was not injured by the descent, and upon going back into the house met the landlord. "Look here, Mr. ——," says he, "if you don't shorten the steps in your stairs, I won't stop with you any more!"

A MODEST REQUEST.—Two Spanish officers once met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would——"—"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Don't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humour."—"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that these gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words, the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

ONE OF ABE LICOLN'S!—The following is one of Mr. Lincoln's jokes, when he was President of America:—"In dismissing a party of hungry place-seekers who had often wearied him, and finally exhausted his patience, Mr. Lincoln said they reminded him of the schoolmaster who told one of his pupils to read the third chapter of Daniel. The boy began, but when he came to the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, he stumbled. The master asked him to proceed. He tried again, and failed. Pedagogue then tried a flogging, but still no go. Relenting, the master told the boy he might read the preceding chapter, instead of the other. The boy brightened up and commenced with a will. He got on famously until he reached the last verse, when, pausing, a look of consternation came over his countenance, and he dropped the book, exclaiming in a doleful voice, 'Why, here are them three rascally fellows again!'" The trio of place-hunters "sloped."

A ROYAL SALUTE.—At the first drawing-room held by Queen Adelaide and William the Fourth after their coronation, Miss E. Ussher (daughter of Captain Sir T. Ussher) was presented, as a matter of course, though already well known to the King while he was Duke of Clarence, owing to his friendship of many years' standing with her father. At the moment of presentation, however, some hesitation occurred owing to a slight informality as Lord James O'Brien was handing her forward. At this the King, in his hearty stentorian voice, called out, "Is that Bessy Ussher? God bless her! Let her come! Why I've known her ever since she was a baby!" And a hearty and resounding kiss on the cheek of the blushing girl gave ample testimony to the truth of his declaration and the sincerity of his regard.

THE CRITICS AND THE DOG.—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night, which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

AGREEABLE VALEDICTION.—Before the first Bishop of New Zealand left England, Sydney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh! for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate, as he was leaving the house, Smith added, "Good-bye. We shall never meet again, but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage that eats you."

SWEARING AND DRIVING.—A Bishop being at his seat in the country, where the roads were uncommonly bad, went to pay a visit to a person of quality in the neighbourhood, when his coach was overturned in a slough, whence the servants were unable to extricate it. As it was far from any house, and the weather bad, the coachman at last told his master he believed they must stay there all night, "for," said he, "while your grace is present, I cannot make the horses move." Astonished at this strange assertion, his lordship desired him to explain himself. "It is," said the man, "because I dare not swear in your presence; and if I don't we shall never get clear." The bishop finding nothing could be done if the servant was not humoured, replied, "Well, then, swear *a little*, but not much." The coachman made use of his permission, and the horses, accustomed to this kind of language, soon set the coach at liberty.

EPITOME OF NEWS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

"The recent 'Day of Intercession' has borne fruit in an unexpected quarter. An officer in the army, well known in London Society, has volunteered for missionary work, asking only to be sent to the post of greatest danger."—*Court Journal*.

A Parisian theatrical journal issues with each number the photograph of an actor or actress, said to be of excellent quality and ordinarily worth a shilling or eighteenpence. The price of the newspaper and photograph is twenty centimes.

A couple lately married themselves at Glidden, Iowa, in the presence of church and congregation. They simply announced their intention, and then they kissed each other. It is encouraging to notice that, though innovations seem to be all the rage, the kiss is still adhered to.

There is a saying which the prosperous are very fond of repeating to the non-prosperous—namely, that Fortune always knocks at least once at every man's door. In justice to the unfortunate, it must be observed that in many cases even this one has turned out only a runaway knock.

A clergyman of Meriden, Connecticut, preached from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his discourse into three parts—first, all men are somewhere; second, some are where they ought not to be; and third, unless they mend their ways they will eventually find themselves where they'd rather not be.

In a recent communication to the Conseil-Général of the Seine-et-Oise, the Prefect of Versailles declared that in that Department the mortality of infants is from 60 to 70 per 100. A large number of the innocents who thus meet untimely death are the "young Parisians" who are habitually put out to nurse through the exigencies of fashion and the influence of habit among Parisian mothers.—*London Medical Record*.

Manchester, Iowa, boasts that five out of the nine leading business houses in the city are managed by women. The name of the town should be changed to "Womenchester."

On Friday in last week, at Manchester, a new lifeboat and its carriage, to be stationed at Seaton Carew, were presented to the National Lifeboat Association by Mr. Jacob Hindley. The boat was conveyed through the streets of the city to be seen by the people, after which a meeting was held in the Town-hall, when the Mayor of Manchester presented Mr. Hindley with a model of the boat as a memento of his own beneficence. The boat and carriage cost £490. The donor was formerly an operative calenderer in a Manchester mill. Losing his arm by a machine accident, he was treated in the Manchester Infirmary, and, on subsequently realizing a competence in business, he has made a point of showing his gratitude by a series of gifts to the public, one of which was a donation of £1,000 to the infirmary itself.

"Father Goddard, of Chislehurst, complains that visitors to the little Catholic chapel where Napoleon III. lies entombed, constantly carry away with them, as mementos of their journey, the wreaths of flowers placed on the late Emperor's tomb. To such an extent does this practice prevail that he feels obliged for the future to keep the church closed to the general public, save during the hours of service. At other times the chapel can only be seen by a written order obtained by an application by post. We regret the bad taste that renders such a measure necessary. People should remember that such offerings are as sacred to the dead as the flowers in our cemeteries, and should not be treated as Pompeian relics or Heidelberg ivy."—*Court Journal*.

A telegram from Calcutta announces that there is no substantial improvement in the prospects of the districts threatened with famine, although in some districts the yield of the crops has exceeded anticipations.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges as "Conscience Money" the receipt of the first half of notes to the amount of £180 from "M. Y. Y." for unpaid income-tax.

The value of fish, salted and cured, imported this year was £719,880; last year £559,109.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has honoured the Smithfield Club by accepting the office of President for the year 1875.

It appears that in the first ten days of this month 33 ships of an aggregate burden of 50,500 tons passed through the Suez Canal; the transit revenue of the Canal in the same period was £24,520.

The total number of messages forwarded from postal telegraph stations in the United Kingdom during the week ending Dec. 13, was 338,142, showing an increase of 47,625 on the corresponding week last year.

From the Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England just issued it appears that the number of co-operative societies registered last year was 113, making a total of 301 in four years. The numbers were—in 1869, 165; in 1870, 67; in 1871, 56; and last year 113.

Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co. request us (*The Times*) to state that they yesterday (the 18th inst.) received a sum of £1,000 for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Hibernia-chambers, from "H. D. Y."

The grant of four million dollars asked for by the United States Government for the reorganization of the navy, has been voted by the Senate.

There are thirty unions in the metropolis and 190 parishes. The population by the Census of 1871 was 3,252,358, as appears by an official document just printed.

A private letter from an officer on the Gold Coast states that the prices of all articles of food at Cape Coast Castle and Elmina have risen most exorbitantly. The following are the charges for some of the necessaries:—Beer, 4d. per glass; butter, 5s. per lb.; sugar, 9d. per lb; tobacco, 6s. per lb.; lucifer matches, 12 for a penny. These charges do not affect the troops to any great extent, as grocery rations, tobacco, and spirits are issued daily in addition to the bread and meat rations.

A curious case under the Vaccination Act has been investigated at the Lancaster Petty Sessions. A man named Donley was summoned for refusing to allow the public vaccinator to take vaccine matter from the arm of his child. The doctor said he experienced great difficulty in obtaining vaccine matter for vaccination purposes, the people in the county of Durham having an idea that the public vaccinator had no right to operate after vaccination was performed. The magistrates, in imposing a small fine, said vaccinators would be unable to obtain vaccine matter at all if every person made the same objection.

The obituary of *The Times* of Tuesday (the 16th inst.) contained the deaths of 13 septuagenarians and nine octogenarians—viz., six ladies and three gentlemen—whose united ages amounted to 753 years, giving an average of 83 years and exactly eight months to each. The oldest lady had reached the age of 88, the youngest of the same sex being 80. Of the gentlemen the oldest was also 86, and the youngest 81 years of age. Their respective ages were as follow—80, 81, 82, 83, three at 85, and two at 86. The united ages of the 13 septuagenarians—viz., seven ladies and six gentlemen—amounted to 768 years, giving an average of 74 years and more than five months to each.

The Marquis of Westminster, accompanied by the Marchioness, Earl Grosvenor, and Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, was present the other day at the public presentation at Chester of a full-length portrait to Major French, who served in the Army during the Peninsular War, and was with the allied armies when they entered Paris. During the last forty years Major French has been a resident at Chester, and has rendered services as a magistrate and alderman.

At the usual executive meeting, held at the offices of the Free Trade League, Mr. George Howell presiding, Mr. Thomas Briggs proposed the following resolutions:—1st. "That as tea, coffee, and sugar are articles of necessity to the welfare of the masses, the urgency of their being made duty free should be expressly considered in any sensible relief from taxation contemplated in the forthcoming Budget." 2nd. "That for the purpose of bringing active opinion to bear upon the advantages to the people of a free breakfast table, the League do take immediate steps for holding public meetings to explain its objects."

The Duke of Richmond, when speaking at the Chichester Cattle Show dinner, alluded to prospective legislation, and with regard to sanitary matters deprecated legislation of a centralising character, and urged that boards of guardians were the proper authorities to carry out such matters. He denounced purely secular education, and pointed to the gigantic work accomplished by voluntary efforts. With regard to the landlord and tenant question he disapproved, in the strongest manner, any legislative interference which should abrogate the power of contract between landlord and tenant, considering that it would be a great insult to both classes. He took credit for living in perfect harmony with his tenants on his own estate under the present arrangements respecting compensation for unexhausted improvements.

The hand grenades required by Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley in his operations against the Ashantees have had to be made expressly at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for they had long been considered antiquated, and consequently there were none in store. The grenade is a small shell to be thrown by hand, the fuze being first ignited; and it is reckoned that trained men can throw them 28 or 30 yards. They weigh about 3lb. (rather more than a cricket ball), and they are between two and three inches in diameter. Their use is the defence of fortified places against attacks, being thrown by the defenders among storming parties or into crowded ditches, or wherever masses of the enemy are gathered at close quarters. They are somewhat similar to common shells, bursting into irregular fragments, but the thickness of metal is less, as weight is not required when there is no necessity for great range, accuracy, and penetration. Formerly the strongest men were selected to throw grenades, and were called "Grenadiers," a term which has been retained in many cases for the tallest company of infantry or for men generally of superior physique. None of these have yet been sent to the seat of war.

The value of the Australasian gold imported into the United Kingdom in November was £543,163, as compared with £346,721 in November, 1872, and £610,181 in November, 1871, while in the eleven months ending November 30 this year the value of the gold received from our Australasian settlements was £8,129,919, as compared with £5,395,625 in the corresponding period of 1872, and £4,485,833 in the corresponding period of 1871. In the first nine months of this year the quantity of gold received at Sydney from the New South Wales gold-fields was 237,750 oz., against 257,670 oz. in the corresponding period of 1872, and 203,849 oz. in the corresponding period of 1871. The reports received as to gold-mining prospects in the Province of Otago, New Zealand, are somewhat less favourable than hitherto. At Nine Mile Springs alluvial diggings, in Tasmania, a party of Chinese are at work, and have been doing well.

"Many people imagine that since the siege of Paris the use of horseflesh has died out again. It is true that the "*boucheries hippiques*" have disappeared from the fashionable quarters with other marks of the great siege, but during the first six months of the present year 5,186 animals have been sold for eating, which furnished 883,840 kilogrammes of meat, not including the heart, liver, brains, tongue, &c., which are eaten like those of the ox. This is more than six times the amount sold in 1867, and nearly three times as much as was sold in the half-year before the war. The horses purchased for eating fetch a market price of £5 to £6. This new trade increases the value of used-up horses, not diseased, by more than £4 sterling, so that the public wealth of France is increased by about sixteen millions by the admission of horseflesh into the public dietary."—*London Medical Record*.

The cell where Tweed is confined is thus described by an "interviewer:"—"The walls are hung with green cloth, and the window frames have been newly glazed. In the centre of the room is a large round table, at which the boss takes his three regular meals, served up in the best manner from the prison restaurant. There is a luxurious leather lounge in one corner, and five chairs, including a large comfortable rocking chair. Besides these few articles of furniture are a washstand and a bookcase. The prisoner is plentifully supplied with reading matter; and as to creature comforts, the solicitude of his friends leaves nothing to be desired except liberty."

The Rothwell Times.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1873.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Before we have the pleasure of addressing our readers again, another year will have dawned upon us, bringing with it fresh responsibilites and fresh hopes, and fresh ventures. We cannot look back on the two months, during which we have existed without feeling thankful for the success which has attended our publication, the circulation of which has been far larger than many of our friends anticipated. While thankful for the past, we must remind the public that if the Journal is to be maintained in an enlarged size, and in increased efficiency, a much larger circulation must be attained. In possessing a newspaper of your own, besides what may be considered general news; you have special advantages,—as reports of our Local Board Meetings, which have never before had an opportunity of being known, also full notices of Local Lectures, Meetings, and Concerts, &c., the District Police News is now given in fuller detail than you have ever before read, and we are happy to note a diminution of crime in this district, mainly attributable to the publicity given to the police cases; you have an opportunity of freely expressing your opinions on every subject, so long as they are fair and honest; you have interesting weekly reading in the stirring Tale now running through, besides Time Table, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c.

We should be glad if our friends, the Secretaries of the different Societies, Schools, &c., &c., would make more use of the Rothwell Times, either by furnishing reports, or if considered worth while, letting us know that a special report of the meeting might be taken.

In sending letters for insertion, we would ask our correspondents always to write as briefly, and legibly as possible, and invariably to send their names either privately or in signature.

In venturing on an enlarged paper, (larger and better got up, let us say than many towns of 3 times the size); we depend solely on the *individual* support of the villages we comprise. If the people purchase the paper and thus show their interest in the journal, we will do our best to supply them with news both useful and interesting—if not, we shall have the satisfaction of having made a fair and enterprising attempt at raising the character and importance of the District, of benefiting the people, of diminishing crime, and of spreading good influences.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

CHRISTMAS AT ROTHWELL.—If we may judge by the numerous companies of singers and musicians (waits as they were called in the olden time) that have paraded the streets of our village during this festive season, we may safely say that Christmas-Day has been spent in an unusually merry and boisterous fashion. At a very early hour on Christmas morn, the ears of the sleepers were (agreeably upon the whole) startled with the sweet soothing music of the well-known carols. "Christians awake," was, of course, the leading air, and if Christians or any others were not aroused from their slumbers it was not the fault of the musicians; it would he almost impossible to be in bed unconscious of all outward events, when our noted "brass band" was playing with a fair amount of ability such solemn but cheerful tunes. Wassailing was indulged in by the children, and mumming is not altogether out of practice.

CHRISTMAS TREE AT CARLTON.—Yesterday the Wesleyans of Carlton, had a Christmas Tree and Stall, for the sale of useful and ornamental articles; the work of the Ladies Sewing Meeting. The proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the fund for a New School-room, which they intend erecting. A public tea was held in the afternoon.

CHRISTMAS SERVICE.—On Christmas Day morning, the Vicar, Rev. G. Heberden, preached in Rothwell Church, taking for his text, part of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5c. 12v.), 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad. The text was addressed to a mixed multitude, both rich and poor, all were to rejoice.—A great good fortune had happened to all, and even those who outwardly seemed most unfitted to be joyful, those who mourned in poverty, and trouble, and bereavement, those who were persecuted and tried; still, each individual was called to rejoice and be exceeding glad. To call on the mourners to rejoice seemed almost like the words of St. James, saying, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body." Not so: the cause of the Christian's joy is not outward, but inward. Christ, who addresses these words, is the Lord of earth and heaven; think of His great power, while on earth He restored the sick, and raised the dead, He has purchased for us an inward joy, a glorious hope. The apostles though not indifferent to all the the hardships and suffering and persecution they endured as mentioned in the 2 *Epistle of Corinthians* 11 *chap.*, St. Paul declares that he takes pleasure in those things for Christ's sake; likewise we, if we endeavoured to fulfil the commands of God, and to serve Him, shall experience joy, even in mourning and trouble, for Christ will take care of us. While it is right to engage in innocent mirth, the Chrstians' great joy should be in his heart. The poor and friendless one, may gladly think of Him who had not where to lay His head. The penitent sinner may dry up his tears when he remembers how Jesus came to save His people from their sins. A man who has the sense of God's love in his heart is contented under all the dispensations of providence, ever remembering that the servant is not greater than his Lord. If our lives are regulated by the Holy Spirit and we serve God according to His word, we have a right to rejoice, especially on this day—in which we commemorate the first Christmas day when the tidings of great joy awoke the slumbering world, and the kingdom of heaven was opened to all believers. It is Christ who tells us to rejoice, in the spiritual blessings and privileges we enjoy, which are available not only to the rich and happy in this world, but also to those who mourn. Let us all then return to our homes with the words of the text still ringing in our ears—Rejoice and be exceeding glad. The Church was beautifully decorated by the Ladies of the Congregation.

CHRISTMAS TREE AT WOODLESFORD.—A grand Christmas tree and bazaar was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Woodlesford, on Christmas-Day, and yesterday (Friday). There was a large supply of useful and ornamental articles for sale, in addition to which there was an industrial exhibition, comprising a centrifugal railway, with a village station, &c. The proceedings were enlivened by hymns and anthems, interspersed with recitations, &c. We are informed that the result is likely to prove satisfactory to the committee, whose object is to build new schools, so much needed. We heartily wish them success.

SUMMARY OF THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX,

Which was inserted in our Christmas Number.

A short but stormy interview took place in the garden of Earlscourt, as agreed in the whispers between the young man and Stella, threatening to embitter his pleasuees when he least expected, and would be most dishonoured by her appearance, she told too, how one of his servants had seen his portrait in the locket she let fall when in the house, and left him with the unpleasant knowledge that one of his own servants knew of his shame. Eustace Hartley sat long in his room that night, but decided nothing; the next night was the opening of the theatre. He went, she saw him, and recognised him. After the play, he went home again, troubled sorely. She, next morning, hurried off by the early train, leaving both the landlady and the theatre people no clue whatever to her destination.

CHAPTER X.

FLIGHT OF STELLA MORTON—THE INTERVIEW WITH THE THEATRICAL MANAGER—THE PARTY AT THE RACES—TIDINGS OF THE FAIR FUGITIVE.

Mrs. Hartley was sitting alone when her son returned. "Earlier than I expected, Eustace," she said, as he entered, "I did not think to see you home before I went to bed."

"Oh, we broke up our party early."

"But you said you were going to the theatre I thought?"

"So I did," he replied, with a yawn; "and I wasn't much edified; however, the place is tolerably decent. You can go, mother, if you are called upon as you will be sure to be."

"And what did you see?"

"I hardly know—some stupid drama—I forget the name of it—I didn't pay much attention to it—and—oh, yes—and the ballet."

"I've a curiosity to see the ballet," said Mrs. Hartley, looking up from some delicate work she was doing; "for, do you know, Eustace, Harris says"—

"Well, mother mine, what does your counsellor and oracle say now?" Harris is so full of wonderful experiences and exalted wisdom, that she is never without something to say."

"I don't think this is any imagination. She says that this dancer—this actress, whose name we see in the papers and bills—is the same girl who came here last night in the storm in such a strange way."

"My dear mother, Harris must have been dreaming. What could such a person want at Earlscourt?"

"That's just what I said; but they asked her her name, and she told them, 'Stella Morton.' They couldn't well mistake that, you know; it's such an odd name."

"It is singular," replied her son.—" Could she not be satisfied without blazoning her name to my servants?" he muttered to himself.

"I can't remember her face a bit; I was frightened by seeing her stand there, and by the terrible storm; but Harris says she really is beautiful."

"Never mind Harris; and, take my word for it, she is very beautiful, both on and off the stage. I saw her last night myself as well as the servants."

"Dear me, you're quite enthusiastic!" said Mrs. Hartley. "Don't go falling in love with her beauty, Eustace; I have a great horror of entanglements with that sort of people."

"My poor mother!" groaned the young man to himself; "if she only knew the truth!—I'm not at all likely to fall in love with Stella Morton," he said aloud; "have no fears on that score. My heart holds no place for her, or any one like her."

"I wish I knew for whom it did hold a place," soliloquised the lady, as they separated for the night. "I'd give a good deal to see him married to Clara."

"Off so early, Eustace?" she said, gaily, the next morning, as her son rose in some haste from the breakfast-table; "whither away now?"

"To Earlsford, mother. I have some business I *must* see about to-day."

He rang the bell, and ordered his horse; and the servant who answered brought him a card. "Person been waiting some time, sir," he said, "but would not let me disturb you."

"Mr. Cornelius Smith!" said Eustace; "why, it's the man from the theatre!"

"Oh, see him, by all means!" said Mrs. Hartley; "you'll have no peace till you do. He'll come till he tires your patience out."

"I'll save him the trouble," said her son, laughing; "desire Mr. Smith to walk in."

Mr. Smith came, with many bows and apologies for the liberty taken—"hoped Mrs. Hartley would forgive him—race week—trusted he might have the honour of her name and patronage for one of the nights of his sojourn in Earlsford—was certain it would insure him a full and fashionable house," &c.,—the old, stereotyped speech, which all managers deliver to their rich patrons, hat in hand, and which they so assiduously rehearse beforehand.

"I suppose we shall have to do as our neighbours do," said Eustace, good-humouredly; "the more so, as you promise us very good entertainment."

Mr. Smith bowed, and showed his white teeth, and intimated, by pantomime that he was translated to the seventh heaven by such condescension.

"One of your company paid us a somewhat unceremonious visit last night, and alarmed me sadly," said Mrs. Hartley; "I did not hear her name till this morning—Miss Morton."

"Indeed, madam!"

"Yes; I trust she is none the worse for her—to say the least—imprudent escapade."

"I have not seen Miss Morton to-day," Mr. Smith replied, in very evident confusion, fidgeting with his showy chain, and avoiding Mrs. Hartley's eye.

"She is your great attraction? is she not?" asked Eustace.

"Yes—that is"—began the manager, stuttering; "she was the great attraction of the company I brought here."

"Was!" Eustace exclaimed, a strong feeling rising in his throat, and almost choking him; "I saw her last night myself! What do you mean?"

Mr. Smith had evidently said more than he intended, and he twisted his watch-chain harder, and grinned more deferentially than ever. I did not intend to have spoken of it," he said; for it may lose me your support; but it is best to be honest, after all—a most untoward occurrence."———— And, with this disjointed speech, Mr. Smith broke down, and relapsed into silence.

"What is it?" said Eustace, with a vehemence which startled his mother and made the manager look curiously at him, so interested did he seem "has anything happened to—to the young lady?"

"Not that I know of, sir; but she's gone."

"Gone! When?"

"Early this morning; no one knows where; didn't tell any one. If it were known it would spoil my season."

"If it were known! How can you prevent its being known?"

"Put some one else in her place, sir. Earlsford people have never seen her till last night, and there were scarce twenty people in the house; and her name will blind them to any shortcomings. I've got as handsome a girl in the company—beautiful as she was, and not unlike her."

"Well, it shan't prevent our coming," said Mrs. Hartley, good-humouredly, seeing that her son did not speak; "and we'll keep your secret for you. I must own I should like to have seen this peerless beauty on the stage, though. Was she so very handsome?"

"Handsome, ma'am!—she was lovely! Why, her beauty alone was enough to fill the house every night. It has been little good to her, though, if all tales be true."

Eustace ground his teeth at the words; he could have strangled the man for speaking in that light, insolent tone of—his wife! Yes!—his till death should separate them—his wife!—but he merely said, "You can arrange about seats and tickets with my valet; I will send him over this afternoon."

He hoped to have turned the conversation; but his mother's curiosity was roused, and she said—"You were going to say something about the young lady, Mr. Smith?"

"There isn't very much to tell about her, madam—at least, that is fit for your ear. She has led a strange, wild life, I believe. Some people say she is married; but I scarcely think it is possible. She has no visible husband, though she wears a wedding-ring; and she has been for the past year openly under the protection of Lord Mounthaven, though I believe the connexion is at an end now."

The last year! And for the whole of that time the woman thus spoken of in his mother's hearing had been Eustace Hartley's wife! It was terrible to him to sit there, and hear a stranger so speak of the one being upon earth who, above all others, should have been the comfort of his home, and the light and joy of his existence. He dropped his head upon his hands, as if he would shut out the very sound of the words—the very sight of him that had spoken them.

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Hartley.

"Very!" said Mr. Smith, with a grave face, as if such an occurrence were not at all familiar to him.

"And who is the companion of the young lady's flight now?" asked Eustace, suddenly, in a strangely hoarse voice, studiously concealing his face.

"No one, as far as I can learn," was the manager's answer. He was nothing loth to tell all he knew. "And that was the strangest part of it. Had she been tempted off by"——

Eustace shuddered; he could not listen any longer. "I do not think my mother is much interested in the history of—of this person," he said; "allow me to offer you a glass of wine.—Wine in the library James," he said to the servant who answered his summons, and rising, he preceded Mr. Smith, who took leave of Mrs. Hartley with many flourishes, to his comfortable library. "I wanted to speak to you," Eustace said, when they were alone. "I want to get some information respecting this girl—this Stella—is not that her name?—Stella Morton?"

"That's her name—at least, the one that she is known by. Professional names are seldom genuine."

"It will serve for me. I want you to find out for me, if possible, all her proceedings—not the past," he said bitterly—"I have nothing to do with that—but the future—where she goes—what she does,—in fact, all about her. I have a reason for wishing to know. You need not smile, and look significantly; I am neither fascinated by the lady's beauty, nor am I going to offer her my 'protection,' Mr. Smith!"

"I beg pardon for my thought, sir. I am sure young gentlemen, you know,"——

"Don't all look upon such connexions with the disgust that I do," said Eustace, quickly. "I have a motive—and a strong one—for wishing to learn any particulars about her. Will you undertake this for me?"

"I'll do my best."

"Not for nothing, Mr. Smith; I will take care you are well remunerated for any trouble you may be at. There is one thing I must stipulate for—your silence."

"Of course, of course, Mr. Hartley, silence on such subjects is understood."

"But it makes them more expensive, eh?" said Eustace, drawing out his purse.

Mr. Smith was a mercenary man; he would have found out anything for money; and his eyes sparkled at the sight of the note which was extricated from the portmonnaie.

"This is only an earnest of what will come if you assist me," Eustace said, placing it in his hand. "There is the address where you are to send me the earliest and all the news you can obtain."

Mr. Smith took the card:—"Eustace Hartley, Christ Church College, Oxford."

"You may depend upon me, sir."

"Very well; I will send in about our tickets by and by. Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Good morning, sir."

Mr. Smith was shown out, and walked away well pleased with the result of his visit.

"If I don't make something of this morning's work, my name's not Jack Smith," he said, as he touched the crisp bank-note in his pocket, and felt that it was a nest-egg which would lead to many more.

Eustace returned to his mother with a grave face. "What did you want with him?" she asked; "he seems a coarse vulgar fellow."

"A true type of his class, I suspect," said her son, trying to turn her away from the subject; "the manager of a fourth or fifth rate country theatre. I have settled all about the play, and bought five pounds worth of tickets."

"For which, I have no doubt, you received the most profuse and elaborate thanks from the worthy Mr. Smith."

"Exactly, so elaborate, that I thought they would never be over."

"And what play are we to see?"

"Well, I proposed several, but the *corps diplomatique* seems of very limited numbers, so none could be done effectively; he seems to depend on his ballet company, and I left the pieces to him. A comedy and a farce, besides the dancing, is what we are to be honoured with, I believe."

"And the ballet will be considerable shorn of its glories, it seems, now that this most erratic young lady has run off in this particularly unceremonious fashion. Did you hear any more about her, Eustace?"

"No, mother, I didn't make any further inquiries," he replied shortly, and the subject was dropped.

The race week at Earlsford was a pleasant time. Glorious summer weather, crowds of happy faces, soft smiles, and gay dresses, made up the ever-changing picture. Gaiety succeeded gaiety; race, ball, concert, and play, followed each other, in quick succession, and in each where the smiles were the sunniest, and the laughter the lightest, might Mrs. Hartley be seen, with her handsome son by her side. Sometimes, too, there was another fair face in her carriage, and Clara Malcolm, with that dark peerless beauty of hers, might be seen, the cynosure of all eyes, the admiration of all the gentlemen, the envy of all the ladies, at the side of her friend.

A handsome couple they seemed, that young man and that fair girl, and many were the comments upon the beauty of the supposed choice of "young Squire Hartley."

Mrs. Hartley was happy in their companionship; happy in the idea which had become a leading one in her thoughts,—that Clara Malcolm would one day be her son's wife, that she should resign her sway at Earlscourt to the beautiful girl, whom of all others she had selected in her own mind to fill her place.

It was the last race day, and the summer sun shone down on a more gorgeous company than had yet assembled. Eustace sat with his mother and Clara, waiting for the great event of the day to come off. There had been a good deal of lively badinage between them; and as if tired with the war of wit, they had sunk into silence, the gentleman looking hither and thither among the crowd, and the young lady playing listlessly with her parasol.

"You look quite *ennuyée*, Clara," said Mrs. Hartley; "our country gaieties weary you, don't they?"

"A little," she replied, with a smile; "I have seen the Derby, and danced at the Queen's ball, and Earlsford merry-makings don't gain by the comparison."

"Perhaps not," said Eustace; "but I doubt much whether the people here would care to change; I fancy they enjoy themselves quite as much as the millionaires who beggar themselves at Epsom, or the ladies who ruin their husbands to appear better dressed than their neighbours in the presence of their sovereign."

"I sit rebuked," said Clara, good humouredly; "I was feeling rather tired and bored, so lay my remark to that, and tell me the names of the horses. How pretty they look!"

They did indeed look attractive, as they paced slowly past, their sleek skins emulating the silky jackets of their riders, and their necks arching, in conscious pride, as if they knew of the coming contest, and were eager to begin it.

A quarter of an hour, and the race was over, and the dense crowd, whose sea of faces had turned in one white mass, now this way, and now that, as the horses thundered past them, broke away like a torrent all over the grass, and betook themselves, some to eating and drinking, some to the thousand amusements of a race-course, as their fancy dictated.

"Now for some lunch," said Eustace, when the winner's name was satisfactorily ascertained. "We follow the fashions of the Derby in that respect, Miss, Malcolm, and bring hampers with us. What have you provided for us, mother?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hartley; "I left it all to Martin."

"Then it's sure to be acceptable; our housekeeper is a real genius in the way of providing. Hand them up, James. Hem! cold fowl of course, I don't believe there ever was a hamper packed for race, picnic, or boating party, that hadn't a cold fowl in it."

"There's a variety, anyway," said Mrs. Hartley; "you are not obliged to eat cold fowl!"

"I don't mean to, mother, though it is the orthodox diet for pleasure parties. Did you ever go to one where it did not appear, Miss Malcolm?"

"I don't think I did," said Clara, laughing. "I have often wondered how many fowls Fortnum and Mason must roast for the Derby."

"The slaughter must be terrific," Eustace replied, gaily. "Allow me to help you to a little of this pie; if you eat it, it will have the charm of novelty at any rate."

"Thank you; I should prefer a wing of the obnoxious bird, if you have no objection. But look there, who is that extraordinary individual making signs to you?"

"To me?"

"I think so; it is evidently to some one here, and I don't think I have the honour of the gentleman's acquaintance."

Eustace followed the direction of her eye, and saw Mr. Smith, the manager, at a little distance, endeavouring to attract his attention, by every means in his power.

"Oh, it's the man from the theatre!" he replied, a slight flush passing over his cheek; "we gave our bespeak, as they call it, to-night; I suppose he has something to say to me about it."

He beckoned Mr Smith, who elbowed his way to the carriage side with some difficulty. He was dressed in a costume which he imagined the height of the fashion; he had bought it a bargain at Moses's, having seen it in the window labelled "For the Derby," and he fancied himself the beau-ideal of what a gentleman should be; whereas, to unprejudiced eyes, his appearance savoured strongly of the swell mob. A large lady, very showily dressed, leaned upon his arm; she was his wife, most decidedly his better half, if all tales were true. She imagined herself a beauty, and her coarse face was handsome, but it was rather in the Blowzabella style, and not at all suited to the tender heroines and romantic damsels it was her delight to personate. She looked about her with a conscious pride, as she advanced, to see if any of "our people" as she called her husband's company, were at hand, to see her walk up to the carriage door of the patron of the evening, and exchange greetings with him.

"Well, Mr. Smith," said Eustace, in as cordial a tone as he could assume, "come to see our races, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and if not taking too great a liberty I"—

"Ah, I see, something about to-night, I suppose?" said the young man, hastily.

Mr. Smith bowed, perfectly understanding the look that accompanied the words.

"Ah, well, as soon as I have lunched, I will be with you. Can I offer you anything? Now, don't say no; you can't have dined, I am sure, and you are a long way from any refreshment. James, some plates; and hand down that pie!"

Again Mr. Smith bowed, and his lady smiled, and they bivouacked on the grass at a respectful distance from the carriage, much to Clara Malcolm's amusement. "What strange people!" she said, "does that immense woman act?"

"I believe so; her name is in the bill for some interesting heroine or other. Fancy her in tears and white muslin!"

"I can't!" she replied, turning her head to the opposite side of the carriage; "I must wait for the reality. I could not conceive anything so preposterous."

"This will be a red-letter-day in their calendar," said Mrs. Hartley; "he is just the man to go and talk of you as his intimate friend, after this."

"He can only do that to people of his own class, mother; and that won't make much difference to us. There—he has finished his meal, and is coming this way. Excuse me a moment, ladies, I'll go down and speak to him; I won't inflict his society on you."

He joined the manager, and the two walked away among the crowd. "You have news for me?" said Eustace, when they were out of sight of the carriage, and pretty well out of hearing of every one.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Not very much sir; and I got it quite by accident. She—Miss Morton—went straight from here to Liverpool."

"To Liverpool!"

"Yes, sir; and she's going further; she's going to America."

"When?" Eustace's heart leaped with a sudden bound as he listened.

"About a month from this. She's keeping very close where she is; and, what's more, she's changed her name."

"And what does she call herself now?"

"Mademoiselle Clare, sir; she's going professionally. I couldn't tell whether she's got an engagement out there or no; but she's going."

"And how did you find that out?"

"Oddly enough," said Smith. "My missis has a sister down there that keeps a lodging-house; and the cabman took her there. She knew Stella Morton well enough by name, but not by sight; and when this young lady went to her for lodgings, and told her she was a dancer, and that she was going to New York in the Queen of the Seas, she had no suspicion till yesterday she saw some of her things with her name on in full, and then she wrote to us."

"And what did you say in reply?"

"Nothing yet; the letter only came this morning; and I wished to see you first."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith; I should not like her to think she was watched by me or by any one. I have nothing to do with her movements, though I take a great interest in them. Prevent your relation from questioning her if you can; and if there is any method of ascertaining her whereabouts, &c., in America, I should like, from time to time, to know it."

"Certainly, Mr. Hartley, I will do what I can; I have some professional friends over the water who could help me in that way. Queer start of a girl making the money that she was, to go and change her name, and begin again, as it were!"

"Was she making so much money?"

"Money! Bless you, sir, a fortune! But it never does any good to girls of her sort. She'd spend it in a single evening, she would, with a pack of young fellows, what would keep me and my wife a month!"

"I must hurry back now," Eustace said, shuddering; "my mother will wonder at my long stay. Good morning!" And again a bank-note rustled in the hand of the manager; and Eustace Hartley returned to his mother and Clara Malcolm with a grave face and preoccupied mind, provoked the raillery of his fair companion, and made Mrs. Hartley marvel much what Mr. Smith could have had to say to him.

To be Continued.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

HOW A LORD MAYOR GOT A WIFE.—In 1559, Sir William Hewet (clothworker) was mayor, whose income is estimated at £6000 per annum. Hewet lived on London Bridge, and one day a nurse playing with his little daughter Anne, at one of the broad lattice windows overlooking the Thames, by accident let the child fall. A young apprentice, named Osborne, seeing the accident, leaped from a window into the fierce current below the arches, and saved the infant. Years after, many great courtiers, including the Earl of Shrewsbury, came courting fair Mistress Anne, the rich citizen's heiress. Sir William, her father, said to one and all, "No; Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so Osborne did, and became a rich citizen and Lord Mayor in 1583. He is the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds. There is a portrait of the brave apprentice at Kiveton House, in Yorkshire. He dwelt in Philpot lane, in his father-in-law's house, and was buried at St. Dionis Backchurch, Fenchurch st.—*Old and New London.*

OVER INTELLIGENT.—All the horses and mules in Tangiers know each other intimately. This is no doubt agreeable for them, but it is often exceedingly awkward for their riders. They, the quadrupeds, of course have their little likings and dislikings among themselves, and occasionally display their slight preferences and animosities; but still, as a general rule, they are all stout allies, and firmly leagued to a horse and a mule against all riders of either sex, and any country whatsoever. Thus, they always like to go in single file. It is no doubt the most convenient in the narrow streets and lanes, but on many of the roads, and of course on the sands and open plains there is no necessity for observing this order. But that the human beings whom they may be carrying on their backs would prefer not to observe it, signifies nothing at all to these self-willed and obstinate beasts. If, when riding, I whipped up my pony to make him go on and join our companions in front, he always darted on beyond; putting his face close to his friend's as he passed, with a knowing look in his eye, that plainly said, "You keep behind now old fellow." At the same time, if, when out, they ever chance to meet any of their own near relations or intimate friends, no matter of how miserable or disreputable an aspect, or in what low and degrading employment engaged, they have no scruple in instantly joining company with them. Passing up the main street one time, with a party of friends, all going in single file, my horse fell in with a party of his, a shabby wretch, carrying a pack-saddle and two huge bundles of firewood. The two put their heads together, and I could not get them to part. Going through the narrow gateway it was most unpleasant for me, as my feet and the firewood were brought into sharp collision. When we passed the gateway, the path that my friends and I were about to take diverged from that of my horse's vulgar acquaintance with the firewood. Naturally I wished to go with my friends. Perhaps it was equally natural that my horse wished to go with his friend. A dispute arose. It was very awkward in a place where three roads met, and amongst three streams of camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and people. Still, of course, I couldn't give in. Had I done so I am sure every four-footed beast in Tangiers would have heard of it that night, and I could never have hoped for the slightest respect from one of them again. But when my horse found that I was not to be bullied, he took a mean advantage of our relative positions, and turned his head round and bit my foot. Biting their riders' feet is, I may add, a favourite mode of vengeance with the Tangiers horses.—*A Winter in Morocco.*

TIME TABLE

WOODLESFORD FOR LEEDS—8-23, 9-2, 9-25, 11-58 2-0, 2-9, 4-58, 5-30, 6-57. (Saturdays only, 4-45). Sundays, 10-25, 4-10, 8-35, 10-3.

LEEDS FOR WOODLESFORD—7-45, 10-10, 11-40, 1-3, 2-55, 5-20, 6-0, 7-30, 9-45. (Saturdays only, 10-15.) Sundays, 7-0, 2-15, 9-15.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & CASTLEFORD—10-25, 1-18, 3-10, 6-15, 7-45.

CASTLEFORD FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-50, 11-47, 1-46, 5-15, 6-45. No Sunday trains.

WOODLESFORD FOR METHLEY & NORMANTON—7-59, 11-54, 5-34, 10-0. Saturdays only, 10-28). Sundays, 7-15, 2-30, 9-30.

NORMANTON FOR METHLEY & WOODLESFORD—8-10, 9-10, 1-54, 4-44. (Saturdays only, 4-30). Sundays, 10-10, 3-55, 8-20, 9 48.

ARDSLEY FOR WAKEFIELD (Westgate).—7-5, 8-8, 9-49, 10-17, 10-56, 12-39, 1-17, 3-44, 3-55, 4-27, 5-27, 5-41, 7-47, 8-27, 10-17. Saturdays, 9-9. Sundays, 10-19, 11-32, 2-56, 7-1, 7-19, 7-45.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate,) TO ARDSLEY & LEEDS—7-22, 8-0, 9-22, 10-5, 10-58, 1-3, 1-15, 1-26, 1-58, 2-48, 4-35, 4-49, 6-24, 6-35, 8-8, 9-10, 9-43. Saturdays, 5-0. Sunday, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5, 9-22.

LOFTHOUSE TO WAKEFIELD—7-10, 8-13, 9-54, 12-44, 4-0, 7-52. Saturdays, 9-15. Sundays, 10-24, 11-37, 3-2, 7-6, 7-24, 7-50.

WAKEFIELD (Westgate) FOR LOFTHOUSE—7-22, 8-0, 10-5, 1-3, 2-48, 6-24, 8-8. Saturdays, 5-0. Sundays, 9-20, 10-6, 1-58, 3-38, 6-15, 8-5.

Deaths.

SCHOFIELD.—December 19th, aged 13 years, Mary Elizabeth Schofield, of Rothwell.

BARKER.—December 20th, aged 24 years, Charles, son of C. Barker, Painter, Rothwell.

THE LAST BIT OF COAL.

AGES had passed, and man, with toil,
Had lived to roast, to bake, to boil;
To warm his hearth, to cheer his friends,
With best Blackbed or best Wallsends;
Had burnt his gas, to dance or drink;
To read, to write, to smoke, or think;
To warm his toes, or thaw his soul—
In short, had lived to burn his coal.
And well had sped, for all was done,
From every mine beneath the sun;
Burnt out to ashes, smoke and air,
And left the world to *coaled* despair.
Wood, turf, and peat then followed fast,
And forests into flames were cast,
Till every tree the world had got
Was felled to boil a pan or pot;
And then the roots to fire were sent,
To warm a skin or tenement,
Till not one shrub ten inches high
Waved 'twixt the greensward and the sky:
The earth its course diurnal ran,
Like barest head no baldest man.

Then ships were burnt, and public halls
Were left with nothing but their walls;
And every coach, gig, chaise, and car,
Floors, roofs, and rafters—every spar,
And every chair, stool, bed, and *beddin*;
Whate'er would burn to burn was led in,
Till every bit of wood had gone—
Like coal, its latest shine had shone.

Then came the books, from best to worst—
From those so blest to those so curst.
Blest was each tiny piece of paper,
Would it but burn as feeblest taper—
From parchment deeds of large estates,
To unreceipted bills for rates;
From holiest Scriptures down to those
You blush to name, in verse and prose.
Into the flames, till all were burnt,
Of sage, illiterate, or learnt—
Of those whose only light could shine
When flames lit up the burning line—
Of those who wrote to fire the nation,
Ending in other conflagration—
Of those who wrote for other fame
Than warming Vandals with their flame.

But man can live through fire and flood,
Though burnt the coal, and burnt the wood;
Though books and learning flee away,
Man lives for warmth to bake his clay.
If comforts flee, and pains assail,
Man rapidly descends the scale;
Virtues and graces soon depart
When cold and hunger chill the heart—
Man's boast of noble son and sire
Dies with the blast that brings no fire;
And back to barbarous being howls,
For lack of substitute for coals.

A howling waste the world became—
There was no means to raise a flame.
Birds had been killed for human fun:
Beasts long had ceased their race to run;
The very reptiles had been slain,
And fishes slept in distant main:
There was no food but roots and nuts;
No clothing, fire—not even huts:
Upon the earth the only thing
That crept or walked, or waved a wing—
The lord of all the earth and sea
Was the last man—and the last flea.

No stately form erect and bold,
Like his great ancestors of old;
No gorgeous garments clothed his form,
No mansion shielded from the storm;
But o'er his hide, from toe to tongue,
Red shaggy hair profusely hung,
And limping on all four he went,
And never knew his back was bent;
But scratched for roots and scratched for flea,
And barked, and whined his misery,
And marked the wondrous end of man
More barbarous still than he began.

Thus was the end of coal, man's curse,
From good to bad, from bad to worse,
From luxury and pomp and pride
To savage ruin, rudely tried.
Too num'rous first his race became,
Then famine soon destroyed his shame,
Then stormy blasts no longer swept
O'er warm resistance singly kept;
But echoed howls and groans and yells
From torrent hordes of cannibals,
Till time and crime and huge decay
Bowed him to earth and broke his sway.
And this, the last one of the race,
Worse that the ape, now filled its place;
Companionless, save that the flea
Enlivened oft his misery;
His only care, his only greed
Was how to run and how to feed.
His food was rare and hardly found
Beneath the semi-barren ground,
And all his task at best could give,
With greatest efforts, was to live.

One day, when grubbing in a hole,
He found a sparkling bit of coal.
Ages had sped since coal was known,
Since earth combustibles had shown,—
Ages since gold, or gems or stones
Had bought men's bodies, souls and bones.
He had not therefore e'en [illegible]
To help to clear this curious [illegible]
He'd seen of gold and gems enough,
But useless they as eating stuff.
But this!—this little lump of black.
(I guess 'twas only ord'nary slack).
He turned it o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
Each time more puzzled than before.
'Twas not root, a 'twas not a stone,
'Twas not a nut, 'twas not a bone;
The last bone he had had to trim
Was bone of the last man but him.
He had not time to study long,
For food was scarce and hunger strong;
So risking it for good or ill,
He took it as we take a pill,
But being too large to get below
It choked him—as you doubtless know.
The flea then finding warmth had gone
Commenced to goad its bearer on,
But finding no response to teasing,
To digging, wriggling, stabbing, squeezing,
In wild despair fell on its knees,
And ended too the race of fleas.

W. W. B.

NOTICE.

As the publisher frequently hears complaints of some difficulty being experienced in obtaining *The Rothwell Times*, he respectfully intimates that he will be happy to forward a copy every week, to any address, on Friday night, for post delivery on Saturday morning. Terms:—1s. 8d. per 13 weeks. Prepaid.—Post free.

LOCAL BOARD MEETING.

On Monday last, the usual Fortnightly Meeting of the Rothwell Local Board, was held in the Board Room:—Present—J. Charlesworth, Esq., (Chairman), Messrs. W. Hargreaves, Clayton, Dickinson, Kendrew, and Webster, S. Hargreaves, Clerk.

After several nuisance complaints hap been attended to, a notice was read from the Midland Railway Company, asking the Board's assent or dissent, to the acquisition by the Company of part of a public footpath near the Bridge on Wakefield road, which is included in their proposed Suburban Railway, and in connection with the Roundhay Park Railway. We understand it is their intention to have a station near the above bridge. It was proposed by Mr. Dickinson, seconded by Mr. Clayton, and carried unanimously,—that the Board assent to the acquisition by the Midland Railway Company, of the part of footpath referred to in their notice, for the purpose of the projected Suburban Railway.

The plan for privy accommodation to some property of Mr. Parker's were then submitted and after explanation by Mr. Parker, was approved,—also the plans of Mr. S. Bramley for the erection of two houses, were passed on the motion of Mr. Kendrew, seconded by Mr. Hargreaves.

In reply to the resolution a fortnight ago, requesting the Medical Officer to furnish a report of the health of this village,—the following letter was read:—

To the Chairman and Members of the Rothwell Local Board,

GENTLEMEN,

As requested by you, I have issued to the inhabitants of the District, precautions for the prevention of Scarlet Fever and I have reason to believe they have been attended with good results. Since the closing of the Schools, I date the diminuation of cases, and, although I still have several patients not fully recovered from the disease, yet I may fairly say that the epidemic is about past; nevertheless it remains necessary to adhere to the instructions until the disease is entirely removed. In regard to the re-opening of the Schools I think it will be safe to do so after the Christmas holidays, having had them throughly cleansed.

I am, yours obediently.
JOHN HEAPS.

Rothwell, Dec. 22nd, 1873.

A slight discussion took place as to the persons, whose business it is to cleanse the schools. Some gentlemen had understood Dr. Heaps to say that it was the place of the Board, but as was shown if the Board is to cleanse the schools, then it is also their place to whitewash and purify *all* the houses &c., as well,—an argument which could certainly not stand, it was therefore resolved unanimously, "that the clerk write to the manager of the National Schools, requesting them to have the Buildings thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed.

The Clerk has received the corrected Byelaws from the Local Government Board in London, so that when certain formalities are gone through, they will be left open for the inspection of the public.

Rothwell & District Police Intelligence.

BREACH OF THE HIGHWAY ACT.—George Beechenow, a carter, who did not appear, was summoned for committing a breach of the highway Act, by riding on his dray, without reins being attached to his horses' heads. From the charge, made by P.-C. Denham, it appeared that the defendant had no control over his horses, and had admitted that he had done wrong.—He was fined 12s. 6d.

DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY AT WOODLESFORD—CHARGE OF MALICIOUS DAMAGE.—Henry Wigglesworth was summonsed for having, on the 6th instant, at Oulton-cum-Woodlesford, wilfully and maliciously damaged property belonging to one of his neighbours, named John Hollins. Both complainant and defendant are owners of property at Woodlesford, and one adjoining the other. Defendant claimed a right of way to a well on complainant's land, and it appeared from the evidence given, that the residents in the vicinity had for some time past been accustomed to use the well, a privilege for which they had paid the nominal sum of 1s. per annum. The complainant wishing to alter his property, stopped up the old road and opened out another, so that the residents thereabouts could still pass to the well, but not so direct. The old road being blocked up, the defendant broke down the fence, hence the summons. After hearing the evidence for both sides, the Chairman decided that he had no jurisdiction, and, under the circumstances, could not entertain the matter, therefore the summons would be dismissed.

HORRORS OF WRECKING IN HELIGOLAND.—There are no rabbits in Heligoland, and the small number still left on Sandy Island can do nothing more mischievous or fatal than burrowing in the abounding sand. This low-lying patch of sand is itself more dangerous to human life than any animal, large or small. Here it is that the vessel which has missed its bearings, or has become unmanageable, runs around and goes to pieces when the wind howls and the waves are swelling masses of resistless water. Fragments of old wreckage remain as the last memorial of more than one ill-fated ship. Formerly the Heligolanders gloried in the wrecks; for, according to their barbarous laws, whatever was cast upon their shore was held to be a gift from the sea. An official was entrusted with the duty of sawing through the timbers of the stranded vessel, so that nothing should escape. The crews were generally left to their fate, or, if they threatened to become troublesome, were instantly sent to their last account by the unscrupulous islanders. Not twenty years have elapsed since the Lutheran pastor offered up a prayer every Sunday, in presence of his flock, that the winds might blow and the sea rise so as to strew their coast with wrecks and thus enable them to snatch wealth from the deep.—*Good Words.*

AGENTS—*Leeds*, T. Barmby, 162, Briggate; *Woodlesford*, C. Best, Post Office; *Oulton*, J. Coope, Post Office; *Lofthouse*, J. Hutchinson, newsagents.

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Saturday, December 27th, 1873.